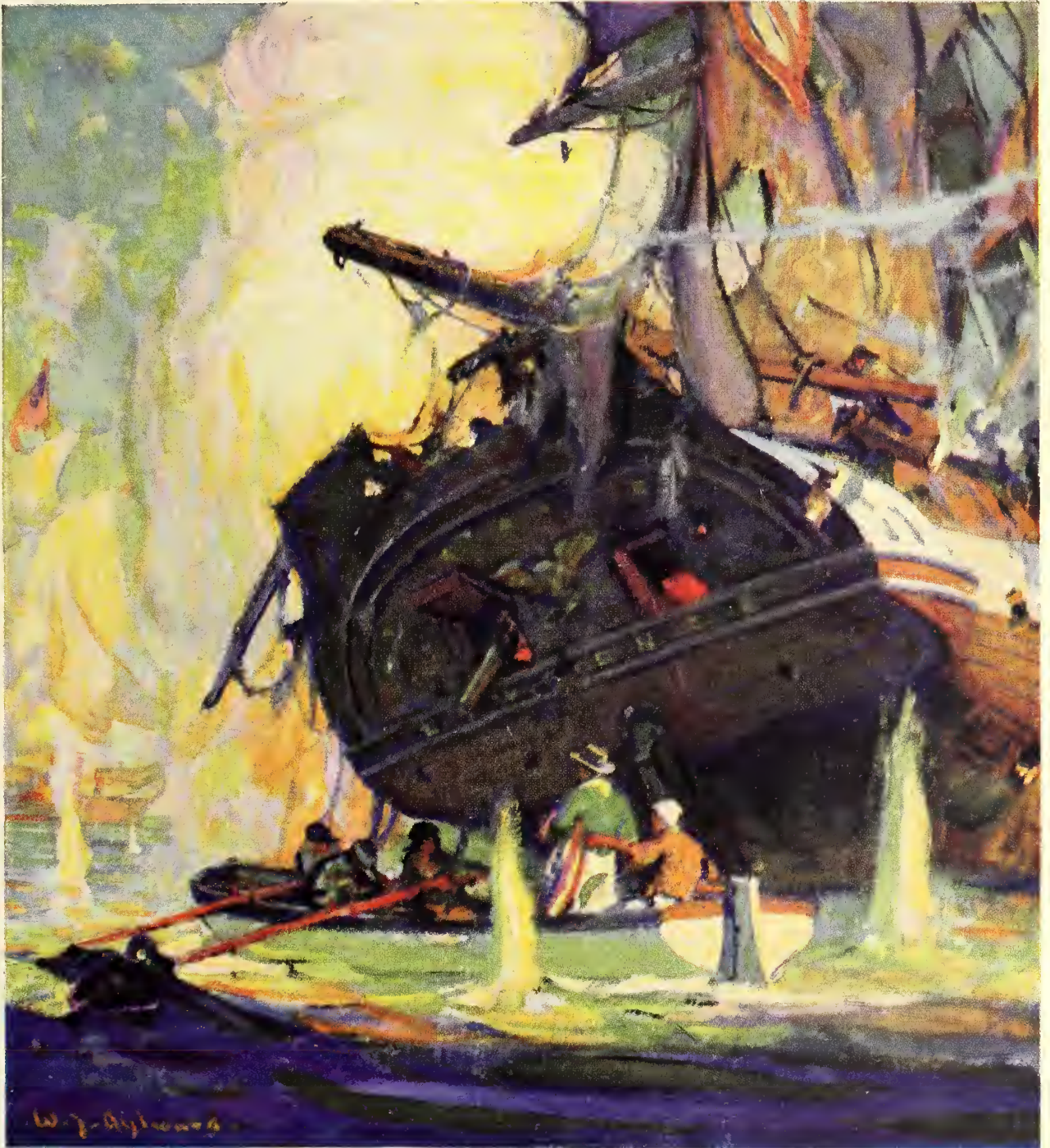
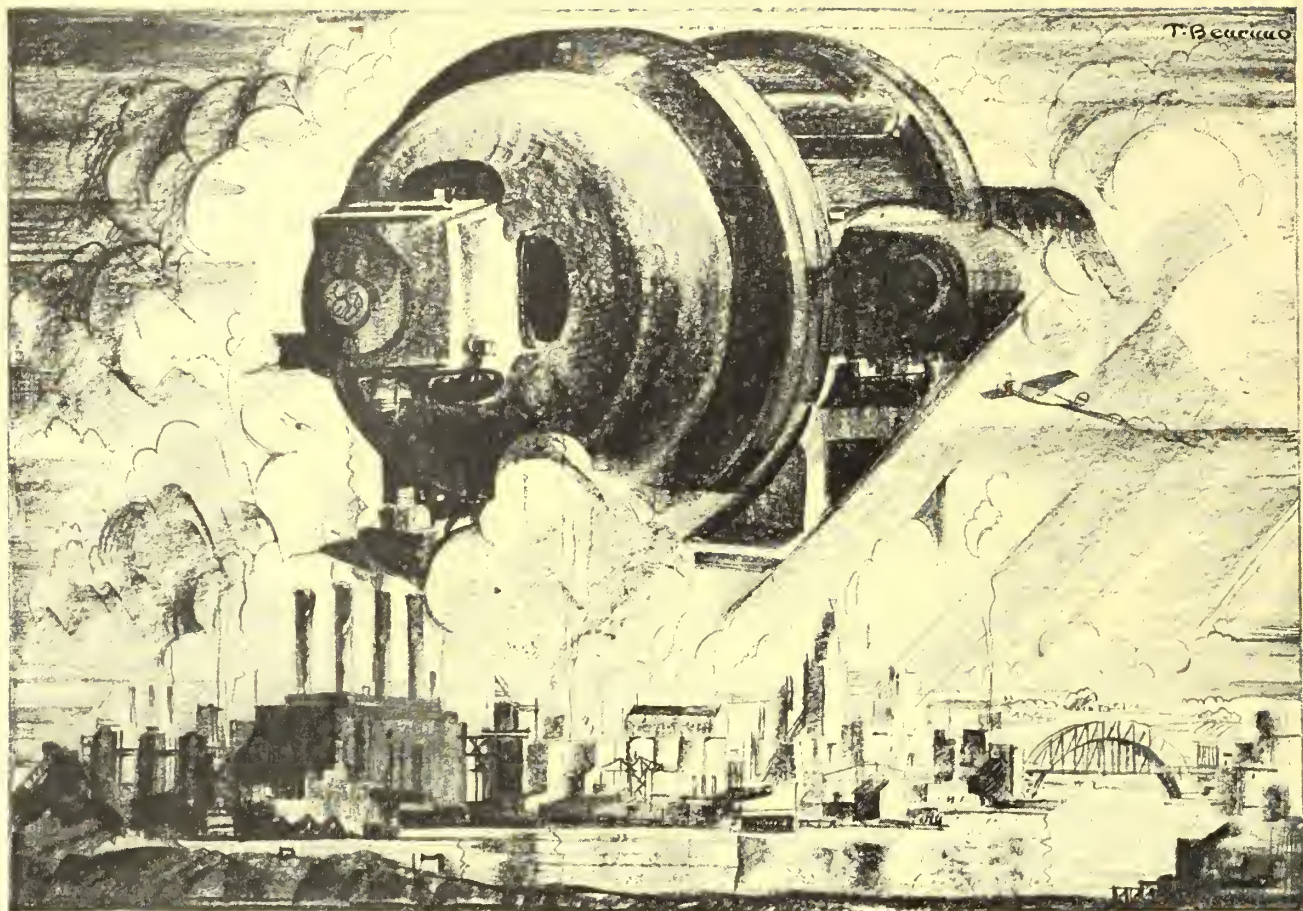


The *25 Cents* *August - 1929*
A **AMERICAN**
L **LEGION** *Monthly*



\$25,000 AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
WAR NOVEL AWARD



What Electric Power is doing for you

DO you ever wonder what these multitudes of whirring motors are doing for *you*—*your* job, *your* home, *your* children?

The answer is clear. They are weaving the fabric of a richer civilization. They are making new wealth, new comfort, new leisure, in which *everybody* shares.

For example, since 1914, the cost of raw materials used by the General Electric Company has increased nearly 40 per cent. But the intelligent use of 145 per cent more electric current has so helped to increase the production per worker that it has been possible to more than double the average wages. At the same time, the average price of the finished products, excepting lamps has been increased by less than 20 per cent. Prices for the

greatly improved MAZDA lamps are 48 per cent less than in 1914.

Scores of other industries can show equally amazing gains—human gains, of health, wealth, and happiness—as a result of their increased use of electric power.

Because electricity is used in the making of General Electric products and appliances, the workman who makes them is better paid, and the products themselves are better, more dependable, more economical in use. On thousands of these products, from the little motor that runs your electric refrigerator to the big one that powers your commuting train, the General Electric monogram represents the highest standard of electrical correctness and dependability.



JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M., E.S.T., ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC



“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—“We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn.” It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

“Watch him make a fool of himself,” I overheard someone whisper. “He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice.”

“He'll die on his feet!” came another whisper. “This is going to be funnier than ‘Abie's Irish Rose!’”

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

“But When I Commenced to Speak”—

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unfaltering—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grabbed my hand. Others followed and everybody started talking all at once.

“Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!”
“You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!”

Was Once a “Human Clam”

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. “Gee, that was a great speech!” he said enthusiastically. You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight. . . . And yet they used to call you ‘a human clam’—and the quietest man in the office!”

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped

me change the course of my whole life. Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any “magic” or “mystery” about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest pos-

sible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

* * *

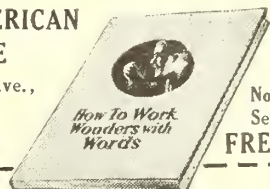
The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astounding!

Send for This Amazing Booklet

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless “hidden knack” of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

3601 Michigan Ave.,
Dept. 152-C
Chicago, Ill.



Now Sent FREE

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE, Dept. 152-C
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me FREE, without obligation, my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



Contents

COVER DESIGN: PERRY AT THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE	by W. J. Aylward	
RESULTS OF THE \$25,000 WAR NOVEL CONTEST		5
GOD HAVE MERCY ON US	by William T. Scanlon	6
WHEN FOCH CAME TO AMERICA	by Alton T. Roberts	20
BEAR AND BUFFALO	by Henry W. Daly	24
EDITORIAL	with cartoon by John Cassel	26
THE COLD PLUNGE	by Wallgren	28
A PERSONAL VIEW	by Frederick Palmer	29
THE BROKEN 3: <i>Part Six</i>	by Karl W. Detzer	30
PUTTING THE HOME TOWN ON THE AIR MAP	by Sigurd U. Bergh	34
BURSTS AND DUDS	conducted by Tip Bliss	36
SIX MEN OUT OF SEVEN	by General Frank T. Hines	37
KEEPING STEP	by Right Guide	38
BELLEAU GETS ITS CHURCH BACK	by General Clarence R. Edwards	46
THEN AND NOW	by The Company Clerk	47
THE UNFINISHED BATTLE		52
THE MESSAGE CENTER	by The Editor	80

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

MICHIGAN: The 26th State, admitted to the Union Jan. 26, 1837. French traders and missionaries explored the shores of Lake Michigan between 1634 and 1640. Marquette made the first settlement at Sault Sainte Marie in 1668. Cadillac established a military post at Detroit in 1701. A British Army captured Detroit in 1760 and by the Treaty of 1763, ending the French and Indian War, came into control of the region. The Indian chief Pontiac tried in vain to drive the British out. The British ceded the land to the United States in signing the Treaty of Paris that terminated the War for Independence. Congress included it in the Northwest Territory. Virginia, Massachusetts and Connecticut gave up their claims. Congress organized it as Michigan Territory in 1805. Before it became a State the people had a dispute with Ohio over the boundary line. Losing a part of its land to Ohio, it gained the upper peninsula by Congressional award. Population, 1810, 4,762; 1928 (U. S. est.), 4,591,000. Percentage of urban population



(communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 39.3; 1910, 47.2; 1920, 61.1. Area, 57,980 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 63.8 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 7th in population, 22nd in area, 12th in density. Capital, Lansing (1928 U. S. est.), 79,600. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Detroit, 1,378,000; Grand Rapids, 164,200; Flint, 148,800. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$11,404,861,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), motor vehicles, \$1,551,990,360; bodies and parts, \$476,523,887; foundry and machine-shop products, \$165,736,521; all crops (1920 U. S. Census), \$404,347,810; potatoes, beet sugar, fruits; mineral products (1925), \$122,212,254. Michigan had 164,075 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, 1835: "Si Quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam Circumspice"—"If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here." Origin of name: From the Mishigamaw or Mishawiguma Indians. From "michi," great; "gama," water, that is, great lake. Nickname: Wolverine State.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*
JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1929, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered

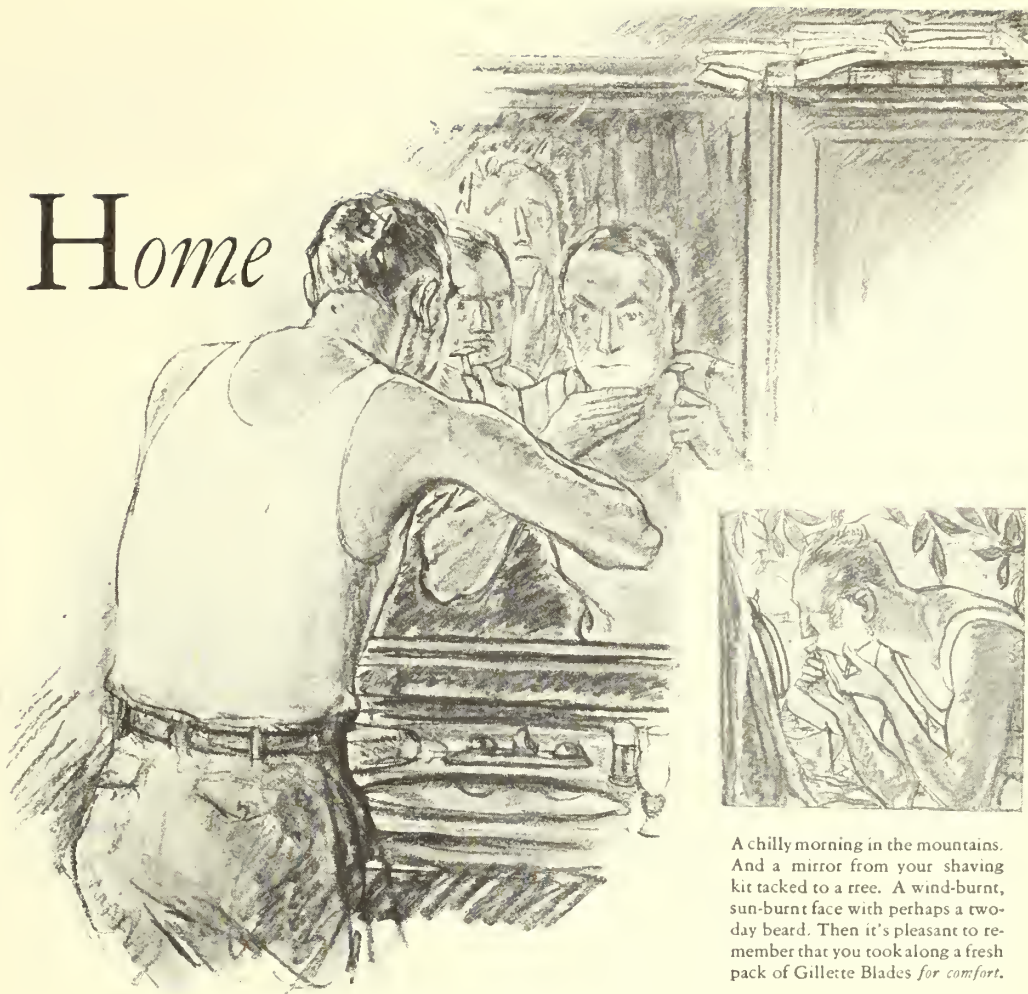
PHILIP VON BLON, *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM MACLEAN, *Art Editor*

as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Away from Home



Here you are in your *own* bathroom. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Hot water always, a good mirror, and a fresh package of Gillette Blades on the shelf. Then it's easy to get your full measure of comfort.



A chilly morning in the mountains. And a mirror from your shaving kit tacked to a tree. A wind-burnt, sun-burnt face with perhaps a two-day beard. Then it's pleasant to remember that you took along a fresh pack of Gillette Blades *for comfort*.

...you can't expect as smooth a shave

WHETHER you shave quietly and luxuriously at home; or strenuously, over the shoulders of other harassed travelers in a Pullman wash-room; or primitively in camp, with the cold lake for your wash basin—no matter how different the shaving conditions may be—put a fresh Gillette Blade in your holder and you're sure of a smooth, comfortable shave.

Your guarantee of this unchanging comfort is the careful honing, the delicate stropping that Gillette's marvelous machines give every blade. No human hand, however expert, however patient or tireless, could

*But you can count on your
Gillette Blade to give you a
comfortable shave anywhere*

ever work such comfort into a blade.

And Gillette goes one step further. It sets aside almost half of all its blade department workers to do nothing but inspect your blades—

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.



and rewards with a bonus the endless search for any blade that may be below par.

You see, eight out of ten men in America shave with a Gillette and expect every Gillette Blade to do its duty. So every blade *has* to be good, no matter how difficult the conditions it goes up against—hard water, cold water, tough beards, tender skins, slapdash lather—a dozen varying conditions that affect the comfort of your shave. Conditions change—the blade doesn't. That's why you can always slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor and enjoy a swift, sure shave wherever you are. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

Gillette





"Ethyl would have made your car run cooler"

A MOST remarkable thing about Ethyl Gasoline is that, in eliminating the "knock," it makes the motor run cooler, and at the same time yield more power. The reason is that only a certain number of the heat units in gasoline are converted into power by the engine. The rest must be dissipated through the cooling system and the exhaust.

Ethyl Gasoline changes more of those units into power, thus reducing the number that enter the cooling system and exhaust. Therefore it makes the engine run cooler.

The extra power it produces eases strain on the engine. Reduced gear shifting is a fuel economy, and faster pick-up contributes to cooler, smoother, more comfortable motoring.

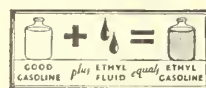
Ethyl is good gasoline turned into *better gasoline*

by the addition of Ethyl fluid. This is the anti-knock compound developed by automotive science after years of research to increase the efficiency of gasoline as a motor fuel.

Leading oil companies mix Ethyl fluid with their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline because they know Ethyl improves the efficiency of any car, whatever its type or age or compression.

Start riding with Ethyl today. Look for a pump bearing the Ethyl emblem.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York City; 56 Church St., Toronto, Can.; 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.



ETHYL GASOLINE

RESULTS \$25,000 of the WAR NOVEL CONTEST



William T. Scanlon of Fontana, Wisconsin, and Mary Lee of Westport, New York, divide equally the \$25,000 prize offered for the best war novel by The American Legion Monthly and Houghton Mifflin Company. The accompanying photographs depict Mr. Scanlon and Miss Lee as they look today, and, in the ovals, as they appeared in war days



THE \$25,000 prize offered jointly by The American Legion Monthly and Houghton Mifflin Company for the best war novel—a contest open to the whole world,

Scanlon of Fontana, Wisconsin, for his novel entitled 'God Have Mercy On Us' and Miss Mary Lee of Westport, New York, for her novel entitled 'It's A Great War.' Mr. Scanlon's book presents a story of life exclusively at the front, while Miss Lee's has as its background Bordeaux, Paris and the advance section immediately behind the lines.

the only stipulation being that every manuscript as submitted must be in English—has been divided equally, as was announced in the newspapers some weeks ago, between William T. Scanlon of Fontana, Wisconsin, and Miss Mary Lee of Westport, New York.

Notice of the contest was originally made in the April, 1928, issue of the Monthly. The contest closed on May 1, 1929, so that contestants had more than a year in which to prepare, revise and submit their stories for consideration. Some fifteen hundred men and women from all over the world (virtually every country in Europe, including the former enemy nations, was represented, as were Australia, India and Java) signified their intention of competing by filling out blanks provided for that purpose in order to give some indication of the potential number of contestants. Of this number approximately five hundred submitted manuscripts.

Careful and intensive reading by the staffs of Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly reduced this total to a minimum that had prize-winning possibilities. At the meeting at which the winner of the contest must actually be decided, debate quickly narrowed down to exclusive consideration of Mr. Scanlon's and Miss Lee's novels. The result of that meeting was given to the press in the form of the following official notice:

"Announcement is made that the prize of \$25,000 for the best war novel offered by Houghton Mifflin Company and The American Legion Monthly is to be divided equally between William T.

"The Board of Judges, consisting of Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, Major General James G. Harbord, Richard Henry Little, John T. Winterich (representing The American Legion Monthly) and Ferris Greenslet (representing Houghton Mifflin Company) reached their decision only after a protracted debate. Mr. Little opposed both books as prize winners and wished the award held open for another year. The other four members of the Board of Judges, however, unanimously agreed in thinking each novel of profound interest and fine literary merit. General Harbord is on record as believing that Miss Lee's book places undue and misleading emphasis on certain phases of the war. He, nevertheless, joined with a majority of the judges in the decision to divide the prize between two books which complement each other in presenting a picture of different aspects of war as seen through the eyes of two individual participants."

William T. Scanlon, who divides the \$25,000 award with Miss Lee, was born in Chicago, "back of the yards," forty years ago, in a house owned by the celebrated Mrs. O'Leary, owner of the even more celebrated cow that kicked over a kerosene lamp on the evening of October 9, 1871, and inaugurated the Great Fire of Chicago. In strict truth, it is not certain the cow was to blame. The fire may have started from spontaneous combustion, but the cow theory is much more romantic. (Continued on page 70)

GOD HAVE

By William



FINIE la guerre! . . . Finie la guerre! . . .
The French soldiers came straggling along the road. They were coming south—towards Paris. We were hiking in the opposite direction—north. We hollered at them and beckoned for them to come on with us, but they shook their heads and waved their arms and shouted, pointing back the way they had come:

"Finie la guerre! . . . Boche! . . . Boche! . . . Finie la guerre!"

"They're yelling that the Germans are just up ahead and that the war's over." This from Benvenuto, a "music," also known as the Wop. But we knew what the French soldiers were saying just as well as he did, even if he was one of our interpreters.

Then our outfit started yelping—Carmody, Shiel, Grover, Brown, and the rest.

"For Christ's sake don't tell me the war is over after all I've done to get here . . ."

"Jesus, when I think of all the drilling I put in at Quantico . . ."

"Quantico! . . . Hell, drilling was a pipe compared to what we did at Parris Island! . . . Say, I made most of that damn island myself . . ."

"The hell you did! I guess I was in that 'join the Marines and move the world' bunch too . . ."

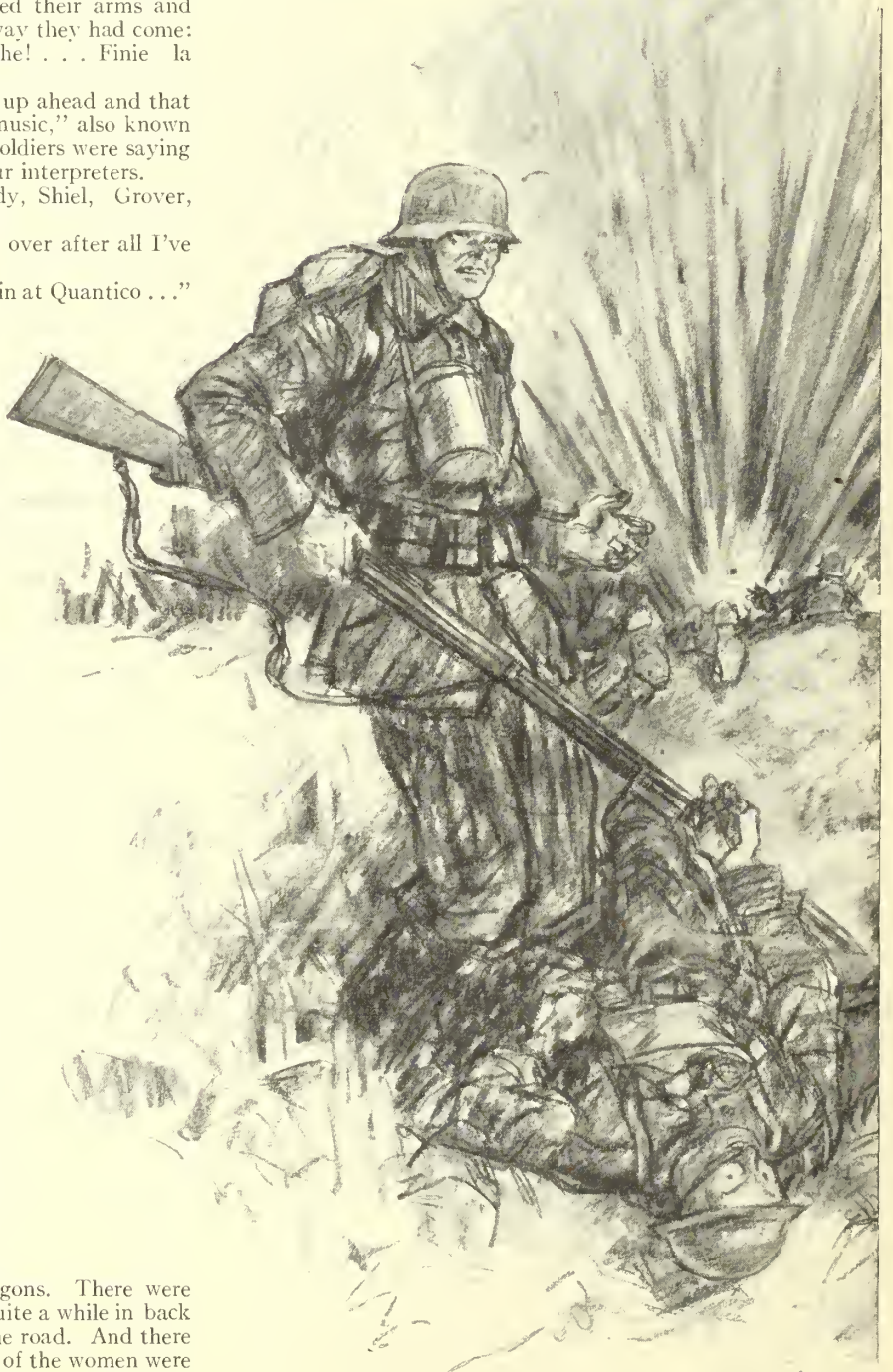
"Aw, pipe down on that bootcamp stuff. What gives me a pain in the neck is all the time we wasted up at Verdun in the old trenches when we might have been killing krautheads . . ."

We were all sore. When they loaded us into camions at Chaumont-en-Vexin we thought that at last we were going to see some real action. We were nuts about the camions. They looked like patrol wagons. They had two long seats inside, just like patrol wagons. The drivers were French-Indo-Chinamen. They never knew where they were going. They simply followed the camion ahead. The leading car had an officer in it who knew where the convoy was headed for.

By the time we reached Meaux we were sure something must be doing. The town itself was in confusion. Furniture and bundles of bed clothes were piled in the streets and the people were standing everywhere in bunches gabbing away and waving their arms.

Then after we left Meaux we began to meet the refugees. They were moving toward Meaux in every imaginable style. An old man and woman would come trudging along with their belongings tied to their backs. There were people pushing baby carriages and wheelbarrows heaped high with clothes and pots and pans. Some had hayracks with all their stuff piled on and the family perched on top. Some had chickens and geese in crates tied underneath the wagons. There were droves of sheep and hogs. We were held up quite a while in back of a drove of hogs. They would not get off the road. And there were slow-moving oxen-drawn wagons. Most of the women were crying.

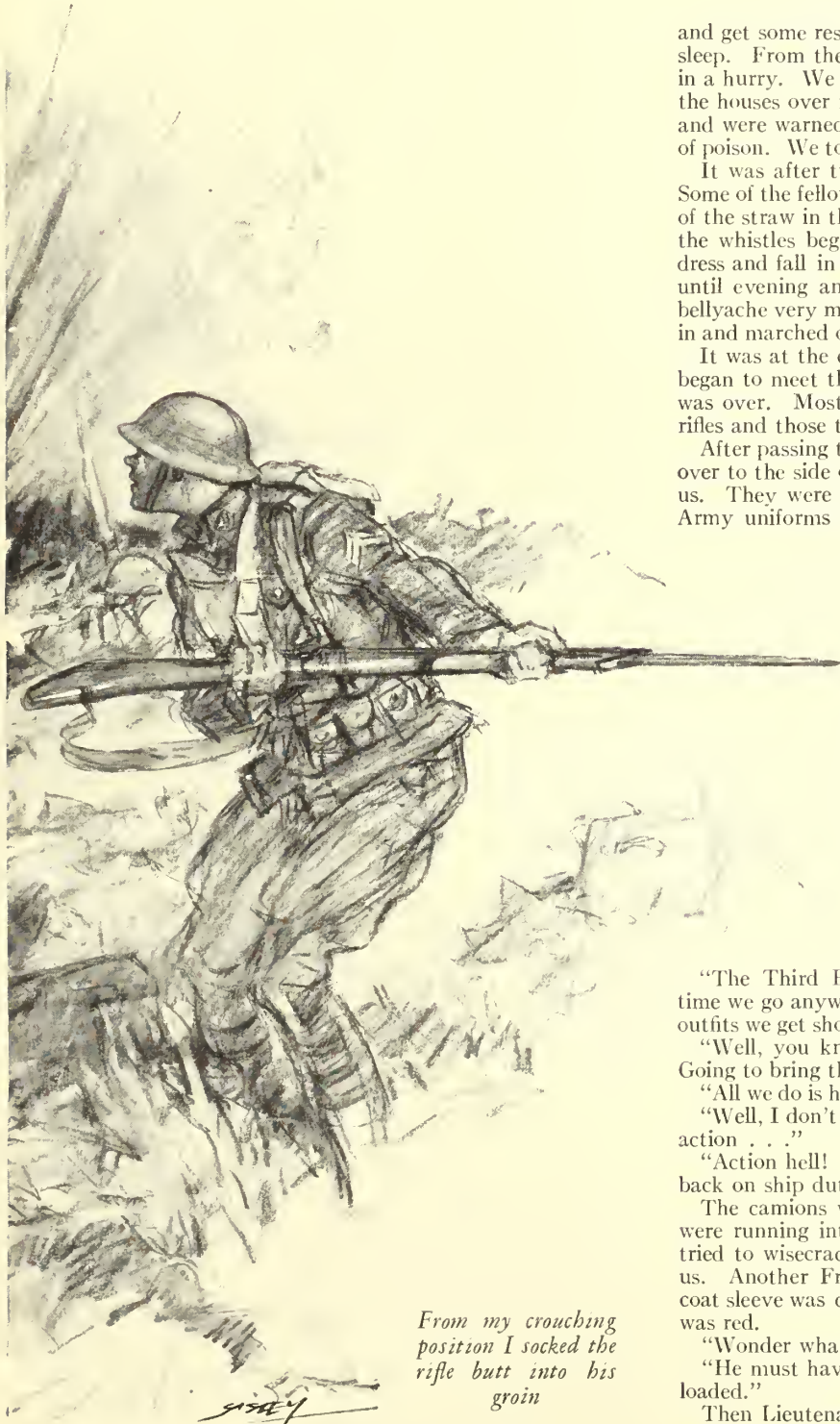
When we got to Montreuil-aux-Lions we unloaded from the camions and watched them drive off, toward Paris. We were assigned to billets in barns and told that we had better turn in



MERCY *on* US

T. Scanlon

Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley



*From my crouching
position I socked the
rifle butt into his
groin*

and get some rest. But we were too excited and curious to go to sleep. From the looks of the town the people must have left it in a hurry. We had a fine time rooting around. We rummaged the houses over from cellar to garret. We found wine and cider and were warned not to eat or drink anything we found for fear of poison. We took a chance. Nobody got poisoned.

It was after twelve o'clock noon before we began to turn in. Some of the fellows went to sleep in the beds in the houses instead of the straw in the barns. I had just about gotten to sleep when the whistles began to blow and orders were shouted around to dress and fall in at once. We had been told that we were to rest until evening and it was now only one-thirty. But we didn't bellyache very much. Something must be doing at last. We fell in and marched out of town, toward the northeast.

It was at the edge of this town, Montreuil-aux-Lions, that we began to meet the French soldiers. And they said that the war was over. Most of them carried packs but a few of them had rifles and those that did have rifles were throwing them away.

After passing the first bunch of French soldiers we were shoved over to the side of the road to let a string of camions go through us. They were loaded with soldiers dressed like us in Regular Army uniforms without any distinguishing marks and as they went by we yelled at them.

"What outfit?"

And they said, "First Battalion, Sixth Marines."

Then we *were* sore!

"Christ, can you beat that! . . . Part of our own outfit! . . . And they can ride in camions while we have to hike!"

We were so mad that when they hollered at us "What outfit?" we yelled back "Salvation Army!"

The camions were kicking up a lot of dust for us to swallow which didn't make it any pleasanter.

Then the old song began again:

"We always get a bum break every place we go . . . Those birds will go ahead and pick out the best spots to billet and we will be shoved out in some woods . . ."

"The Third Battalion always gets a dirty deal . . . Every time we go anywhere, instead of riding all the way like the other outfits we get shoved off forty kilometers away and then hike . . ."

"Well, you know Ma Lindsay has to 'harden up her boys.' Going to bring them into action some day, she says . . ."

"All we do is hike—hike—forty or fifty kilo-Marines a day . . ."

"Well, I don't mind the hiking if we're really going to see some action . . ."

"Action hell! I heard they were going to put all the Marines back on ship duty . . ."

The camions with the First Battalion had passed on and we were running into more French. Some were on horses and we tried to wisecrack them but they did not pay any attention to us. Another French soldier came along on foot, slowly. His coat sleeve was cut off and his arm was bandaged. The bandage was red.

"Wonder what happened to that guy . . ."

"He must have been cleaning his rifle and didn't know it was loaded."

Then Lieutenant McElroy shouted, "Close over on the right, men, and let these batteries go through! . . ."

Two French 75's pulled by us, each drawn by a skinny horse.



Spud Mourry

Farther along we came upon two more guns. The French were pulling them out of the bushes onto the road.

Captain Vare wheeled. "97th Company . . . Halt! . . ."

Major Lindsay and his adjutant came hurrying down the road.

"Have your men fall out, Captain." Then they talked together and Major Lindsay indicated the woods that lay

over on our left.

Wilmarth complained in a low voice, "Didn't I tell you we rated some lousy woods to billet in? The other battalions got a town . . ."

Sure enough, in a few minutes we marched into the woods and were ordered to take off our packs. Right away we began to think of eats.

"I wonder if Vogel is in sight with the galley . . ."

"He's always pulling that old stuff that an army fights on its belly. He'd better furnish something to make a belly with or there won't be no fighting."

Vogel and the galley always tailed along after us when we went on hikes, but we hadn't seen the cook or his greaseballs since we left Chaumont-en-Vexin.

"I hope he cooks up a mess of beans," hoped Grover

Brown looked disgusted. "Beans! Ye Gods, not beans! While you're hoping please hope for steaks . . ."

"Speaking of steaks," said Stanley, "there are a couple of cows out there in the field. Let's coax them in . . ."

"Got any chewing, Nap?" asked Wilmarth, the man who chewed. "I've got a whole carton of Beechnut coming from home. As soon as it gets here I'll split up with you."

I gave him a chew but I knew he had already traded that promised carton for a carload of real chewing tobacco.

It was nearly dark and we were hungry. I looked up Sergeant Barnes and asked if there was any chow in sight but he didn't know of any. Then I saw Lieutenant McElroy coming through the trees so I asked him.

"The men will have to eat from their reserve rations," he said. "Let them start a small fire to cook their bacon, but be sure that they use dry sticks, Corporal, as there must not be any smoke."

I went back to the squad and told them to break out their reserve rations. It was the first time we had ever used our reserve rations. We started a fire and cooked bacon in our mess kits. Several of us used the same pan and when we got through there was quite a lot of hot grease. The hardtack was dry and tasteless so I took a couple of chunks and put them into the grease and let them stew up a bit. Then I fished them out and bit off a piece. It tasted swell—something like piccrust when it is cooked by itself without any filling. The other fellows in my squad tried the same stunt and liked it too. I told Bendow in the next squad to try the hardtack-bacon grease combination. He did and soon his bunch were all doing it. He told Manley and so the receipt for the new dish went down the line. I thought I ought to get a patent on this.

After we had finished eating and had put out our fires, Lieutenant McElroy came along and stopped to talk with us. When he was leaving he said, "If you fellows are cooking any bacon, save the grease and heat your hardtack in it. It makes the hardtack taste better."

Brown looked at me and as soon as McElroy went away he said, "Leave it to the officers to steal the credit."

Stanley and Goff strolled out to the end of the woods and got talking to one of the cows. She seemed willing to have company.

Goff came back to me, "That cow needs milking. Her bag is ready to bust. Is it all right to milk her?"

"Sure, go ahead if you know how."

He got out his canteen and went back to the cow. Stanley held the cup and Goff trained the stream of milk into it. Once in a while he would miss the cup and the milk would squirt in Stanley's face. When that cup was full I brought my cup and before we got through the whole squad had a cup of warm milk. Goff was the official milker. Then Fried's squad got jealous so the other cow was brought over and they milked her. The cows didn't seem to mind. They wanted to stay near us. They looked lonely and forlorn and they mooed very softly, their big mournful eyes fixed on us, as if they wanted to tell us something.

This was the nicest place we had been in for some time. Everything seemed pleasant and now that we had our own cows we were willing to stay. Some of the fellows had unrolled their packs and were stretched out in blankets for the night.

Suddenly the captain's voice rang out. "97th Company, fall in with all equipment."

Luckily none of my squad had unrolled their packs. All we had to do was sling packs and we were ready to go.

Lieutenant McElroy passed down the line saying, "Our company is forming up ahead at the edge of the woods. Move up as soon as you are ready."

The company lined up and we saw the Top Kicker, Sergeant Kuhns, standing in front with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"97th Company . . . Attention! Answer your name to the roll call. Gunnery Sergeants: Davidson!"

"Here."

"Hartley . . ."

"Here."

"Strohm . . ."

"Here."

Kuhns had finished the sergeants and had gotten into the corporals when there was a sudden whizzing sound overhead and the next minute *whang—whang*—two shells busted close in our rear. We were standing at attention but the sudden explosions took a lot of the stiffness out of us.

Then more shells crashed . . . to our right . . . to our left and even out in front in the open space.

Kuhns stopped calling off the names and looked up at Captain Vare.

"Have the platoon sergeants report direct . . ." ordered the captain.

"Platoon sergeants, report . . ." Kuhns spoke hurriedly.

Strohm, our sergeant, comes from the rear and takes his position in front of the platoon.

A shell hits a pile of cordwood in front of us, scattering it in all directions. Strohm jumps. Kuhns looks worried.

Captain Vare shouts, "Drop back in the woods but hold your ranks . . ."

We back up into the woods. Strohm finally finds his voice. "Squad leaders, report!"

All of us corporals report in turn "all present."

In the woods all around us the shells are crashing heavily.

Corporal Benvenuto is standing a short distance from me. His hand is on his bugle. "Finie la guerre hell! . . . It's only just begun . . ."

The words are hardly out of his mouth when a shell bursts within a few feet of him. He is hit. There is a look of strange surprise on his face as he falls to the ground.

Everybody starts yelling, "Wounded man on the right! . . . Hospital Corps men! . . . Hospital Corps men! . . ." First down of the 97th Company.



Wilmarth

II

NINETY-SEVENTH Company will move up at once in support of the First Battalion at Triangle Farm . . ."

The runner was all out of breath.

Captain Vare shouted, "97th Company! . . . Forward . . . On the double!"

We swung out of the woods onto the road and headed in the direction of the firing. Now we could hear heavy rifle and machine-gun fire.

The rapid pace made our heavy packs bounce up and down on our backs and knocked the wind out of us.

This bunch of white buildings must be Triangle Farm . . .

We are breathless as we reach the oblong courtyard. The shells have been passing overhead but now they are crashing into the farm buildings. We take up positions in an orchard to the right of them.

The First Platoon is ordered forward. Lieutenant McElroy, accompanied by a runner, leads the way—down a little valley and up a hill. We stop and lie down. The firing is close up now.

Corporal Manley and his squad creep forward. Then Corporal Fried with the second squad . . . Bendow and the third and now me and the fourth . . .

"Follow the runner . . ." shouts Lieutenant McElroy. "Keep close to the ground . . . Have your men take up positions between the men on the line . . . Let them use their packs as shields . . ."

The runner goes forward on his hands and knees. I follow. Behind me, one after the other, come the other seven men of the squad. We creep closer to the crest of the hill. The runner stops and points ahead.

"There are the men . . . just up ahead . . . lying down . . ."

Taking the first four men—Brown, Goff, Grover and Burke—I crawl forward. The man up ahead turns his head as we come up but he doesn't say anything. I locate the man next to him—about five yards away—and Brown crawls into the space between them. I place each man and go back for the other three—Hulderstein, Wilmarth and Knapp—and bring them up. I pass on the lieutenant's order for each man to take off his pack and place it before him, also to put his gas mask at the alert position.

The line here seems fairly quiet. There is heavy firing on the left.

Taking up a position near the first man, I ask, "What outfit are you fellows with?"

"First Battalion, Sixth Marines."

"Are the French up ahead?"

"The French! Hell, the French must be in Paris by this time at the rate they were going . . ."

On the top of the hill ahead, dimly outlined against the sky, I am sure I see shadowy forms moving.

"Then what is that outfit up ahead?" I ask.

"The Germans . . ."

III

STRETCHER bearers on the right!"

"Pass the word along! . . . Pass the word along! . . . Hospital Corps men on the right! . . ."

"Who got hit?"

"Manley is hit . . . Johnny Aspinwall is down . . . Spike Bannon is hit . . ."

(Christ, our own bunch!)

"Are they hit bad?"

"Manley is dead . . ."

The air is filled with cries . . .

"Stretcher bearers on the right! . . ."

"Hospital Corps men! . . . Hospital Corps men! . . ."

"Where the hell are those God damn Hospital Corps men? . . ."

"Jesus, we've only come two hundred yards and there's men down all over the field! . . ."

The Germans are meeting our advance with heavy machine-gun fire. The bullets twang overhead. Their artillery has not swung into line yet as our attack has been sudden.

We are in the fourth wave. We are advancing by rushes of fifteen yards at a time, then down. Ahead of us in the next wave is a sergeant with a whistle. One blast, rush forward. Two blasts, down. Our movements are guided by him.

We're damn fine targets at eight o'clock in the morning of a clear June day with a bright hot sun. Orders are passed from the rear to keep bayonets down as they are flashing in the sun.

The field we are crossing has growing wheat about knee high. When the men are lying down they cannot be seen. One man from each group stands up all the time as a guide post. Stanley, on my left, is guide for our group.

Belleau Woods lies about four hundred yards to the left. There is another woods on our right about a thousand yards away. Some distance in front we can see the white walls and houses of a town—Bourèsches.

Both our flanks are under heavy machine-gun fire but my

group in the center is, for the moment, getting by in good shape. We hold a perfect line. I order Burke, the fellow from Mississippi, to get back in line. He is advancing too fast.

But the German artillery now finds our range and begins firing point blank at us. The noise and constant explosions are numbing. I move along dumbly. I stumble over a man lying face down. He doesn't move. The waves of men in front of us have disappeared. We are the front wave now.

The wheat ends. A sort of knoll with a gradual slope is just ahead of me. I creep up towards the top. Looking back to my right I see other men crawling up. I pick out Goff, Knapp and Burke, all from my own group. We crawl over the knoll. Beyond is just flat, unplanted land. No valley or depression. It looks desolate. I keep my face well in the ground while the machine-gun bullets peck around me.

Turning my head to the left, I see Captain Vare come walking along as if there weren't any bursting shells or machine-gun bullets flying everywhere. He pauses near me. Lieutenant Marr's dog is with him. When a bullet hits near him the crazy dog runs over and tries to dig it up with his paws. Then he runs back and jumps up at the captain's hand. The captain says "Down!"

They come closer to where I am lying and Captain Vare says, "You'll never see what's going on with your nose stuck in the ground."

I don't answer. I am seeing more now than I want to.

Red Cullen is lying a short distance to my left. His face is toward me. He looks as if he is sweating blood.

Back of me somewhere I can hear Wilmarth calling to someone: "Gimme a chew, will you? . . . Hey, gimme a chew . . ."

Captain Vare shouts, "97th Company, forward by rushes!"

We make two advances, about thirty yards. Each time the machine guns seem to concentrate on us. The town of Bourèsches now lies about three hundred yards ahead of us. I holler at the captain: "How the hell far do you want us to rush?"

But he doesn't hear me. Soon I hear him again: "Automatic rifles on the left!"

The two automatic riflemen from my group start across—Knapp and Cullen. Both are hit before reaching the woods.

The artillery fire and machine-gun fire get hotter all the time. I can see men lying about but I don't know whether they are living or dead. The air is heavy with picric acid fumes from the high-explosive shells. I can't tell whether gas is mixed with it or not. Some of the men are putting on their masks.

Again I hear Wilmarth begging for a chew. I wish I had a chew myself.

The spot I am lying in now is fully exposed . . . No wheat . . . nothing to screen me . . . I am lying flat, face down, my nose almost buried, with my arms close to my sides . . . I am wishing I was thinner . . . My gas mask seems to push me away up in the air . . . I will be hit now any second . . . I bargain with myself as to what part of my body I will sacrifice . . . My head feels safe . . . I have the helmet on it . . . I pull it down over my eyes more as every now and then a machine-gun bullet hits in front of me and kicks dirt in my face and eyes . . . I consider which part of me I can best let get hit . . . My right arm should not be sacrificed as I use it the most . . . No, I'll have to let my left arm get it . . . I squirm



Fried



Brown

around, throwing my left side forward . . . Hell, no—my heart is on the left side! . . . I squirm back . . . My legs are exposed . . . Can I spare my legs? . . . My thoughts go back to dancing at White City . . . The big dance hall . . . the lights, the music, the girls . . . Louise sure could two-step . . . Vi was light on her feet . . . but Mamie had them all skinned for waltzing . . . Never to dance again? . . . No, I can't let my legs go . . .

A shell strikes about twenty feet away and makes a direct hit on Gould. His body goes up in the air like the roots of a blasted tree. I can pick out his legs, arms and body. My eyes seem fixed and follow the upward movement and watch the parts coming down. Bits fall on me. It is the first direct hit I have seen.

My position is hopeless now . . . I must pray . . . I cannot get my hand up to bless myself . . . I start with "Our Father" but it does not seem to fit the case . . . "Hail Marys" seem too tame . . . the creed seems long and complicated . . . I must have something that has a direct bearing on the position I am in . . . I can't take chances now . . . I finally get down to "God have mercy on me!" . . . That's better . . . I say it over and over . . . I look around and see the other fellows . . . My prayer sounds selfish . . . I change it to "God have mercy on us!" . . . I say it hard . . . I want God to know I mean it . . . I feel guilty . . . I haven't prayed for a long time . . . Maybe He won't think I rate protection, asking for it under such circumstances . . . Maybe He'll think I'm trying to sneak in at the last minute . . . Whatever He thinks . . . I want out . . .

Ting-ting, a machine-gun bullet kicks some small stones up against my helmet. I quit arguing with God and go back to my prayer. I want out! . . .

Behind me I hear Wilmarth again. He's calling to me now.

"Throw me over a chew, will you, Nap?"

(Christ, don't that guy know there's a war going on?)

Then Captain Vare shouts, "97th Company, take the town!"

I don't want to get up but I force myself. I see other figures move. We are just starting forward when Major Lindsay's voice comes to us, clear across the field from the woods:

"97th Company, stand fast!"

Orders are passed along to dig in and hold what we have. I am on an unploughed patch. About ten yards to my right front runs a furrow, the last one that was ploughed, which leaves a fair-sized trench. I creep over to this and start scooping out the soft dirt with my hands to make a hole deep enough to get into. Soon Stanley comes up and picks another spot. Bretherton, Goff, Hancock, Burke and some more come across the ploughed part from the right and they all dig in around me. We talk a little and dig a lot. We are in good spirits. The tension is gone. We feel safe, although the shelling is still very heavy. But we are doing something.

It is mid-afternoon now but almost dark on account of the dust, smoke and gas from the heavy shelling. Several planes are flying low, black crosses showing underneath. They cannot see us very well on account of the heavy mist of smoke that hangs over us. But they do not cheer us up much, especially when they open up with their machine guns.

After they pass I see something come creeping toward us from the left. As it draws nearer I see that it is one of our men crawling on his knees, using one hand as a support. The other hand is up to his face. He is dirty and bloody. I think I recognize him and call out, "Is that you, Wilmarth?"

He tries to speak but can't. He is shot through the lower part of the face and is holding his jaw up. I tell Stanley to take him back to the first-aid station.

As he leaves, Stanley says, "God, that's a tough break for Wilmarth."

And I am thinking he won't be bumming any chew for a while.

IV

AROUND five o'clock Lieutenant McElroy and Corporal Bendow came up to us. My group was now the farthest advanced of any of those out in the open. McElroy told me the 96th Company was in the town and we would enter just as soon as it grew darker.

About an hour later I heard him and the rest of the platoon coming so I got my men

together and we trailed into town. On the outskirts of town there was a big barn-like structure. Here the remains of our company gathered and we had a regular family get-together affair. Before this battle we were simply so many squads and platoons but now it was different. We went around shaking hands with one another like long-lost brothers. The company had been formed nearly a year, but this was the first time we had had a handshaking party. We sure were glad to see one another.

It was:

"Hello, Brown! . . ."

"How did you like it, Walters?"

"The *Whitestone Herald* will hear about this, hey, Carney? . . ."

"I'll tell the world it will . . ."

"Ma Lindsay's voice sure sounded sweet to me today . . ."

"Say, Rogan, was Bannon hit very hard? . . ."

Then the search began for those who were not there.

"Is Leighton here? . . ."

"Where's Fat Baumgartner? . . ."

"Did you see Corey? . . ."

"Anybody see young Shiel? . . ."

There were lots of these questions but there were no answers. Everybody was asking for somebody else, but the somebody else was missing. The field in our rear was now in inky blackness. It held the somebody elses.

"Got a cigarette? . . ."

Several matches were struck.

"Hey, put out those lights. Do you want us all to get killed?"

"Aw, hell, they know we're here . . ."

There was a commotion over on the left where a road led into town. Several of the fellows ran over. Soon they came back.

Brown: "What was all the noise, Gro?"

Grover: "Lieutenant Marr just pulled into town with a load of ammunition . . ."

Fried: "Did you see that damn dog of Marr's trying to scratch up bullets out on that field?"

Brown: "Yes, and the dog was killed later on. . . ."

Fried: "Poor pup! . . . It was no place for a dog . . ."

Just then I heard someone say, "Hello, Spud!"

I looked over and sure enough there was Spud Mowry himself. He had an overseas cap on his head and a heavy pack on his back. All we had were combat packs. We hadn't seen Mowry since we left the old trenches at Verdun.

Me: "Hello, Spud. Where did you come from?"

Spud: "Just got back from the school at Gondrecourt."

Me: "You picked out a good day to come home. How did you find us?"

Spud: "I met a battalion runner away back in the woods and he pointed out



I said "Oh, is this your house?"

that field and said the company was somewhere in Bourèsches."

Me: "Where's your helmet?"

Spud: "Haven't got any. I'll get one before the night's over."

We now heard Lieutenant McElroy calling for the First Platoon to form over on the right. He led us over to a yard and told us to dig in until morning.

Brown, Grover and I happened to have spots near each other. Grover was the only one of us that had a shovel. Brown and I were using the tops of our mess kits. When Grover was down a little ways I told him that was deep enough. He laid down in it to show me it wasn't. Brown picked up his shovel and started to use it and talked Grover into using the mess kit cover for awhile. Grover kept looking over at Brown's hole and saying, "Your hole is deeper than mine now."

Then Brown let me take the shovel and Grover went over to prove to Brown that Brown's hole was deeper than his. I was busy shoveling away. Grover came back and let out a yelp. I had filled up his hole with the dirt from mine. I gave him back his shovel.

An outfit in close formation came tramping across our lot and we had a hard time keeping them out of our holes. They had big shovels strapped to their backs. They were Second Division Engineers. The officer in charge was bawling them out for not keeping up. They kept right on going.

All this time Grover had been working on his hole and he sure had a dandy. Just about the time he had it all trimmed up to suit him orders came for us to fall in and we had to hike across the town to the other side.

Lieutenant McElroy put me in charge of twenty-five men to guard the north approach to town. A stone wall ran along this edge of town for about one hundred and fifty feet. I placed the men along this wall.

Grover and Hilderstein I stationed in a building that looked like a hen-coop. They had a direct line of fire down a street that came in from the north. Extending south from the chicken coop was a house, then a high stone wall. We broke a hole through this wall to give us entrance to a courtyard beyond. Joe Getty was placed on guard at this hole. Another high stone wall ran along our rear. There was a door in it that opened up into a street. Big Marvin was placed here. A building and a wall were on our left. No guard was placed on this side as a bunch of the Engineers were stationed on the other side of that wall.

I told every other man to stand guard while the man next to him rested. But no one was to leave his position. They were to change every hour.

The Germans were sending up a few star shells which brought out the black masses of trees in the distance. Once in a while short bursts of machine-gun fire would come from their line. They seemed nervous.

I sat down between Goff and Brown and leaned against the wall. I must have dropped off to sleep. I woke with a start. Goff was pulling at my gas-mask bag.

"Hey, Nap, Nap! Look, something is moving out in front . . ."

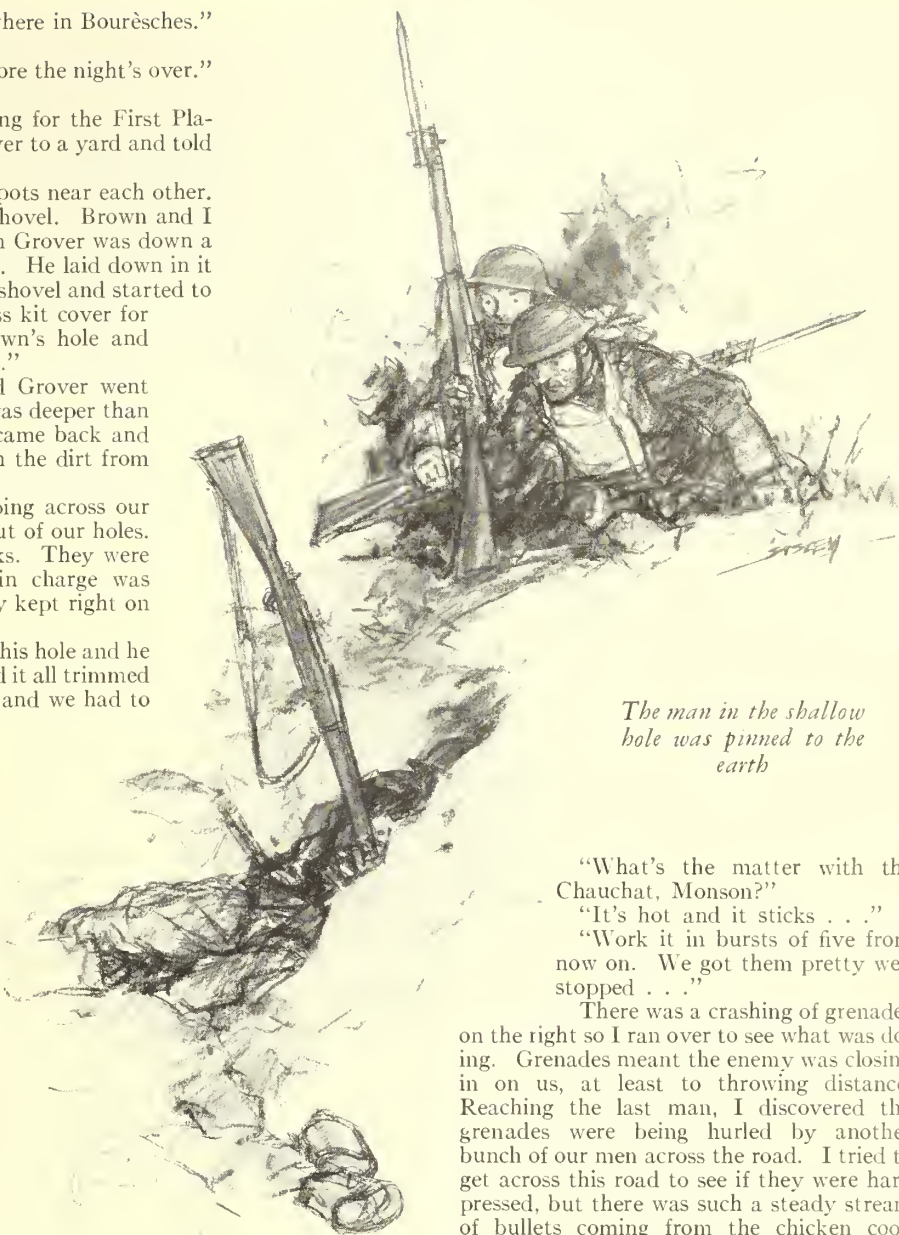
I got up and looked over the wall. It took my eyes a few seconds to get accustomed to the darkness. Goff was firing by this time. In fact, the whole line seemed to open up at the same time.

There were Germans out there all right, but it was hard to say how many there were or to tell how far from us they were. A star shell went up and we got a view of the field in front. We were on a rise of land which sloped gradually away into the wood. The advancing Germans were arranged in depth. It resembled a checker-board formation. They, like ourselves, I suppose, were trained to remain stationary when a star shell went up. Before the light died down the men in front of us were down also.

I got up and walked down the line in back of the men. Every one of them was working the old bolt-handle for all he was worth.

The Germans must be attacking on the east side of town also as the sound of heavy firing comes from that direction.

I listen for the sound of the Chauchat automatic rifles that I placed on the left flank. The Chauchat has a distinctive put-put sound all its own. I don't hear it so I hurry over.



The man in the shallow hole was pinned to the earth

"What's the matter with the Chauchat, Monson?"

"It's hot and it sticks . . ."

"Work it in bursts of five from now on. We got them pretty well stopped . . ."

There was a crashing of grenades on the right so I ran over to see what was doing. Grenades meant the enemy was closing in on us, at least to throwing distance. Reaching the last man, I discovered the grenades were being hurled by another bunch of our men across the road. I tried to get across this road to see if they were hard pressed, but there was such a steady stream of bullets coming from the chicken coop where Grover and Hilderstein were located that I couldn't make the other side. I knew

they only had rifles but it sounded like machine guns. (I asked Grover afterward how they kept up such a steady fire. All they had were two rifles. He told me Hilderstein loaded the rifles and he did the firing.)

The fire from the field in front of us had dwindled down to a few shots now and then so I pulled Dad Gum Watrous and Bretherton away from the wall and gave them positions on the right flank so they could watch the road in case the Germans broke through.

I started down to see how Getty was making out and met Lieutenant McElroy, who had just come through the hole. He asked me how things were and I told him all right.

"The Germans are falling back on the east side and probably on the north side also," he said, "but have your men keep up their fire for a while even if they don't see anything . . ."

McElroy went through to the other side where the Engineers were and I went over to the stone wall and told the fellows to keep up a steady fire. Shortly afterward I heard Captain Vare's voice shouting "Cease firing!"

The attack had lasted an hour.

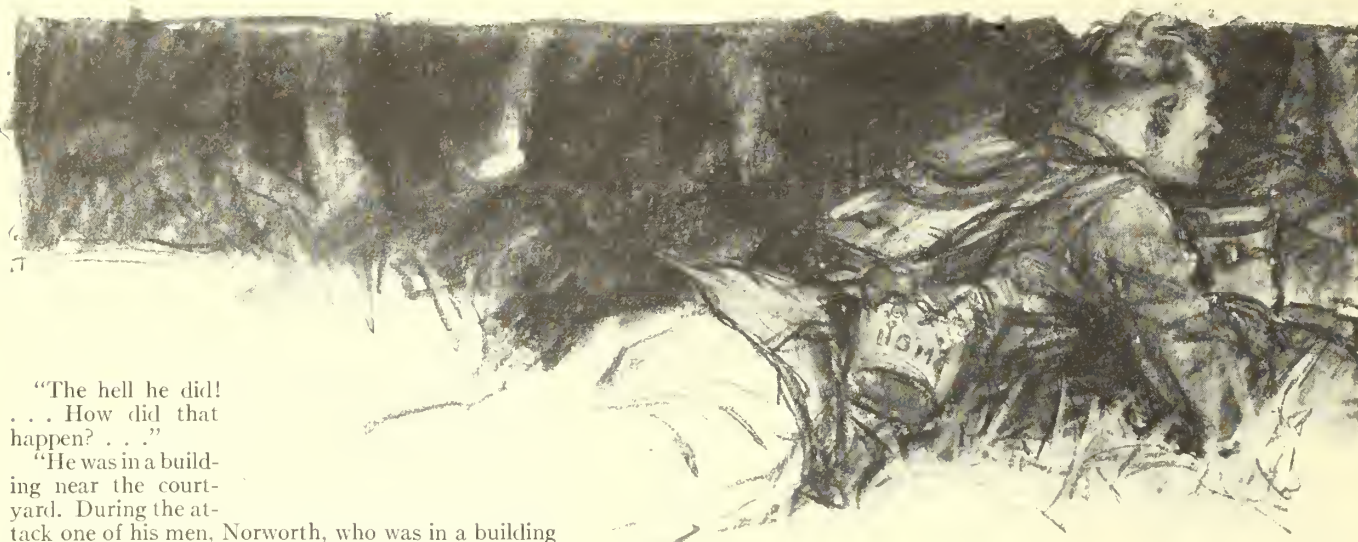
Mowry came through from the courtyard and he was still wearing the overseas cap. He had been assigned to the east side of town.

Me: "How did your bunch make out, Spud?"

Spud: "All right. Some of the fellows got nicked from flying pieces of stone from the building but nobody gave up their helmets . . . Any vacant helmets over here? . . ."

Me: "No. None of my men were hit. . . ."

Spud: "Fried got all shot up around the legs by our own fire . . ."



"The hell he did!
... How did that
happen? ..."

"He was in a building near the courtyard. During the attack one of his men, Norworth, who was in a building across from him, hollered for some grenades. Fried started over and had to cross the road running down to the railroad station. One of our machine-gun outfits had a gun trained down this road and Fried was caught in their fire . . . I guess they had a hell of a time getting him out from under the fire . . . Well, Nap, if you see any loose helmets, save me one. . . ."

Corporal Fried was a tall rangy fellow from Texas. He was nicknamed "le grand caporal." I was named "le petit caporal," or Napoleon—Nap for short. Our christening had taken place at Tours amid very pleasant surroundings with lots of good liquor. Brown was the christener and Spud Mowry was the Godfather.

V

THE balance of the night was quiet. When morning broke we found about fifty dead Germans out in front of our position. We were starting to even up the score for the day before.

There wasn't much doing that morning so I scouted around and looked over the town. Some of the buildings were in ruins but a number were in fairly good condition. In one building I came across some chickens that had been freshly killed and cleaned. Remembering the standing orders not to touch any food found in deserted towns, I left them alone.

I went into one house that hadn't been touched by shell fire. All the furniture was still there and there were pictures hanging on the walls. It was nice and clean and homelike. Even the beds were all made up. On one table I found a bunch of letters that had apparently arrived very recently. I could make out enough of the French to read that they were from the son of the family. He had lost a leg in battle and was now in a hospital. He was telling them about his war experiences and how he hoped to be home soon.

We were still billeted in the garden along the stone wall and I thought it would be a good idea to take one of the mattresses and some of the bedding over to my garden and make myself a nice little nest. So I loaded up all I could carry from one of the bedrooms and was just leaving when an old French man and woman came in the door.

They looked at me quite surprised and the old lady kind of laughed and said "Comment?"

I said, "Oh, is this your house?"

Of course they didn't understand me so I put down the stuff and tried to parlay with them, using what French I could and signs for the rest.

It seems this was their home and they had lived here all through the German drive. Not only that but they had stuck through the siege in 1914, too—yes, and during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. They were always being ordered to get out but they wouldn't go. The old lady talked a blue streak, lifting her shoulders and waving her hands all the time she talked and laughing as if it was all a big joke. She was as lively as a cricket but the old man was very quiet.

I put the bedding back where I got it and explained that I had thought the house was deserted. The old lady tried to make me keep the stuff but I wouldn't take it. Then when I was leaving she brought out a pair of fancy red and yellow bedroom slippers and forced them into my hand so I took them.

The French couple had a dandy garden. They must have been

working out in the garden while I was rummaging around in their house. It made my mouth water when I saw some of the things growing in that garden. We hadn't had a real square meal for days. I got a hunch. There must be other gardens belonging to the deserted houses.

I left the old folks and went back to my garden by the wall. We had trampled most of it down the night before, but after a little search I found a nice patch of potatoes. They were very young, about the size of big marbles. From three plants I got a good pan full. The green onions were just a nice size too, so I pulled a bunch of them. I was wishing Vogel was there. With a little meat he sure could have fixed up a swell stew. But he wasn't there. We hadn't seen anything of our galley yet so we were still living on our reserve rations.

I went into one of the deserted French houses and started a fire in the grate. I was used to cooking over an open fire outdoors so this seemed real handy by comparison. I cooked my bacon first which left a fine lot of grease. Into this grease I put the potatoes, whole—I washed them first. I went outside to eat. They had begun to shell the town again and I felt safer outside.

Several of us who had coffee had pooled it together and it was being cooked in another house. It was all ready by the time I finished my cooking so I had a complete course dinner.

All of a sudden a rabbit came bounding over the wall. Close behind the rabbit came Captain Vare at full speed.

"Catch him!" he hollered, but the rabbit had reached the other side. The captain ran after him a little ways and then came back to where I was sitting. He looked down at my pan and said, "What's those round things?"

I said, "Young potatoes."

"Where did you get them?" At the same time he had his hand out for one. I gave him one on the fork and pointed with my other hand, "Over in that garden."

He said, "They are all right." He walked away.

Soon along came Bill Jarves, the captain's acting dog-robber. He had a basket in his hand. He came over to me and said, "Are you the corporal that had the small potatoes that the captain just saw?"

I said yes.

He said, "Where do you get them? The captain is raving about them and wants a lot. All I've been doing ever since we got into this town is frying chickens and running down rabbits. Now it's digging potatoes. If you see anything else around that can be eaten don't let the captain know it."

Me: "Where did you get your chickens?"

Jarves: "We found some already cleaned in a building. The captain looked them over and said, 'Fry them up' . . . Him and the loots are eating them . . . but I got mine. . . ."

Me: "They don't seem to be afraid of getting poisoned. . . ."

Jarves: "Poisoned hell! . . . That's only a stall so you fellows will leave the food alone so the officers can get it. . . . Why, say, do you know what? . . ."

"What?"

"Last night when we first got into town we found some food cooking on a stove—potatoes and steak—and the table all set for



Looking up I saw a German soldier. He was looking at me

a meal. The Germans left so fast they didn't have time to eat. The captain and three of the lieutenants sat down at the table and I served them the German food . . . They're still alive and looking for more . . . And I guess I'd better get those potatoes. . . ."

I pointed to where the potatoes were growing and gave him a shovel. He went to it and got quite a mess.

The Germans were still close to Bourèsches, especially around the railroad station, which was about a fourth of a kilometer from the town proper. We had men stationed in the tops of the buildings to shoot any Germans that showed up around the station. Outside of sniping we did very little shooting. Goff came around that afternoon holding up one finger. He had sniped himself a German.

There was a fountain down the street in a sort of public square. This was the only place where we could get water. The Germans had it under observation and kept a machine gun playing on it all the time. Using the stones from the wrecked buildings we erected a low barricade along the east front of the fountain. Then by crawling out on our hands and knees along this barricade we could dip the water from the trough below where the horses used to drink. The water flowed out above from the mouths of iron faces.

The Germans shelled the town off and on all day.

McElroy told me I'd better go over and order the old French couple out. I went to the house and told them they'd have to get out. The old lady smiled and shrugged her shoulders and let loose a quick string of French. I could catch "le bon Dieu" in it here and there and she pointed to the crucifix a couple of times. I kept saying "Allay—tootsweet!" and pointing to where the shells were coming from but she just shook her head and the old man said over and over, "Non . . . Non. . . ."

So I left them and went back to my stone wall.

Along towards evening I met Bellamy of the Third Platoon coming back from the fountain with a canteen of water.

"Hello, Bellamy," I said. "Did you see anything of that old French couple?"

Bellamy stopped. "I did, and I don't want to see another sight like it."

"What do you mean?"

Bellamy: "Well, they wouldn't get out of town. Vare even offered them an escort, but no, they wanted to stay, and stay they will. A shell crashed in front of their house and the old woman lies there crushed to death under stones from her own house. She is still holding her crucifix. The old man hung himself over her body. Mowry just cut down the old man's body. If you hurry you can see the whole thing. . . ."

But I crawled back through the hole leading into my garden and lay down.

VI

AS THE night came on, the men took up their positions along the stone wall and in the chicken coop. The Germans furnished the regular nightly program of star shells, bursts of machine-gun fire and shells. From the northwest came the sound

of a heavy artillery barrage. Now and then the roar of rifle and machine-gun fire could be heard. But we felt secure in our garden.

Near midnight Lieutenant McElroy came over and told me to have the men ready to move out at a moment's notice. A line of men came in through the opening on the left of the town and McElroy pointed to them, saying, "Have our men open up with a heavy fire and keep it up for five minutes. Then we leave. These Engineers are to take our places."

Our men turned to and gave the German lines a snappy farewell. We wanted them to know that we were still there. We raised hell for five minutes, then lined up and marched out of the gate and swung onto a road leading northwest out of Bourèsches. The heavy firing in the northwest continued.

The balance of the night we spent hiking, first in one direction, then in another. We twisted and turned, now headed north, now west. The sound of firing came more from the north now. At one place we took up positions along the road as if in readiness to make an attack. The rifle fire was heavy at this time. Gradually it died away. Then we heard short bursts as if some outfit was making a dying effort to reach some place or to repel an advance. Soon it was quiet. We moved on again.

Day was breaking when we reached the outskirts of the wrecked and gas-filled town of Lucy-le-Bocage. It was necessary to put on our masks and that made traveling more miserable.

A little way out of town we entered a ravine which ran along the southern edge of Belleau Woods. Here we stopped and took off our masks. Further along was the remnant of a food dump. There were a few cans of bully beef, gold-fish and beans lying around and these were quickly snatched up.

The ravine ran a crooked course and at places was blocked with fallen trees and broken branches. At these places we had to climb out and walk along the bank. Over on our right lay the field we had crossed in taking Bourèsches. The wheat was still lying flat. A mist hung over it.

The ravine gets deeper now and widens out. The bank on the north side rises above our heads. Here we come upon a first-aid station. The Hospital Corps men are working on a bunch of wounded men. They must have been in last night's attack. Along the inner bank, piled one on top of the other, are the dead. No covering. Still dirty and bloody, just the way they were when dragged in off the field. Some of them I can recognize, . . . fellows from my own platoon . . . There's young Heims . . . There's Sampson. . . .

We were growling about the long hike and about having no food and no sleep and various other things until we got to this spot. Now we became silent and passed on in silence. No one said anything for a long time.

We came to a halt at last and sat down along the inner bank of the ravine. Up above us in the woods proper another battalion was taking up positions for an attack. Word was passed back for the 97th Company to dig in along the ravine. We were to be in support of the attacking battalion.

Brown and I and five or six fellows from another company were sitting on some big boulders that were out in the middle of the ravine. We were telling each other what a rough time we had had. Finally Brown and I decided it was time to get busy and dig in. There were several shallow holes close by but they did not look good to us so we passed them up and picked out a spot further up where the bank was good and steep. Both of us had shovels this time and we burrowed right in.

It was a little different shaped hole than I had been accustomed to. I made it so that I could sit up in it with the bank as a sort of canopy above. It took a lot of digging to reach the solid part of

the bank as all the loose dirt that had sifted down had to be cleared away. It was a skimpy hole. It would hold one man and that was all. Even then I had to draw my feet up like a tailor and bend my head a little forward.

I was sitting in the hole trying to figure out how I could enlarge it with the least effort to make it more comfortable. It was wide enough but my knees stuck out. I would have to dig back further into the bank. Then perhaps I could scollop out a small part above for my head to fit into. I took off my helmet and laid it across my knees and stomach to see if that would permit my head to go back. . . .

Just then it seemed as if the earth stopped dead but things kept on moving. From out of the sky like a cloudburst came a down-pour of shells. The Germans must have gotten wind of the coming attack and were laying down a terrific barrage to bust it up.

THE troops in the woods up above were in a panic. They had massed up. Now they came flying down into the ravine for protection. At once the shelling seemed to concentrate on the ravine. It became a wild mass of men scrambling and ducking, trying to get away from the shells. The shelling grew worse and worse. It was like being in a terrible thunder storm. The trees crashed and there was a continuous roar like heavy wind. The shells hit and the dirt and rocks flew up in the air. The men were running blindly. Some would crawl in among the rocks to hide.

Two men came plunging into the shallow hole on my left. . . . One yells, "Gimme that God damn hole. . . ."

There is a struggle. The other man lands back in the ravine on his back as though pushed very forcibly. His hands and feet wave in the air a moment. His right hand still grasps his rifle with bayonet bared. He rises with a bound and races for the hole with his rifle stretched before him. He lunges forward with all his strength. The impact causes him to stagger back. He falls among the rocks and lies still.

Suddenly another fellow comes plunging head first into my hole. My helmet is still over my stomach. His helmet strikes mine with a crash. He tries to bore in, his feet going like the dickens, as they might on a tread mill. The helmets grind together and cut into my legs. I push at him and holler, "No room! . . . Get out! . . . Get out! . . ."

At the same time a fellow tried to plunge into Brown's hole, next to mine, and Brown pushed him out too. They tried to get shelter among the rocks where the other man was lying. A shell struck those rocks with a blinding flash and seemed to splatter the three men right into the rocks. The rocks split open and blood ran down their sides. The rocks were crushed. The men were gone. It seemed to rain blood. I saw red for a few seconds. Drops of blood like red rain fell about my hole. And I saw legs and helmets. I sat stunned.

The barrage stopped as suddenly as it began. It had lasted not more than fifteen minutes.

"Nap! . . . Oh, Nap! . . ."

It was Brown's voice calling me. My head felt numb. It was bent forward when I sat down in the hole. Now it was straight up. It had bored itself into the dirt above without my knowing it.

I slid forward in the hole a little so as to get my head free and then bent over to put my helmet on. I stuck my head out of the hole and Brown had his head out looking my way.

Brown: "Are you all right?"

"Yes, are you?"

Brown: "Yes . . . This certainly was the worst yet."

"Yes, it was bad, but look over here"—motioning to the shallow hole on my left—"here's something still worse. . . ."

We got out of our holes. My legs were stiff.

The man in the shallow hole was pinned to the earth. The bayonet had penetrated the gas mask canister and passed clear through his body. I could not get the bayonet out so I removed the rifle from it.

Brown: "Christ! Who did that?"

"There were two guys fighting for the hole. . . ."

"Where's the other one?"

"He got blown up in that bunch of rocks."

VII

THERE were wounded men to be taken care of so we got busy and bandaged up those we could and carried the rest back to the first-aid station. That was one busy, messy place. It had been shelled too. The dead that had been piled up when we passed there before were scattered all around.

Orders now came down for the 97th Company to advance up the ravine. We went about three hundred yards and took up

positions again. Lieutenant McElroy came along and told us the Germans were preparing to attack.

Major Lindsay went by with another officer and we heard him say, "The line has got to be held. . . ."

A rifle cracked on the right—then others joined in. Soon it was a roar. We were lying half in and half out of the ravine. There had been no time to dig in.

I squirmed to get set. The men on my right and left had their necks stretched and they were looking straight ahead. The next minute the Germans came in sight—first one or two, then dozens. We opened fire at once. The trees in front of us made it difficult for us to get a good shot at them but we kept up a steady fire in their direction.

The Germans continued to advance. They seemed to be trying to hold a line, which is a hard thing to do in a woods. Besides we were beginning to pick off a few. As long as they stood up they made good targets.

We had a rotten position. I could see that just as soon as I opened fire. Fifty feet ahead of us was a ledge of rocks jutting out of the ground. While the Germans were at a distance the rocks did not make so much difference, but as they advanced the rocks cut off our fire. To clear the rocks our shots had to go over the heads of the Germans. There was no chance of changing our position in the ravine now that the Germans were upon us. Our only salvation was to get out of the ravine and take up position behind the rocks in front of us. The ravine was not offering us much protection anyhow as we had to expose ourselves quite a bit in order to fire. If we were behind the rocks they would provide good protection. Then another thing, if the Germans reached the rocks they were going to have the drop on us. They could hide behind the rocks and fire directly into the ravine.

We had orders to hold the line and that does not mean to advance, and it is not good policy to get out ahead of the firing line. But we were going to be in a bad fix once the Germans got under cover of those rocks.

I decided the only thing to do was to advance our part of the line. On my right were Goff, Bretherton and Burke. On my left were Brown, Getty, Ira Winslow, and Corporal Hackett. I could not see either side beyond Burke or Hackett as the ravine made a curve.

I hollered to Goff and then to Brown, "I'm going ahead."

All I wanted to do was to get their attention so they could see where I was going. Usually you advance your men first, then follow. But you got to tell them where to go and I didn't have time to do that. I knew if I reached the rocks they would follow without orders.

So far in our section the Germans' fire was very light. They could not see anybody to shoot at. It's hard to see a man lying down in a woods. We could see them because they moved. The young trees and underbrush were blocking their way so they could not make a sudden rush at us. They had to pick their way and they were having hard picking.

THE ground between the ravine and the rocks was covered with trees and vines. I figured the best way to get through was to run in a half-crouching position. I picked out a rock directly in front of me and made for it. It was not more than fifty feet away but it seemed longer. I stumbled a couple of times and ended up crawling, but I got there all right.

The rock in front of me stuck out of the ground about two and a half feet. Over the top of it was a vine or creeper of some sort. It had a leaf like poison ivy. By pushing the leaves to one side I could see through them and they shielded me from view.

I got a good eyeful the first time. Not more than seventy-five feet ahead were four Germans crawling toward me down a shallow gully that ran straight for these rocks. They were carrying a dismantled machine gun. I poked my rifle through the leaves. The leading man turned his head, perhaps to talk to the man in back of him, but he never turned his head again. I got him square. The other three flattened out on the ground. The second man was a poor target as he was partly hidden by the dead one—besides he was lower down. The third man's helmet showed plain between the spread-out feet of the second man. A rifle bullet shot direct will pass through a helmet very easily. I aimed right for the center of the helmet and fired. The helmet gave a little jump. The man rose to his feet, staggered over the man in front of him, then fell forward and rolled over on his back. I couldn't understand how he was able to get up but his getting up allowed the man in back of him to get away. This fourth man must have acted fast because the one that got up took only two steps and fell. He couldn't have been up more than three seconds.



I tried to close my eyes but that made me dizzy, so I kept them open

The second man I knew was still alive. To get him I would have to stand up. The rock I was behind had a broad, flat top. The muzzle of my rifle did not reach to within six inches of the outer edge. This made it bad for me, as I could not bring my rifle low enough to get a good shot at the man lying in front.

Just then a bullet went *plow!* against the front of my rock. That decided me against getting up. Besides I could shoot this fellow in the leg and that would put him out of action. His right leg was partly up on the side of the gulley. If he had drawn up his legs he would have been better off. He was wearing short leather leggings and I aimed slightly above the top of the legging, just about the calf of the leg, and fired. Both legs kicked up. First he pushed himself up from the ground with his arms as if he was going to kneel, then he lay flat again. He made several attempts to sit up before he finally succeeded. He had his back to me but I could see by his movements that he was fussing with his leg.

Back farther in the woods I could see Germans ducking in and out among the trees.

Goff now slipped up on my right and took position behind a rock. Brown and Getty came in on my left. I was more anxious about the right as the Germans seemed to be coming more from that way. I looked back toward the ravine and saw Bretherton and Burke moving up. I hollered to Goff, "Tell Bretherton and Burke to watch the right." Goff nodded. He looked warm.

The fire from the German side was getting heavier. They

must have been trying to establish a line rather than drive us out. Their fire was random, the same as ours. They were up against the same thing we were—the trees had them blocked.

We kept pouring a steady stream of bullets toward their line through the longest straight open spaces between the trees we could find. And if a German popped up nearby we got him. Where there is a lot of bark flying off trees and bullets whistling around it worries the other fellow and he is not so eager to advance. Some of the Germans had reached to within twenty-five feet of us but the majority were hugging the ground. We had them stopped and they knew it. Every time a German started down my little gully I got him. It was the longest open space I had.

The wounded man out in front was now lying on his back. He had to in order to escape my fire. I shot over the top of him. I could see a lot of Germans lying out in front but I did not know whether they were alive or dead.

I heard Captain Vare on the right shouting, "Keep up the fire! . . . Keep up the fire!"

Just as soon as we would lay off a minute the Germans would start to advance.

Along towards evening I heard Burke shouting, "They are advancing on the right."

Looking over, I could see our men moving up from the ravine. Spud Mowry's group was next on my right. I crossed over to see what orders Spud had.

"How far are we to advance, Spud?"

Mowry: "To the top of the hill. We are to keep up the fire as we advance."

I told each one of my men—there were only six—that we would crawl slowly forward and fire as often as we could. This would keep the Germans down and also mask our advance. I warned them not to take any chances. If there was a German lying ahead better shoot him. If he was dead it wouldn't make any difference. The last thing I said was, "Guide on me."

We were on the other side of the rocks all set to go by the time Mowry's men were up to us. We tried to crawl but with the thick vines and underbrush it was necessary to pick your way the best you could. First you were up, then down.

I kept saying, "Keep down . . . Keep up the fire . . . Slow down on the left. . ."

Corporal Hackett was on my left with his group. It was up to him to keep in contact with me. I had nothing to do with him.

The German fire was getting more irregular although they were still nipping off the branches over our heads. Perhaps they figured their advance was over and were settling down to stay. Our fire was not as heavy or steady but we were still making lots of noise.

I noticed that my men were not shooting the Germans lying down. I did not say anything because there was something about the positions of the bodies that said dead. Besides we had the drop on them. In the first twenty-five feet there were eight dead Germans.

I was traveling between Getty and Goff on the left side of the gulley that ran down to my rock. I would not let any of the men walk in the gulley itself. It was too open. We drew near to the place where I first spotted the Germans carrying the machine gun. The first man had been carrying both the gun and tripod. It was the small type.

The man I shot in the leg was lying at least five feet in back of the first man. I had thought he was right behind him. He must have been one of the ammunition carriers as I saw two cans beside him. He heard us coming and sat up. When he turned his head and saw me, he looked wild-eyed. I was hoping he would not reach for any weapon as I didn't care to kill him now. He tried to put his hands up and at the same time point to his wounded leg.

I hollered, "No, no!" and motioned to him to keep his hands down. I didn't want him sticking his hands up. The Germans up ahead might see him and get wise that we were advancing.

He had the wounded leg partly bared and it was bleeding. I remembered that I had an extra paper-covered first aid packet in my blouse pocket. I pulled it out, partly tore it open and handed it over to him, making a rolling motion with my hand. The wild look on his face changed and I guess he tried to thank me.

In order not to expose myself in the gulley, I had knelt down and stretched out in order to give him the packet. I was about to straighten up when I noticed a startled look come into the wounded man's eyes. He was staring above me. I turned my head to the left and at the same time a rifle cracked over my head. A German with a rifle fell forward over some bushes. Brown had picked him off just in time. The German had been waiting for me to get up. He sure had me dead to rights. No doubt he was the machine gun's fourth man—the one that had gotten away when I fired.

I didn't know how to operate the machine gun so it was no use trying to take it along.

The firing on the right got heavy. It sounded like a pitched battle. I started over towards Mowry and was just in time to see his group get tangled up with a bunch of Germans who were hiding out behind some brush in a small hollow. The Germans were surprised but were showing fright.

My group was slightly ahead and about fifteen feet to the left. I shouted to Getty, Winslow and Brown, "Swing to the right!" Burke, Goff and Bretherton were coming towards me. I shouted to them, "Keep on this flank!" As we closed over, some of the Germans were making their way back among the trees. We picked them off with our rifles.

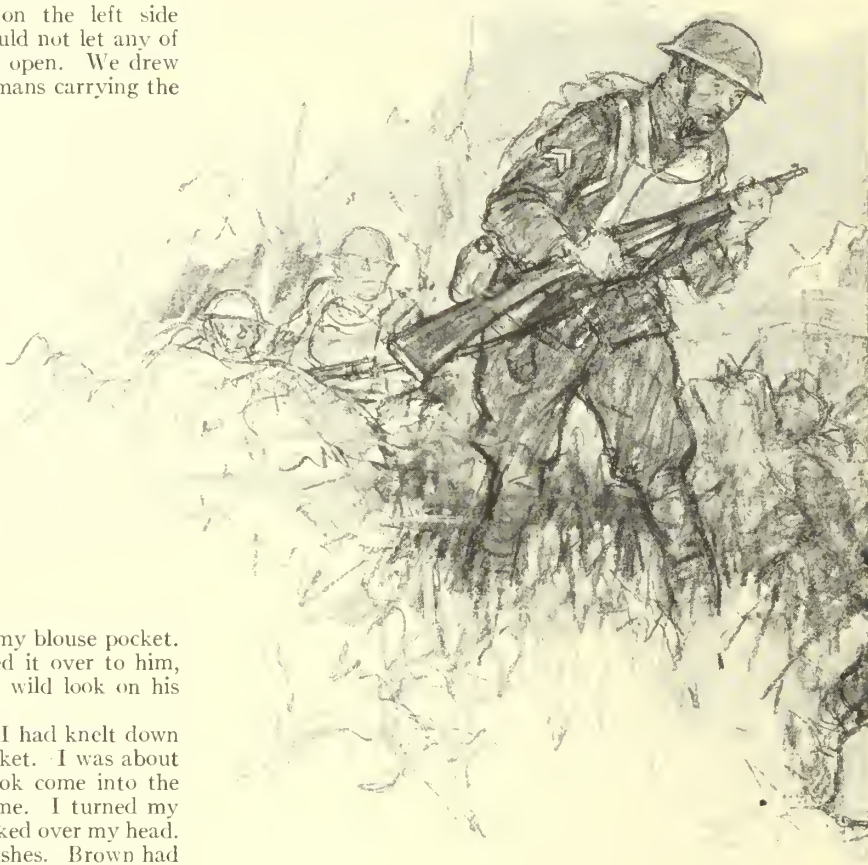
Mowry's men were in a general mixup. They were fighting in all directions and in all manners. Some were wrestling on the ground without any weapons. Others were standing apart

clashing bayonets. It was no use for us to rush in blindly so I shouted to my men, "Pick your man!"

The nearest German to me was wrestling with one of our men. They had locked bayonets high in the air. One was trying to push the other down. They were standing close together and I didn't know what else to do so I gave the German a stiff jab in the hip with my bayonet and he fell.

The next fellows were sparring at one another. I jabbed that German in the leg and he was through. I found the leg was the best place and it wasn't so messy. I saw one fellow drive a bayonet clear through a German but before he could get it out another German ran him through. A short jab and a quick withdrawal is the best.

The next German had one of our men in a bad fix. Our man had fallen and was now grasping the German's bayonet with both hands trying to keep it from going into him. The bayonet was piercing the gas mask bag on his chest. I yelled and rushed for the German. He saw me coming and swept his bayonet free from the fellow's grasp and swung straight for my head. I ducked low but I must have thrown my rifle up because he struck my bayonet knocking it to one side. From my crouching position I socked the rifle butt into his groin. It lifted him off his feet and he sank to the ground. It took all the wind out of me.



The man that had been grasping the bayonet must have fainted. He was lying back rather dead looking, his now fingerless bleeding hands limp at his sides.

No blackface could see some of our men trying to help out another fellow. They kept piddling around trying to get at the front of the German with their bayonets. I yelled at them, "Jab him in the leg!" One of them did and the German was through.

These Germans were wearing square packs on their backs and it was no use trying to stick them through the packs as it would be hard getting the bayonet out again. If you hit them over the head you were liable to bust your rifle.

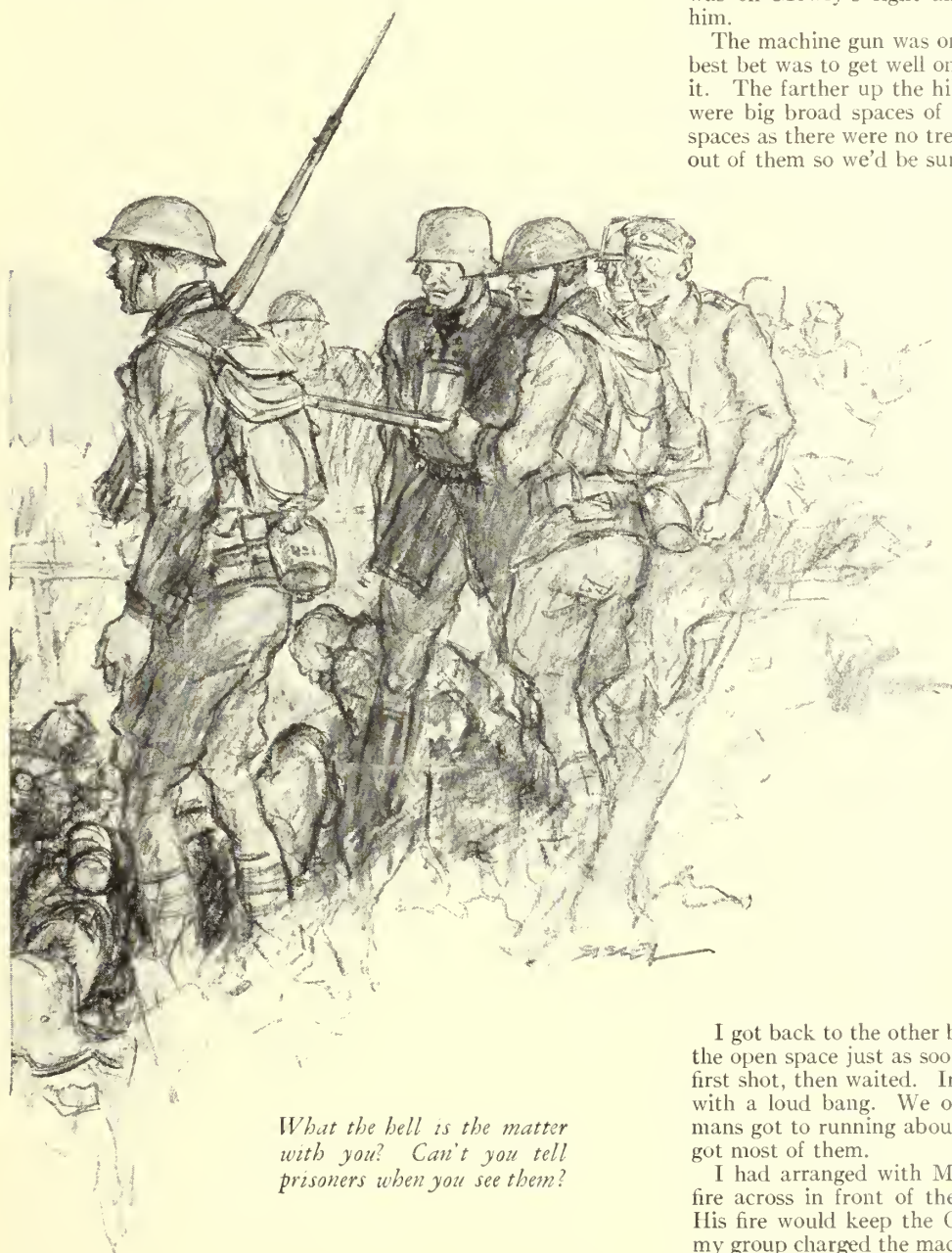
I spotted Mowry and he was bloody but I didn't think it was his blood, judging from the way he was dancing around. Spud and a German were going to it. The only trouble was, there was a tree between them. Spud was having a hard time trying to get at the German who always kept on the other side of the tree. I slipped over and jabbed the German in the leg and he tumbled

over backwards. Spud came around the tree and was he mad!
"What the hell did you do that for? I'd a got him!"

The mix-up lasted about ten minutes. Two of Mowry's men were wounded. There were eight Germans killed and ten wounded. My group came through all right except for a few slight scratches.

It was hard to get the fellows settled down and on their way again. They wanted to talk it over and show how they did it.

It was getting darker all the time so we had to keep closer together. We didn't know whether we had hit the German line or whether they had one. We could hear a machine gun back on the hill some place but it was shooting high over our heads and that led me to believe that there must be more Germans up ahead. Otherwise the machine gun would be sweeping down the hill toward us.



What the hell is the matter with you? Can't you tell prisoners when you see them?

Hackett, on the left, was having a shooting match with a bunch of Germans. Some of the Germans were crossing over our way but back farther on the hill. I hurried my group forward to cut them off. I figured that once they got back of their machine gun the machine gun would open up on us. We got some of them but quite a few got away and not long after that the machine gun started to rake the hill in front of us. Trees block machine gun bullets the same as rifle bullets but some bullets seem to be able to find their way among the trees. Anyhow they got to pecking all around us.

The machine gun was hitting more on our left and it didn't

swing very far to the right, so we closed over on the right until the group was out of the direct line of fire. I hollered to Hackett to close over on the right and he did. The fact that the machine gun was working was pretty good evidence that there were no Germans between us and it.

It was dark among the trees and this made the going rather tough. I finally closed my men in one behind the other. The way we had been strung out it would take us all night to get to the top of the hill. You can move faster in a column.

I told Mowry we were going up ahead to try to get a line on the machine gun.

Mowry said, "I've only got four men left so we might just as well all go."

Hackett wanted to go too but we talked him into staying back with the line which was still picking its way along. Bendow was on Mowry's right and we had Hackett get in touch with him.

The machine gun was on our left but further up the hill. Our best bet was to get well on its flank or rear before closing over on it. The farther up the hill we went, the rockier it got. There were big broad spaces of solid rock. It was still light in those spaces as there were no trees there and we had to watch and keep out of them so we'd be sure not to be seen.

We gradually closed over to the left and finally located the machine gun. It was close to the center of one of those open spaces but was protected by projecting rocks on the sides and rear. We could see men walking around—most likely the men who had fallen back had taken up positions here.

I moved around to the rear with two men. My view was shut off by a thick growth of brambles until I reached a spot almost directly back of the gun. Here there was a break in the rocks—a sort of crevice that ran down and then turned to the right. From this place a man could heave a grenade at the machine gun position and then hide in the crevice.

Bretherton and Burke, who were with me, were carrying grenades, both DF and OF. I had them take up position here and told them to wait for the first rifle crack from our position and then throw a grenade at the machine gun and duck down so as to keep clear of our rifle fire. I figured there must be quite a number of Germans lying around and they would get up and run some place else when the grenades went off. Then we would have a chance to shoot them down and, besides, capture the machine gun.

I got back to the other bunch and told them to open fire across the open space just as soon as the grenades went off. I fired the first shot, then waited. In a few seconds both grenades went off with a loud bang. We opened fire at once. Quite a few Germans got to running about. Some ran directly towards us. We got most of them.

I had arranged with Mowry that his men would direct their fire across in front of the machine gun but not directly at it. His fire would keep the Germans down on the other side while my group charged the machine gun.

About a minute after the grenades went off we ceased firing and hit for the machine gun. There was only one man in the position when we reached it. He was tugging away at the gun either trying to turn it on us or else jam it so we could not use it. Somebody ran a bayonet through him.

In another second we were under a heavy rifle fire from the left side. The Germans were getting ready to attack us. We answered them back but it didn't pipe them down.

Mowry crawled in—we were in a sort of half-moon place—and said, "Did you try the machine gun?"

I said, "I don't know how to work it." I had given the trigger a pull but it did not work so I left it alone.

Mowry got busy with it and I could hear him cursing. The

German fire ceased and in a few seconds they started coming towards us though we kept up our fire. Just then there were two big explosions right in the midst of the advancing Germans. I could see them jump. At the same time somebody shouted, "Keep down!"

There were two more loud reports,—sounded like artillery fire. The Germans were in a panic. They ran right past our position without stopping. Some of them ran down the hill towards the ravine. Others ran into Mowry's men who picked off a few.

Things now quieted down and a voice said, "Is it all right to come over, Nap?"

It was Bretherton. I had forgotten all about him and Burke over in the crack in the rock. They had heaved the grenades that broke up the German attack.

I called over, "Stay there—we're coming that way."

Mowry called to his men and we all went over to where Burke and Bretherton were at.

Me: "That was a fine barrage you fellows laid down for us."

Burke: "Did you hear me holler, 'Keep down', when we heaved the second grenades?"

"Yes, what was the matter?"

Burke: "All we had left was a DF grenade apiece and we were afraid the pieces would hit you fellows as well as the Germans."

The DF (Defensive) grenade is made of iron that flies in small pieces. You're supposed to be under cover when you throw them. You can't stand out in the open and throw one because the pieces would fly back and hit you. The OF (Offensive) grenade is made of tin and can be thrown in the open.

Burke and Bretherton were in a tight place. When the first grenades were thrown, before we charged the machine gun, a bunch of Germans piled into the same crevice with them. (It was quite dark.) Orders must have come to open fire because they all got busy with their rifles. Burke and Bretherton fired too so as not to attract attention. When the orders came for the Germans to advance, Burke and Bretherton dropped their rifles and pulled out a grenade apiece and heaved them after the Germans.

We had reached the top of the hill and we got our men together and started back towards the right to find our company. After traveling some distance we heard a voice below us saying, "97th Company close over on the right." It was Lieutenant McElroy. It was impossible to see anybody, it was so dark now, but you could follow a voice.

I started in the direction of McElroy's voice, repeating every few feet, "97th Company close in on the right." This was for the benefit of the men behind me, also to identify myself to the man I was approaching. I went slow, in order to give the men following me a chance to keep up.

Finally I got in touch with Hackett and Bendow's men and followed them to the right until word came to halt.

Our company was now posted along the top of the hill. Down below us was a deep valley and across it was another wooded hill. As the night advanced, the darkness seemed to get worse. We couldn't see a hand in front of our faces it was so inky black.

Along towards midnight we heard a voice calling,

"97th Company! . . . 97th Company! . . ."

It was away down in the ravine we had come out of. Then I heard Captain Vare on the right saying, "Find out who is calling 97th Company."

The voice from the ravine called again, "97th Company!" The voice had an anxious tone to it. Then I heard men crashing through the woods in the rear and voices saying, "Who calls the 97th Company?"

After a time we got in touch with the voice. It was a battalion runner and he had orders for us to evacuate the hill and woods

at once. There was a mad scramble in the dark. Men were running into each other and bumping into trees. We finally took hold of one another's hands but it was slow work as the trees were close together. Word would come from the rear, "Hold the line! . . . The line is broken! . . ." We were all cursing. We would move ahead a few steps and then stop.

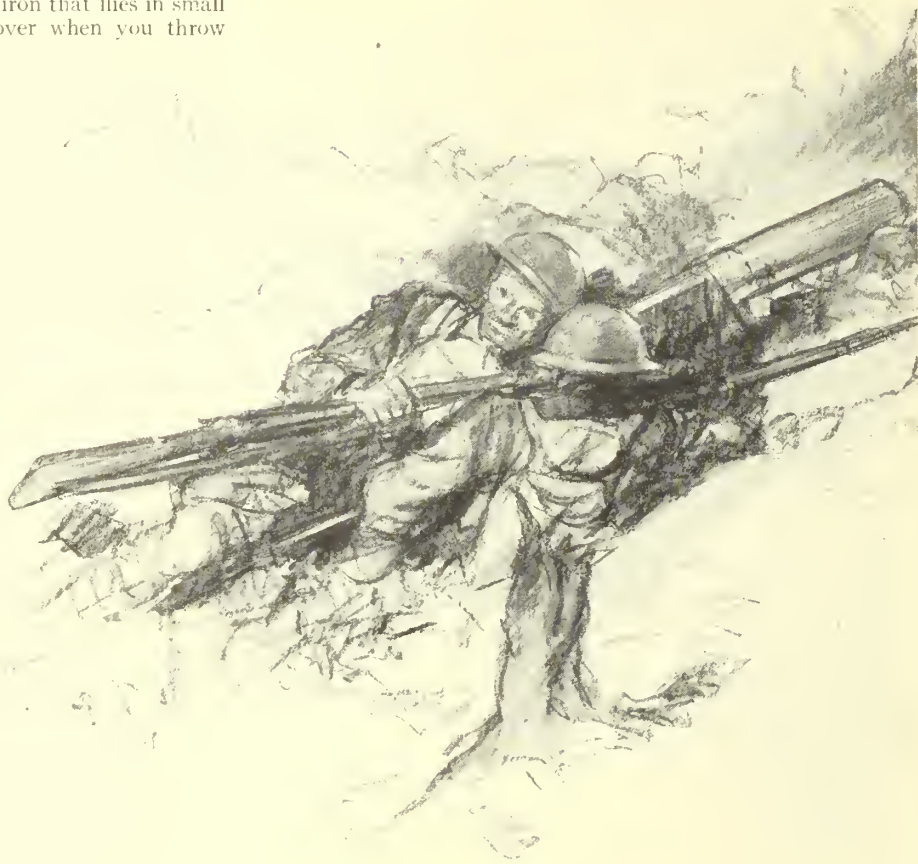
We could hear voices below. I believe one of them was Major Lindsay's, saying, "You'll have to hurry, man. Our artillery is going to lay down a barrage in these woods in about ten minutes. . ."

His voice was not loud or excited but there was something about it that made us feel that it meant just what it said.

We were more frantic than ever now to get out. We would try to hurry forward. Then from the rear the cry would come, "The line is broken! . . . Hold the line! . . ."

We reached the ravine at last and waited for the last man to come in. Then we climbed out of the ravine on the south bank. In front of us the field we had crossed in taking Bourèsches. Orders were given to double time. We were about half way across the field when our barrage started. It was the first time our batteries had really come into play and they surely went to it with a vengeance.

We traveled back to the broad road leading to Paris,—the one



that runs out of Montreuil-aux-Lions. Here in the woods in back of a battery of 155's we found holes dug that had been used by some other outfit. We crawled in and slept.

In the morning when I woke up I looked around and could hardly believe my eyes. There was our galley and there was Vogel, the cook. The fire was going and the kettles steaming. It looked good! It was just like getting home.

I got up and went over and shook hands with Vogel. He looked at me kind of funny as we shook hands. We talked for a little while and then he looked around at the other fellows.

"Where's Joe Brandt?"

"Joe got killed the first day in the wheat field. . ."

"And Sergeant Coates? . . ."

"He was wounded at Bourèsches. . ."

"How about Roper? . . ."

"He was killed in the ravine with Monson. . ."

"I see," said Vogel, and he went back to his cooking.

There was plenty of chow that morning. Vogel had cooked enough for the full two hundred and fifty men of our company. There were just eighty of us left to eat it.



Just then there were two big explosions right in the midst of the advancing Germans

It struck me that morning that the men had a peculiar look on their faces.

I asked Vogel, "Haven't the fellows got a queer look on their faces?"

And he said, "Yes. . . . And so have you."

VIII.

DOWN a ways from where our holes were at was an abandoned stone quarry. Running along the bottom was a small stream of water. It was the only water around except what Vogel had for cooking and he had to haul that from a farm about half a kilo away.

Five of us took our shaving outfits down to the old quarry to sort of clean up a little. Although we were out of the front lines we were by no means out of shell fire and the kind the Germans drop in the back areas have some kick. I took my gas mask along in case of accident as back areas, especially wooded ones, were usually shelled with gas.

We made holes along the courses of the stream and let them fill up with water and then we washed at the holes. We were about through when German shells began to land in the woods around the quarry. They were of the large calibre and made quite a racket.

We crouched along the northern edge of the quarry which had straight sides about fifteen feet high. The shelling kept up and once in a while I was sure I could hear the mushy explosion of gas shells. I swung my gas mask up to the alert position. The rest of the fellows did the same except Brown. Brown did not have his gas mask with him.

Brown was always forgetting something. He fell out for inspection one day up in the old trenches without any equipment on. Instead of a rifle he had a book in his hand. As a penalty he was made to wear equipment for a week straight without taking it off.

It was a good five hundred yards back to the holes and the shells seemed to fall more thickly in that direction so Brown could not go back. Just then several shells landed right above the quarry sending a shower of dirt down on top of us. The next

minute two gas shells exploded out in the middle of the quarry. First it was like a ball. The air was quiet and we could watch the greyish smoke gradually spread out. It began to roll closer to us. The fellows put on their gas masks.

Brown looked anxious and so was I.

I said, "Brown, there is only one thing to do . . . You hold your breath while I breathe through the respirator. Then I will slip the mouthpiece to you and you breathe in while I hold my breath. . . . We will hold the nose with our hands and not use the clippers. . . . We won't try to put the mask part over our faces. . . ."

There was no time for arguments as the faint odor of mustard now reached our smellers. We got our heads together.

I said, "Here, take it. . . just one good breath. . . ."

I held my breath and he breathed in, holding his nose with his hand. I gradually let out my breath so as to be all ready. It does not do to breathe out too forcibly on account of the flutter valve through which the air escapes. I hoped Brown would remember that.

Brown moved his head up and down as a signal. I reached over with my right hand and took hold of the rubber hose close to the mouthpiece, and quickly transferred the mouthpiece from Brown's mouth into mine. I breathed out a little first, and then drew in a long breath. I was watching Brown's face all the time and he was watching mine. I shook my head up and down and Brown reached over with his right hand and grasped the hose. I released my teeth and he transferred it back to his mouth.

Then there was a blah-h-h sound from the flutter valve. Brown had let all his breath out at once. I felt like bawling him out but the gas was beginning to smart my eyes a little so I kept quiet. He didn't really hurt anything only he could have been breathing in.

The first few transfers were rather hurried, sort of anxious like, but soon it came very easy. By the time one comfortably exhaled, the other had inhaled. Soon we got to talking. That is, one would talk while the other breathed.

My first word was, "All ready?"

I said it just at the time I was about to remove the mouthpiece from his mouth. He looked surprised but we had been trained to talk with our masks on so it wasn't anything really new. It is necessary to know just what you are going to say and keep exhaling while you say it and not get excited. Our conversation was confined to short sentences, such as:

"Hand it over. . . ."

"Don't breathe all day. . . ."

"Who the hell is? . . ."

"You look good sucking air. . . ."

"You'd look worse not sucking it. . . ."

After about fifteen minutes of this breathing on the instalment plan I thought the air looked clear and my eyes were not smarting. I took a short sniff of air. It seemed all right so I took another sniff. Brown saw what I was doing and he took a sniff and nodded his head.

Then I bawled him out good for forgetting his gas mask.

The shelling had stopped so we picked up our toilet articles and beat it back to camp. The area around our hole had been heavily shelled. A tree was lying across the top of my hole. It had been uprooted a short distance away. Goff and Grover were trying to move it as it lay across their holes too. The bunch of us got at it and lifted it to one side.

Over by the galley another bunch was milling around so we went over to see what was the matter. A shell had landed close to the galley, overturning it on its side. Vogel, Mowry and four other fellows were trying to get it right side up. With our added help it was finally righted. There were pans and coffee containers strewn around everywhere.

Vogel suddenly remembered that Byers, an official grease ball, Hobart and Hilderstein and the two mules had left some time before the shelling to haul water from the farm. They hadn't come back yet and Vogel got worried.

Mowry and I started over towards the Paris Road to look for them. We saw no sign of them until we had passed over the top of a hill and then we saw a wagon pulled over to the side of the road. We hurried up and as we got closer we made out the two mules, still hitched to the wagon, and over near some trees we saw two men kneeling over a third man who was stretched out on the ground.

Mowry said, "Look at them damn (Continued on page 54)

When FOCH Came to AMERICA

By Alton T. Roberts

IN THE summer of 1921 a party of about one hundred and fifty members of The American Legion visited France as the guests of the French Government. The first official act on the arrival of the party in Paris was to proceed to the Arc de Triomphe where National Commander John G. Emery laid an American flag on the grave of France's Unknown Soldier. It was there that most of the party saw Marshal Foch for the first time. At the close of the ceremony the members of the Legion party started to march through the arch, unaware of the tradition and custom that the only organized body of men permitted this honor is a victorious French Army. Marshal Foch sensed the momentary confusion and immediately gave the instructions: "These men represent the American Army. The American soldier never turns back. Let them go through."

During the recent long illness of Marshal Foch culminating in his death, he was constantly in the thought of all of us, and many recollections of his participation in our visit in France in 1921, and especially of his own visit in America, have come back vividly to our minds. Unquestionably the death of a citizen of another country has never resulted in so great a personal grief in the hearts of so many Americans as did that of Marshal Foch. A host of members of the Legion felt that they had lost a beloved and intimate friend.

The late Fritz Galbraith, when National Commander in 1921, began to foster among the members of the Legion the idea that one way to preserve the incidents of war service and promote peace would be to encourage an interchange of visits between the United States and other nations. The Legion early adopted the policy of inviting to its National Conventions leading figures among our Allies. The high point in this policy was reached in 1921, when we had as our guests at the Kansas City Convention Marshal Foch, Generalissimo Armando Diaz of Italy, Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty of Great Britain, and Lieutenant-General Baron Jacques of Belgium. This array of leaders, with our own General Pershing, was an extraordinary list of distinguished guests which of course never can be equaled.

These four distinguished foreign military leaders came to America as the guests of The American Legion. Their reception was in the hands of a representative Legion committee of something over sixty men. While the visitors were guests of the Legion and not of the United States Government, the entire

resources of the Government were placed at the disposal of the Legion committee. President Harding was tremendously interested in the successful outcome of these visits and from the start offered everything the administration had to give. As an instance of the sort of service the Government gave we like to tell of the day we wanted a destroyer to take General Diaz to West Point the next day. At 1:30 p.m., from New York City, we telephoned Captain Ellis at the Navy Department in Washington requesting a destroyer. Exactly twenty-eight minutes later Admiral Long called us up from the Brooklyn Navy Yard asking, "Where do you wish this destroyer spotted?" Some time later we were telling Secretary Denby of this speed, with Captain Ellis present, and Ellis remarked, "Hell, they wasted fifteen minutes at the Navy Yard deciding which destroyer had the best paint."

We not only had every co-operation from the Government but it seemed that every resource of the entire nation was at our disposal. The transportation plans were supervised by General and Legionnaire W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who placed Legionnaire Charles E. McCullough, a division passenger agent, in immediate charge. For Marshal Foch's trip we had a nine-car special train, the cars being furnished by the Pullman Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad. General Atterbury early conceived the idea that the railroads should handle this special train without charge, but such a thing apparently is not permitted under the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Eventually President Harding gave his assistance and the Interstate Commerce Com-

mission published a special tariff for all railroads for this trip, under which the Legion paid the railroads one dollar per train movement, plus eight cents war tax. We carefully paid \$1.08 to each railroad. The Pullman Company made no charge for the use of its cars.

Every railroad we went over gave us everything requested in the way of equipment, and a high ranking official was always present to see what further could be done. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad did a pretty thing. We changed over to that road late at night at Butte, Montana, and the next morning discovered that every member of the train crew, including the trainmaster, was in overseas uniform. The conductor was a colonel, and the big and genial engineer in the cab was in the uniform of a gob.



"The great honor of my life will be to have guided along the road of victory the American Army of 1918"



On the edge of the Grand Canyon in the great tour of 1921 under Legion auspices: Past National Commander D'Olier, Marshal Foch, National Commander Hanford MacNider, elected a few days earlier at Kansas City, and Chairman Alton T. Roberts, in charge of the Foch tour

The Marshal Foch special train traveled approximately fourteen thousand miles over twenty-one railroads, stopping at more than sixty-five cities and towns. The efficiency of the railroad service was demonstrated by the fact that during all this trip never once were we late on arrival, and only twice on departure, the latter being due to the inability of the committee to get the Marshal back to the train through the crowds. In every city visited we had splendid co-operation from state and municipal agencies, particularly from the police departments in the larger cities. Hotels, theaters and individuals offered all they had.

Our experience with Charles M. Schwab is an example of the sort of individual assistance which was offered everywhere. Mr. Schwab early visited us at our headquarters in the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York. He first offered his private car for Marshal Foch, which was used for the second section of the trip; then his house, which we couldn't use; and finally he brought out his check book, which did interest our finance committee.

This article is devoted primarily to the trip of Marshal Foch. It will be necessary simply to skim over the high spots, and impossible to go far in mentioning the names of those in charge of preparations or to detail the receptions in many places.

The Marshal arrived in New York on Friday, October 28th, on the steamer *Paris*, having been met at sea by a flotilla of destroyers and escorted by them and a fleet of airplanes to quarantine. At the pier he was greeted by General Pershing, who had himself arrived in this country only two hours previously aboard the *George Washington*. The General's ship on the high seas was almost paralleling the *Paris*. The committee was so anxious to have General Pershing on the ground when the Marshal arrived, as was the General himself, that the committee even wired the engine room crew of the *George Washington* urging that any ex-service men there make every effort to see that Pershing's ship arrive before the Marshal's. As a result his ship was four hours ahead of schedule. In mid-ocean General Pershing talked to Marshal Foch by radio through the wireless station at Newark.

In New York City the Marshal received the greatest ovation ever given any man excepting possibly that accorded General Pershing on his return from the war, and the officials and police told us that the excitement and noise surpassed the celebration of the signing of the Armistice in 1918.

Marshal Foch was accompanied by a staff consisting of General Desticker, his chief of staff, the man who in the Forest of Compiègne early in the morning of November 11, 1918, received



National Commander Hanford MacNider (third from left) and the all-Legion, all-uniformed train crew which the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad put at the Marshal's disposal. The two gobs presided over the locomotive

the wireless message from Berlin that the Germans had accepted the Armistice terms; Major DeMierrey, the Marshal's historian both during the war and after; Dr. André, his personal physician, who had left his duties as a professor in the medical college at Nancy to make this trip; Captain Rene l'Hôpital, who because of his genial good nature and ability to make friends is perhaps, next to his chief, more widely known to members of the Legion than any other Frenchman; Lieutenant de Soubeyran, a splendid gentleman, who was gassed during the war and has since died from the effects. Count Charles de Chambrun, a well known diplomat, came as the representative of the French Foreign Office. Colonel Francis E. Drake of The American Legion of Paris accompanied the Marshal from France. General W. D. Connor was designated as the American aide to Marshal Foch by the War Department, and for the latter part of the trip he was succeeded by General Frank Parker.

At the outset the French party found it difficult to understand just where the Legion committee fitted into the picture. We suppose it would be unusual in Europe for an unofficial organization to function as we did in the entertainment of so distinguished a guest. The members of our committee began the trip in business clothes, not even daring, in such a democratic organ-



A slice of America—a scene that was duplicated in scores of cities and towns throughout the land in the fall of 1921, when Marshal Foch made his triumphal tour. Even if the stop was only for a few seconds the crowd was on hand just the same to greet the distinguished visitor

ization as the Legion, to appear in high hats and frock coats. The result was that everybody thought we were either secret service men or government agents. When the Foch party reached Washington, however, observed representatives of our committee at the White House luncheon, and saw General Pershing fraternizing jovially with us, they gave up trying to understand the situation and accepted us as official hosts. After that our relations were exceedingly pleasant.

The primary purpose of the Marshal's visit being his reception at the Legion Convention at Kansas City, no other events were permitted until after the convention with the exception of his official visit to Washington. But the triumphal tour began at once. Hosts of people were all along the route at every point, no matter whether the train stopped for a moment or not. As we dashed through a town in Ohio we glimpsed a story-and-a-half shack near the railroad track, its side almost completely covered by an American flag, and there beside it was a man in the uniform of a Marine, standing at salute as the train sped by. He knew that the train wasn't even going to slow up, but he was paying his tribute.

On the trip from Washington to Kansas City the Marshal was accompanied by General Pershing. We may be permitted to say here that the affection of Marshal Foch for General Pershing was clearly deep and intimate. We could see that it was far more than respect for the General as a soldier or as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. It was personal and real.

The entry into Kansas City on the evening of October 31st was one of the spectacular events of the trip. It seemed as if a million people were packed in the natural amphitheater near the war memorial. Next morning the entry of Marshal Foch and General Pershing, appearing together at a door in the upper level at one end of the convention hall, facing every one of the eighteen thousand present, inspired the most dramatic demonstration we had ever seen. The Marshal ended his speech of tribute to America and the American Army with these words:

"As for me, the great honor of my life will be to have guided along the road of victory the American Army of 1918, which was a real Grand Army, beginning with its Commander."

After a three-day stay in Kansas City the party returned to Washington, stopping a day each at St. Louis and Indianapolis and two days in Chicago. After leaving Chicago the Marshal dedicated The American Legion Hospital at Camp Custer, Michigan, and spent the rest of the day in Detroit. A visit was made in Cleveland, where the Marshal was the personal guest of Ambassador Herrick, and a day was spent in Pittsburgh. The party arrived in Washington on the morning of Armistice Day for the ceremonies attending the burial of the Unknown Soldier.

On this day occurred the only serious mix-up of our arrangements, due to a misunderstanding as to the responsibility for the care of our four distinguished guests. The question of transportation was particularly difficult, as it will be remembered that the worst traffic mix-up in all history was seen in Washington on that day. Our four guests were the most important figures at this impressive event, next to President Harding, and they simply had to be present at the ceremony. We believe that only the nerve and effrontery of a typical American Legion outfit could have accomplished this under the conditions prevailing. There was no automobile for Marshal Foch. A member of the committee simply went out on Pennsylvania Avenue and commandeered a War Department limousine on the strength of his uniform. Another member stole a car for General Diaz, and somehow or other we got under way. It was a case of traffic-copping the entire route to Arlington, driving over sidewalks, across parks and private lawns, but the Legion's guests were there on time.

At about nine o'clock in the morning M. Bertrand informed us for the first time that he was carrying a silver wreath to place on the grave of the Unknown Soldier as a tribute from the veterans of France. This was the first we had heard of it, and of course there was no place for him on the carefully pre-arranged program. A member of our



An informal moment on the rear end of the official train: General Pershing and Marshal Foch, with Alton T. Roberts in the background

Unknown Soldier as a tribute from the veterans of France. This was the first we had heard of it, and of course there was no place for him on the carefully pre-arranged program. A member of our



The goal: Kansas City. Lieutenant General Baron Jacques of Belgium, General Diaz of Italy (who died a few months before Marshal Foch), Vice President Coolidge, Marshal Foch, Past National Commander John G. Emery of The American Legion, General Pershing, Admiral Earl Beatty

committee undertook the problem. Somewhere he stole a car, and somehow or other he got M. Bertrand to Arlington, and, at the ceremonies of interment, in a Reserve Officer's uniform, began to edge his way to the center of the ceremony. Nobody knew who he was so no one quite dared stop him. In a momentary pause between two features of the program he edged M. Bertrand up to the grave and the wreath was duly and properly presented. It was the only way it could be done.

From Washington the party proceeded to New Haven, where the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon the Marshal by Yale University. In the afternoon he attended the Princeton-Yale game, his first football game. He rapidly acquired the fundamental elements of it and appeared to enjoy every minute. During his stay in America the Marshal received thirty-two degrees. On his departure the Count de Chambrun remarked that it was a pity that he couldn't have acquired one more, so that the Marshal, a good Catholic, could have gone home with the thirty-third degree. In Pittsburgh two degrees were conferred upon the Marshal in less than an hour. The University of Pittsburgh and Duquesne University both desired to confer this honor, but on account of lack of time both universities were informed that this could be done only if they would bring the diplomas into town, so this was done, with members of one university on one side of the hall and those of the other on the other. The writer recounted this Pittsburgh experience to the wife of the president of a great Eastern university (not Yale) and suggested that it seemed funny to devote an entire day to acquiring only one degree at Yale when two were picked up in half an hour at Pittsburgh, but she didn't seem to think this was funny.

After a visit at Providence and an hour at Woonsocket, where there was a tremendous outpouring of people of French descent, we deliberately lost the party for a night in the wilds of Massachusetts. Somewhere near East Junction the train was set out on a side track, out in the country away from any town or even houses, and the Marshal had one night's sleep where

the chirping of the crickets and the occasional fall of a chip in the newspaper men's car were the loudest noises to be heard.

The following day was spent in Boston and Cambridge. It doesn't seem possible that there could have been more people out to greet the Marshal in Boston than in New York, but the crowds looked larger. Thousands were cheering for blocks away, at a distance where there wasn't a possibility of seeing the Marshal. He always made it a point whenever possible to appear before the school children, and Commonwealth Avenue on that day was reserved for thousands of them. At Cambridge, Harvard conferred an LL.D. in Sanders Theatre, and there was also a ceremony under what then remained of the Washington Elm, near Harvard Square.

From Boston the party proceeded to Princeton, New Jersey, for a degree for the Marshal from Princeton University, and the greater part of the day was spent in Philadelphia. In Philadelphia the Marshal was presented with a gold sword, a replica of the sword given to Lafayette a century earlier. This gift came from one hundred thousand school children, made up of contributions of their pennies. For the next five days the Marshal remained in Washington, where he advised with the French delegation to the Arms Conference.

On November 22d began the triumphal trek around the entire boundary of the United States, starting at Richmond, Virginia, through Chicago and Iowa to Minneapolis and St. Paul; thence to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, and down the coast to Tacoma, Centralia, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles; thence across the southern border through El Paso to New Orleans, and up through Georgia and the Carolinas. From North Carolina a direct jump was made to Ottawa, Canada, interrupted only by a stay of a few hours at West Point. Everywhere the enthusiasm and acclaim for the Marshal kept up. Airplanes, bomb explosions and fireworks signaled our approaches to the cities. While the Marshal remained in a town all business was stopped.

The high point of the trip, emotionally, (Continued on page 67)



In a paper snowstorm along lower Broadway, in the heart of New York's financial district

BEAR *and*

By
Henry
W. Daly

I HAVE read that Davy Crockett used to kill bears with his bare hands. I am an admirer of Davy Crockett. I have spent some years of my life in San Antonio and have gone over every foot of the ground about the Alamo where Davy met his heroic death, and everything that I have read of Davy's contribution to the defense of that stronghold I am prepared to believe. But I cannot believe the bear story, no matter who told it first. I put it down as one of those stories that had some basis of truth to begin with, but in the hands of a couple of generations of good story-tellers has grown and grown until it is too good to be true.

The bears Davy Crockett encountered in the mountains of his native Tennessee would have been black bears. A black bear is the smallest and least dangerous of American bears. The cinnamon bear of the Rocky Mountains is larger and more ferocious, and like the black bear he is a climber and has long curved claws. The grizzly bear has a worse disposition yet. He comes at you roaring like a bull, but he has straight claws and cannot climb a tree. The largest and most dangerous of American bears, however, is the brown bear of Alaska. His head is as big as a bushel basket and the strength of his enormous forelegs will crush every bone in a man's body as a child would snap a twig.

But the black bear, although the smallest and least powerful on the list, is more than I can conceive of a man handling bare-handed. I have hunted with the wild Indians of the West when they were still more skilful with their arrows and knives than with the white man's firearms, and have never heard of an Indian tackling a bear without weapons. A medium-built bear has more strength in his forelegs than the most muscular man I ever saw has in his whole body. I have heard of men killing bears with a knife. In fact I know of one such case—a packer acquaintance of mine named Sparks.

This was in Arizona in the eighties. Sparks was hunting with a single-shot rifle when he ran unexpectedly into a black bear. He shot and wounded the bear but the animal charged him before he could reload. Sparks whipped out his hunting knife and began to stab and slash away, not grappling with the animal as an unarmed man would have to do, but keeping as far as possible out of the reach of his swinging paws. He finally sent a knife-thrust home just behind the left forearm of the bear and reached his heart. But meantime the bear had clawed Sparks from head to

"The great killings of buffalo were made when the animals were running in herd. The hunters would ride along beside the head of the herd and a good shot could bring them down as fast as he could work his rifle"

foot, and he nearly bled to death before he dragged himself into camp. If Sparks had been without a knife the fight would not have lasted long. The bear might have disemboweled him with one sweep of his curved claws, or hugged him to death.

I lay no claim to being a big game hunter as the term is so often understood. I have lived off my rifle for months at a stretch and have killed about every species of game that is to be found on the Continent, but I have never slain an animal except for food or clothing or in self-defense. This I learned from the Indians when I was a boy. An Indian regarded the unnecessary slaughter of a beast not as a sport, but as a sin. For the same reason, perhaps, I never learned to enjoy the Mexican pastime of bull fighting, which was also popular in our own Southwest in the early days.

The nerviest hunter I ever knew was Dave Hutchison, or Hawkeye Hutchison as they called him, an old California forty-niner. When I became acquainted with him he was living in a cabin on San Geronimo Creek not far from Peter Gallagher's ranch near San Antonio. In the summer of 1869 I was moping about San Antonio with a touch of malaria I had got in Mexico and Mr. Gallagher invited me to his ranch to get well. On the ranch my health picked up and in the course of my rides about the surrounding country I made the acquaintance of Hawkeye Hutchison.

One day Hawkeye rode up to the ranch, armed with a rifle, a lariat and a hatchet that was as sharp as a razor. He was followed by two big "bear" dogs, as we called them.

"Oh, Hank!" he called to me. "Saddle up Johnny. I've trailed a bar to the old bat cave."

Johnny was a white pony that had been captured by the



BUFFALO

*Illustration by
Remington
Schuyler*



Comanches three times, but each time had escaped and come home.

Arriving at the cave we tied our horses outside. The dogs began to whine and nose around.

"There's a bar in there sure," said Hawkeye. "Now, Hank, I'll tie this lariat to my waist and you hold the end. I'll crawl in the cave and when I get close enough to the bar I'll split his head with this here hatchet. But if anything goes wrong I'll jerk on the lariat and you come in and hope me out."

The interior of the cave was as dark as pitch. I must have looked a little ill at ease at the procedure suggested, for Hawkeye asked:

"Savvy, don't you? Ain't lost the sand outen your craw?"

I said I understood, but made no mention of the sand in my craw.

"All right," said Hawkeye. "If I jerk on the lariat you hustle in and hope me out."

Hawkeye crawled into the cave, with a dog on either side of him. I took hold of the lariat and strained my eyes and ears. Presently I heard a yelp from the dogs, a growl and a scuffle. Then came a vigorous tug on the lariat.

I was shaking in my boots, but dropping my gun, which would be of no use in the dark, I pulled out my knife and crawled in on my hands and knees. I did not hear a sound and thought that Hawkeye was done for for sure. My scalp felt as if it had touched an electric battery. I held my knife ready to strike out in the dark in the direction of the first suspicious sound and continued to follow the rope. Minutes, it seemed, went by. Finally I heard Hawkeye's voice:

"I got him, Hank. Thar he lays."

I took a deep breath and asked why in the world he had pulled on the lariat.

"Jest wanted to see what sand was left in your craw," said Hawkeye. "Yes, sir, and a good fat" (Continued on page 64)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

Now It's Being Told



THE A. E. F. was prompt to recognize the necessity of a proper historical record, and even in the midst of 1918 a Historical Section at Chaumont assembled and searched out on the spot a mass of valuable material. This first start was interrupted by the boxing up of records for shipment home, then demobilization, and then the difficulties of reassembling the great mass of army papers in Washington. A project put forward by the Army just after the war for a somewhat ambitious official history was vetoed in higher quarters, and a first attempt at publication of military records perished at the start in the general cutting-down of Army expenditures. The Medical Corps succeeded in getting through the press an adequate history of its work, but little progress was made in regard to combat operations—except in the privately executed divisional histories. The writers of these had to work under the disadvantage of having no full authoritative narrative as a basis of their stories and no volumes of printed records at their disposal.

In the meantime the Adjutant General's office made great headway in assembling and classifying the huge mass of war records scattered about Washington, and in preparation for an adequate historical narrative the Historical Section of the Army War College surveyed the whole field of American military participation. At the stage we have now reached, what is required is not only the full and impartial story the general public and former service men are waiting for, but an account detailed and substantial enough to meet the professional needs of the Army. The time has long gone by for snappy rhetoric and trumpet-blowings as to who won the war. Those who went through the mill realize by now that a full statement of facts will be more interesting than any argument; and only by having such a narrative available will the present generation of army officers be able to work out the practical professional lessons of 1917 and 1918.

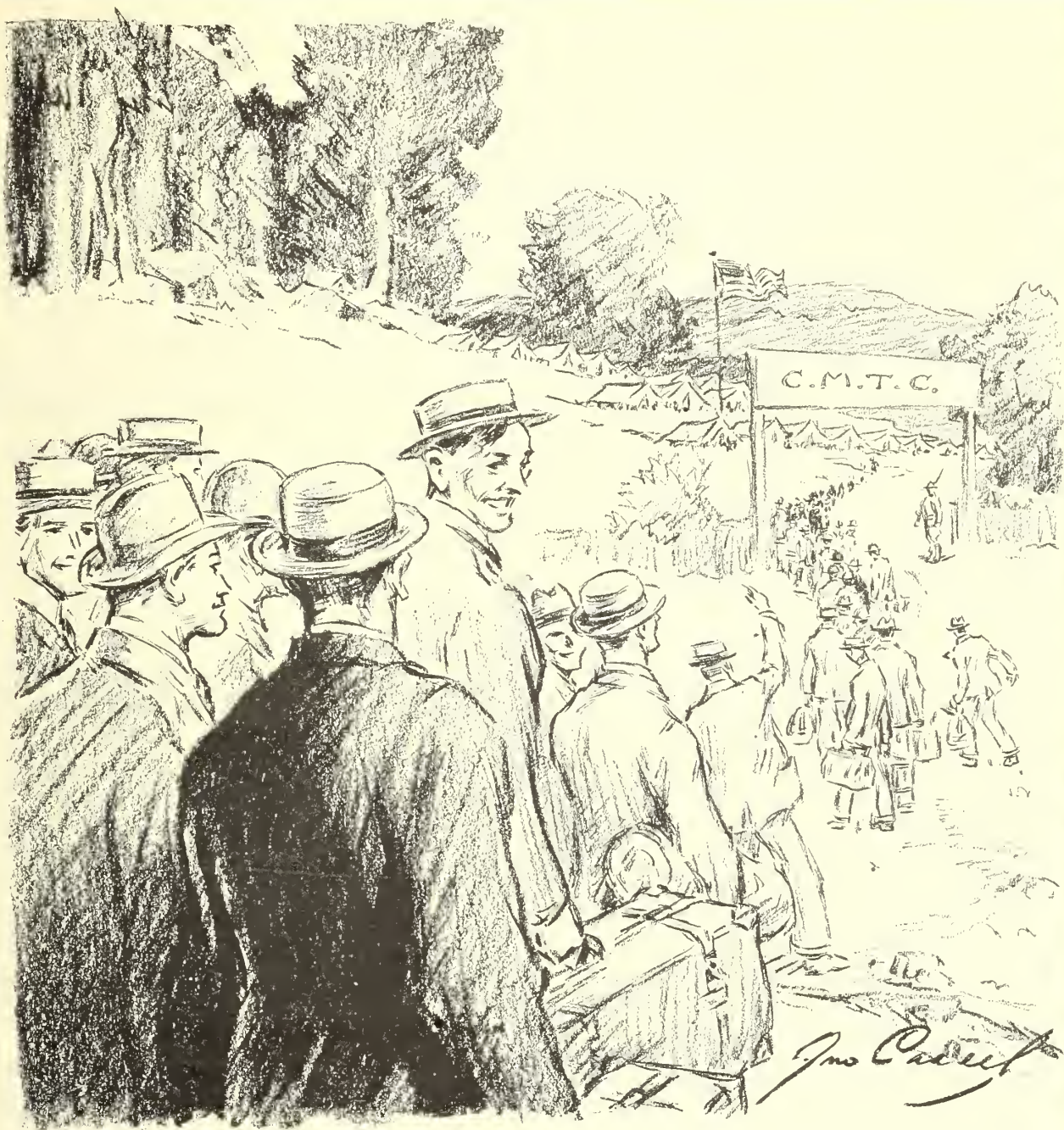
A full, exact and impartial account, however, is one of the things more easily said than done. Personal recollections of commanding officers will by no means fill the bill. No officer, even of those most highly placed, knew much that was going on outside his own sector; the higher echelons were far away from the front line; and the front line units had little idea of the why and wherefore of the whole operation. In 1918, moreover, one thing led constantly to the next; no headquarters ever had time to settle down to a comfortable historical investigation of what had just happened, and the operations reports turned in had to be put together for better or worse—worse was a

good deal better than not getting them in by the time called for. Since 1918 no commanding officer has had time or opportunity to study the mass of records now assembled from all quarters, and for good measure the German government has allowed copies to be taken of the records of the German units engaged against our own forces—including the famous war-diaries carefully written up at the end of each day and turned in at once to headquarters. The French have likewise allowed copies to be made of records in their war archives. The operations monographs will thus be able to cover the story fully on both sides of the line and to check up one account by the other. Never, even in the Civil War records, has there been so complete an assembling of the material necessary for a thorough military history, and the advantage thus gained more than makes up for the delay involved in getting it.

As a practical method of dealing with so vast a field, the Historical Section has divided it up into some sixty topics, covering the mobilization of the new Army at home as well as the work of the A.E.F. in France. Although planned so as to form a connected whole, these topics will be dealt with in separate monographs, each written by an officer specializing in the particular task, and to be issued as soon as ready through the Government Printing Office.

The first of these detailed studies has now appeared, and it is fair to say that it arouses the highest expectations of the long series to follow. Under the title "The Genesis of the American First Army" Major Julian F. Barnes, of the Field Artillery, has set forth the long struggle which ended in the A.E.F. taking the field as an organized army under its own leaders. It has always been known that Pershing had a hard fight to achieve it, but now for the first time we have the astonishing details of the story set forth in order, with dates and facts and figures backed up by precise references to the documents in the A.G.O. files. Even the confidential files have been freely drawn upon, and in fact, for the modest price of fifteen cents the reader is supplied with information which (if handled in a different spirit) would have offered the makings of half a dozen articles of sensational "revelations."

One finds, for instance, the surprising episode of the British War Cabinet suddenly springing upon General Pershing a cable from Washington in which our War Department, without informing him, had accepted a British proposal for troop transport which "would have completely wrecked his plans for the organization of an American Army in 1918." Step by step we are shown the extraordinary series of circumstances which combined to thwart Pershing's purpose: the



PEACE INSURANCE

slowness of our own Government in getting troops over, the violent crises of policy produced by the German offensives, and the pertinacity with which the French and British governments sought to use American forces as replacements for their depleted divisions. The creation of the Supreme Command then became even a greater danger than the German offensives, for with a persistence worthy of a better cause Foch and Pétain sought every opportunity to put off the actual formation of an American command. On the very eve of St. Mihiel, Foch made a final effort at Pershing's headquarters, and there took place a conversation which those outside the door describe as "tense." Major Barnes handles this episode not by pink circumlocutions, but by quoting directly from the record of the conversation set down at the time; and with no little surprise one comes upon the full text of Foch's

written proposal designating a certain French general to act as step-commander to the Americans in the approaching Meuse-Argonne.

What happened to the French general Major Barnes, very properly, does not inform us. Evidently the Field Artillery offers excellent training for a historian. Although his path leads him straight into the most contentious and highly explosive personal and political questions of the war, this author keeps in businesslike fashion to his proper objectives—missing nothing, scoring a direct hit on each target, and without wasting a shot to right or left on argument or controversy. The result proves, amongst other things, the advantage of marching straight on the subject, without hedging or flinching or literary manipulations of the blunt facts. After this beginning one may expect the same standard in the rest of the series.

THE COLD PLUNGE

A Warmish Eve in August, 1918

By Wallgren



❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

FAR AWAY in the South Polar regions, these August days, the men of Legionnaire Byrd's expedition are in snow and ice bound winter quarters with the thermometer ranging from zero to sixty below. As the Antarctic spring draws near while we at home look toward autumn they are licking their chops over seal meat and growing fat for the rush in the Antarctic summer. It is like rest billets before going into the big battle.

They are Keeping Cool

ON HOT SUMMER DAYS, when they ought to take a vacation, from all back-seat drivers and front-seat road hogs; all passionate extremists; all who cannot talk about anything else and never cease talking about themselves; all who whine at their prayers and all who think they know more than God; all grouches of every variety; all who think that car seats were built for one; all who sit so far back they cannot see the home plate but keep bawling at the umpire for miscalling strikes and balls; and all who never say thanks but have their hands out for anything good that they do not have to stir themselves to get!

From These Deliver Us

OIL KING SINCLAIR, serving a term in a jail at Washington, asked that he be treated just as one of the boys among the prisoners. Some people thought that was real nice and condescending of him. Any other treatment and someone would not be doing his duty. By being good Sinclair will get five days a month off his sentence and the sooner ride away in his limousine. Have no doubt he will be good.

One of the Convict Boys

"HE'S SO OLD that he was in the War." This from a youth of fifteen who was four in '19. Is he being told what the War was about; what was going on, eleven years ago this month, the breadth of America, on the seas, and in France where our army was moving on St. Mihiel? Teaching him is not to glorify war, but to understand the world of to-day, and the cost of peace and how to guard it.

It Is Eleven Years

THE TALK THAT Hoover might place a woman in the Cabinet came to nothing. England has the first woman cabinet minister in Miss Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labor, who began life working in a shop. More than a million unemployed in England, coal miners facing starvation and glad to get eight dollars a week on which they try to support a family—Miss Bondfield has the biggest job that any woman ever had.

The Biggest Woman's Job

IF WE HAVE no woman in our Cabinet, Miss Anna Weinstock, of the Government Conciliation Service, is qualifying to be a future Secretary of Labor. She is twenty-eight, very good looking, with much wisdom above her tortoise shell glasses. A thing to remember, when she appeared at Elizabethton, Tennessee, where the National Guard had been called in. After experienced mediators had failed she won peace between employers and employes in the big mill strike.

Keep Your Eye on Her

THE BIGGEST LANDMARK of this year so far was when the glut of the world's supply dropped wheat below a dollar in Chicago for the first time since before the War. The next biggest landmark was when the New York building trades got a five-day week with six days' pay. But the textile industry as well as farming is depressed. There is more than enough food and raiment, but not enough shelter in the growing cities. The urbans have it on the rurals for the present.

Below A Dollar

EUROPE IS MULLING over the new Hoover plan for a navy cut. Will it succeed? Putting theory into practice has again and again broken peace dreams. There is no hope as Ambassador Hugh Gibson says unless the nations approach the subject free of the "old fears and suspicions." This is the human element, supreme factor over all methods of rating. No jokers must be up the sleeves when the cards are put on the council table after fair introductory speeches are made.

All in Four Words

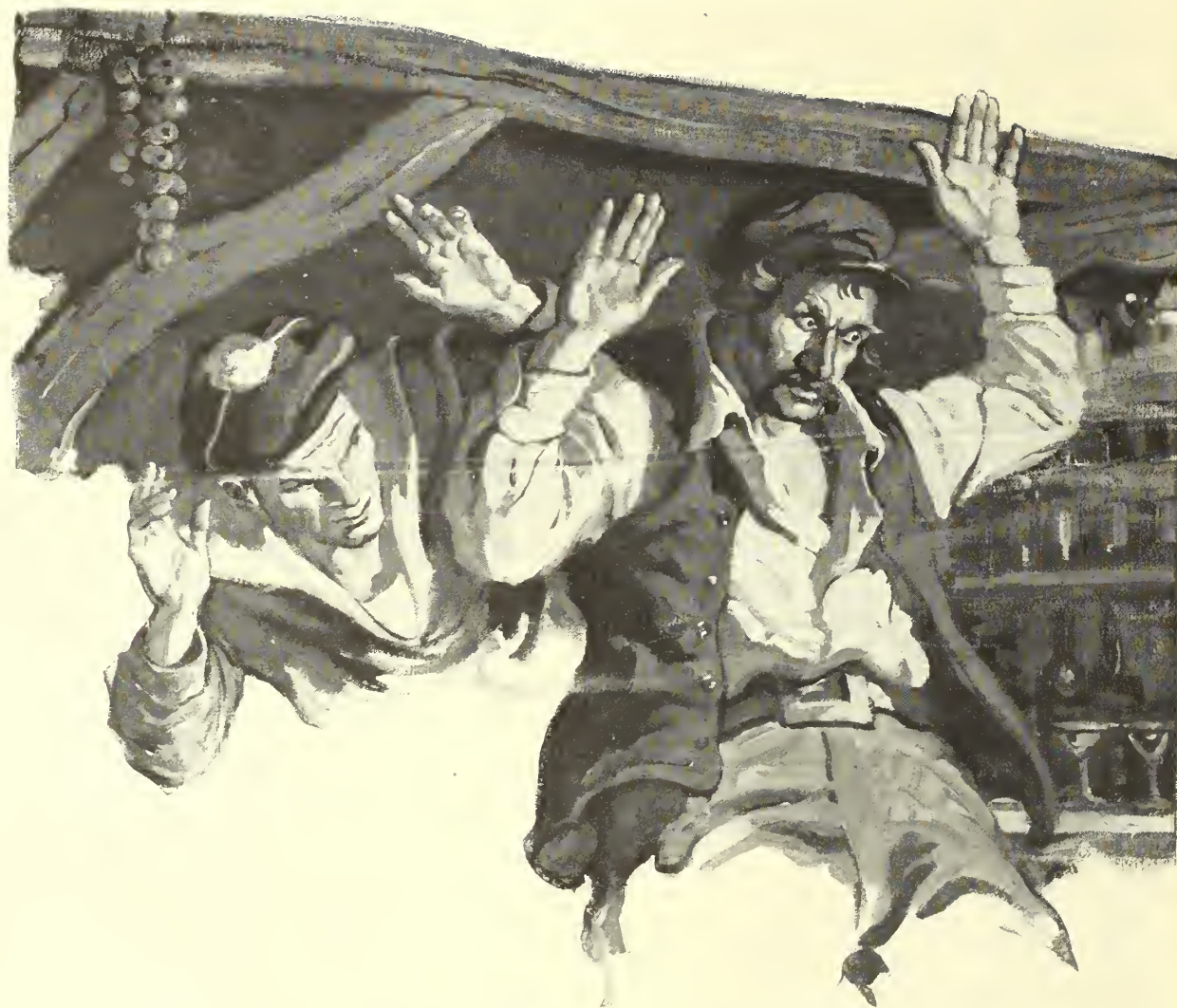
WHEN NATIONS TALK limiting armament each nation sees why the others should and why itself should not. Britain and America can go only so far in any two-party arrangement for a naval cut. Others are links in a chain. Italy's growing navy is across Britain's route to India in the Mediterranean. And France's eye is on the Italian threat. Italy thinks self-defense requires she be as strong as France, which must meet the Italian challenge in self-defense.

The Mote And Beam

ANY MENTION of one subject in this View has always meant explosions from correspondents. The same paragraph has brought blasts from both Drys and Wets. If I said the man who voted Dry and drank Wet was a hypocrite the Drys thought I was referring to Drys as a class. If I deplored the prevalence of crime a Wet might approve for the same reason that

The Way Is Open

(Continued on page 77)



THE BROKEN

BY KARL W. DETZER

Chapters I-XIII in Brief

A PAIR of murders, each of them disclosing among its evidence a mysterious symbol like a figure three with its top bar broken, have snagged an investigation being made by Sergeant Pete Bright, Paris office of the American D.C.I., of the disappearance of a French horse trader named St. Denis. A British courier, one Bathhurst, a compartment companion of Bright's aboard a train out of Bordeaux for Paris, is killed by a mysterious swarthy and heavy set man at a small railway station when Bright leaves the train for a moment, Bright taking a shot at the fellow and recovering the dispatch case in which the courier was carrying his important documents. Bright attempts to deliver the dispatch case to Sir Harry Whitfield, British oil expert, who is visiting an American officer named Major Rennels at the latter's quarters in Circé. After having lost possession of the case briefly at the St. Denis home, in nearby Domfront, Bright takes it to Whitfield, only to find the expert killed in Rennels's quarters. St. Denis and the hundred thousand francs he was carrying when he disappeared in company with a man with mismated eyes and thought to be an American, become of rather less importance with the tragedy of Whitfield's death, particularly since Rennels and his adjutant, Lieut. Grice, have disappeared almost at the moment of the oil expert's death. Bright, trailing Rennels's army car, finds it in

Le Mans with Josephine St. Denis, the horse trader's daughter, alone in it. At the home of a widow where she says she can spend the night the detective finds one-armed Marcel Rude, former secretary to the horse trader and believed by Bright to know more about St. Denis's disappearance than he wishes to tell. Rude runs out of the house and escapes. When Bright goes to the car he finds a man in the uniform of the American army looking at it. Bright dashes at him with his flashlight on and when the man looks into the blinding light discovers the man's eyes are mismated. Before he can arrest the intruder he is rapped on the head from behind and falls to the road, his assailants escaping. Later at D.C.I. headquarters Bright confronts Grice and learns from a soldier that Rennels has been seen at the railway station inquiring for trains to Domfront. In the meantime Bright gets a phone call from an assistant telling him that St. Denis is back at his home in Domfront, and thither in the morning the sergeant goes with Josephine and Grice. St. Denis, dazed, tells a story of having been held a prisoner for ransom in the Basque country when his money belt was found to contain only newspapers instead of the hundred thousand francs he thought he had. Bright is now certain that Rude extracted the money from the belt, but Rude has fled, apparently to Brest and a getaway by boat. At Circé Grice and Rennels face each other, both denying any knowledge of how Whitfield was killed. As Bright questions them the local brigadier tells the sergeant he is wanted on important business

*Illustrations
by V.E. Pyles*



*Hand aimed again.
Before he squeezed down
on the trigger, the two
Frenchmen had backed
against the bar, arms
over head*

3

at the gendarmerie. Bright leaves Grice in custody of a corporal and takes Rennels with him. At the gendarmerie two French plainclothes men inform Bright he is charged with the murder of Courier Bathhurst on the train and thrust

him, wildly protesting, into a cell. Rennels's jeering laugh as the door clangs shut caps the situation.

XIV

SO QUICKLY had he been overpowered by the two French detectives, so precipitously flung into the narrow stone cell, that the bolts were secure before Pete Bright realized fully he was a prisoner. His holster was empty, the stout policeman had attended to that. Out in the big room he heard Bonnet shouting miserably: "I regret, I regret!"

Bright often had wondered, when turning the lock upon a suspect, why the prisoner was not more philosophic about the affair. But at this moment, when the thought came back to him ridiculously, as unimportant things do in times of stress, he realized that the squeak of a jailer's key can jar the most satisfying philosophy out of a man's head.

For after all his trouble, all his worry and sleeplessness and work, he had lost the dispatch case again. He had probably walked into some plot the nature of which he could not surmise, had fallen into it with his eyes wide open like the clumsiest recruit. The dispatch case once more was gone; Rude had escaped;

the Blackbird was at large; the man with one gray eye and one brown had not been apprehended; Major Rennels was free; St. Denis's hundred thousand francs were not yet recovered; Bathhurst and Whitfield were dead . . . murdered; and he himself was in jail.

These disturbing facts elbowed one another roughly for first place in his mind; these, and the suspicion that someone in Paris had blundered. His own office, the British provost marshal . . . someone had dropped an indiscreet word that sent these railroad detectives to Circé on his trail.

Bright surveyed his prison with growing distaste and apprehension. The small cell was windowless; iron bars criss-crossed the oaken door; walls and floor were solid masonry. His professional eye took in these details and appraised it as a good jail. Under other circumstances he would have approved it heartily. Too many French prison locks could be opened with a mess-kit handle, just as too many French jail walls could be broken with a hobnailed shoe.

Bonnet's cell was well made; a man must stay here till someone saw fit to release him. Bright settled against the wall and listened. The only light was a thin streak from a grating high above the door. Through it, too, voices came indistinctly, arguing in explosive French. Bonnet's, he recognized. Was the old man defending him? Hardly. Bright knew well enough what wholesome respect any country gendarme has for the plainclothes policeman, too much at least to argue with him. And

what good would be the defense of so unimportant a person as a provincial gendarme?

He drew back into the darkness to think over the situation. There was one heartening fact. Duclose would not remain forever at American district headquarters . . . not unless someone got him started talking art. If Rennels returned to the office alone, no matter how plausible a story he told, Duclose would be worried, and, worrying, would set out in search. Sooner or later he would discover the truth, and then . . .

"Get locked up himself!" Bright surmised.

And in the meantime there was the dispatch case. Unlocked. Open for the inspection of any French policeman who chose to put his inquisitive fingers into it. Or for Major Rennels, for that matter. Whitfield had been his friend; the major might reasonably claim it.

Bright looked at his watch. It was thirteen minutes past one. He had been in the cell ten minutes. He sat down on the floor. Voices continued indefinitely in the office. A door slammed. He heard another voice, then three or four talking at once; argument that seemed interminable. There was silence for the space of minutes, then more argument. And finally the sound of the cell bolt. Bright looked at his watch just as Brigadier Bonnet pushed his cherry nose into the crack of the door.

"Pardon!" he was pleading. He saluted repeatedly. "A thousand, thousand, thousand pardons!"

"Out the way!" Bright ordered. He stepped into the room. The two plain-clothes police and Major Rennels still stood in the middle of the floor, almost as he had left them fifty minutes before . . . these three, and Duclose, his round, blond head tipped shrewdly to one side, in his hand a blue telegraph slip and his D.C.I. identification card.

"I have accomplished your release," he said importantly.

"About time," Bright answered. His eyes, searching the room quickly, came to rest on a table where the dispatch case lay unguarded.

"There has been an error," Duclose pronounced.

Bright crossed indifferently to the dispatch case, weighed it in his hand, and swung the strap to its place on his shoulder.

"These gentlemen," Duclose nodded toward the railway police, "these gentlemen committed a sad error."

"Gentlemen?" Bright repeated. He looked from the two men who had arrested him to Major Rennels. If anything, the officer's face was redder, and uglier, than it had been before. His teeth were set squarely together, as if he had many things he could say but would not.

"It was this way," Duclose explained. "The Paris police are greatly agitated at the murder of the courier Bathhurst. They are slow operators, but very patient, as you know. At length, therefore, they discover that an American soldier is seen with him in the train compartment. Naturally, the French seek the aid of the American police. Our Paris office explains the occurrence in adequate detail . . . I have discussed the matter with Captain Keefe by telephone not thirty minutes past . . . I call him as soon the good Madame Bonnet runs to report to me. It seems that the busy French wish to interview you, thinking they may aid you with assistance. Your address is forwarded by telegraph to these gentlemen, who work in this neighborhood, but there was a grave error somewhere, and the gentlemen misunderstood. They believed their duty was to apprehend you. They desire me to state their sorrow."

Brigadier Bonnet had stalked twice the length of the floor. "I insisted it was error," he grumbled when Duclose finished. "Pious saints bear me out, I insisted . . ."

"I telephoned to Paris," Duclose continued. "At once came the reply by telegraph from the French prefect to release you."

The railway policeman with the glasses was bowing for recognition.

"Well?" Bright asked.

"Our deep regret."

"At least that," Bright answered in English. "You might have lost me my prisoner." He turned on Major Rennels. "Thank you for waiting, sir. I've one more question . . ."

"I? Waiting?" The major slapped his boot with his riding crop. "I wasn't waiting! And I'll answer no more questions!"

Bright indicated with his thumb the numeral on the other's left shoulder. "How long you been wearing a 3, sir?" he asked.

"A 3? What 3?" Rennels put up his hand bewilderedly to the divisional insignia. "I'll have no more impertinence, Sergeant!" he shouted. "Never in all my service have I seen such conduct on the part of an enlisted man."

"It ain't very often an enlisted man's got to run half across France after a high-ranking major," Bright agreed, "especially



Bright's astonished eyes came to head slumped forward miserably

. . . he turned so that he included the two railroad police in the conversation . . . "especially after a major who's beating it away from a murder . . ."

"Sergeant!"

" . . . murder of the major's friend in the major's house . . ."

"I'll report this, Sergeant, in spite of your damned identification card! When sergeants and corporals," he glared at Duclose, "start harassing officers on the strength of a bit of cardboard, it's time to call a halt. Stand at attention, will you? I'll report this at once . . ."



*rest on the figure in the chair. It was Rude, his
on his chest, his single arm bound to his side*

"Yes, sir." Bright obediently drew his heels together and straightened his knees. "There'll be two reports, sir. Going in the same time, they ought to bring a colonel or so down from Paris. Don't think I wouldn't be willing to turn you over to 'em. I got trouble enough without having to arrest a major . . ."

"Me?" Rennels yelled. "Me? You just been in arrest yourself! You arrest me?"

"Sure, sir. You. Told you that two hours ago. We got a major in our office used to be on homicide squad in New York. Barney Flood's his name, and there's nothing dumb about him. He'd eat

up this case, and before he was through you'd tell just what you meant saying 'You'll do no more meddling' just before Whitfield was killed. I ain't going to ask you again. I'll hold you for somebody else with rank enough to talk turkey. You're in arrest, sir, in quarters. Watch him, Duclose. I'll send some M.P.'s."

He stalked out, leaving the astonished detectives and the major speechless in the center of the stone floor.

XV

WHEN two embarrassed military policemen had accompanied the district commander to the gate of Circé headquarters, with orders to keep him under observation, Bright gave Corporal Duclose his instructions. He had reported to Paris by telephone, he explained, and Captain Keefe was sending a detective with rank to question the officers under arrest. The military police would watch both Major Rennels and Lieutenant Grice in the meantime. Corporal Duclose should depart at once for Le Mans, and at Camp Hospital 52 interview Menz, Major Rennels's former orderly.

At one o'clock that night Bright himself swung aboard the westbound rapide on the Paris-Brest division of the Etat railroad for Brest. He was unencumbered by baggage. The burdensome dispatch case reposed in the safe of military police headquarters in Circé. He had disposed also of Sir Harry Whitfield's body. The commander of Circé medical detachment promised to hold it for the British provost marshal of Paris, whom Bright notified by telegraph.

As the sergeant settled into his seat on a second-class car and the train puffed westward, a flat wheel began to tap the rails with its persistent, monotonous cadence. The sound reminded him unpleasantly of his night's ride with Courier Bathhurst, and the broken 3 scrawled on the sole of his upturned shoe, of the Blackbird's shadow in the yards at St. Pierre des Corps, of Whitfield's dead face with the suggestion of a chuckle upon it.

Whitfield had known the Blackbird. Bright was convinced of that. The expression on the Englishman's face had revealed it. What was the connection between the Blackbird and Major Rennels?

And how many problems could Rude explain? If he did find Rude . . . and he was not too sanguine in this regard . . . would the man talk? For of one other thing at least had Bright become certain. Rude had not told all he knew of the happenings in Bordeaux. The sergeant still carried in his pocket the torn envelope from the roof gutter next to St. Denis's window in the Hôtel Normandie. That envelope had been opened without St. Denis's permission. It had been tossed out of the window after the horse buyer disappeared, after Inspector Gibon searched. It had not been there on the roof even the night before Bright's arrival in Bordeaux, for the envelope showed no sign of rain, and there had been a rainstorm the night before.

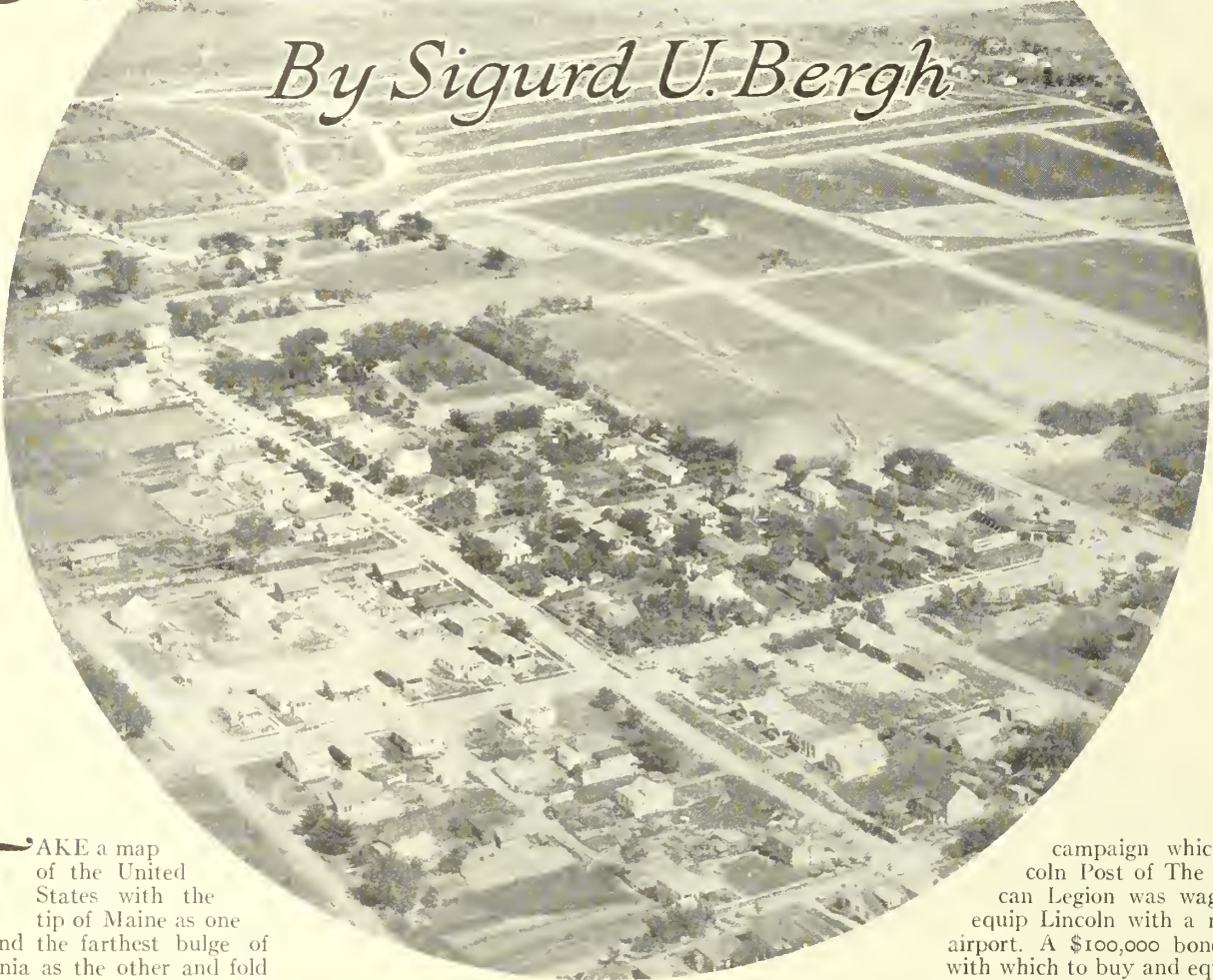
If Rude were in Brest he would be at the Hôtel du Cheval Rouge, Bright reasoned. It was there he had stayed when he visited Brest with Justine St. Denis, and there, where he felt

at home, he might naturally go again, since he did not expect to be followed. It was unlikely that he knew of St. Denis's return. Nor, presumably, did he realize that Corporal Perkins or anyone else was watching him in Le Mans station.

Fog rolled up out of the wide roadstead and across the tall stone ramparts into the narrow streets of Brest as Bright sought the office of the D.C.I. Captain Miller listened attentively enough, but with natural skepticism, and wished him luck. If he needed a man . . . no, Bright merely wanted a lookout posted. He had no fear of Rude. It would be easy to arrest him. (Continued on page 72)

Putting the Home Town ON THE AIR MAP

By Sigurd U. Bergh



TAKE a map of the United States with the tip of Maine as one edge and the farthest bulge of California as the other and fold it exactly in the middle. The crease through the middle of the map will run through the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.

There are many Lincolns in America, so to identify this one further it might be added that this is the Lincoln that sent William Jennings Bryan to Congress and fame; that is still considered home by General John J. Pershing, that gave Charles G. Dawes his start as an attorney, that taught Charles A. Lindbergh to fly.

It was in this city of Lincoln that a group of plasterers were eating lunch one spring day when three Legionnaires walked up and were introduced by the foreman.

"Fellows, that aviation field we are going to vote on April 10th means a great deal to every one of us," he began.

In a downtown store the clerks were hastily grabbing a bit to eat. A young business man stepped in and asked to interrupt them just a moment.

"That airport that we will vote on April 10th—"

Over at the state university the chemistry class laid aside its formulas while a speaker told them:

"Having a modern airport means a lot to the future of the University of Nebraska."

The Ladies' Aid members of one of the churches were enjoying their coffee when they, too, were asked to add an unexpected speaker to the program of the afternoon.

"As you are interested in the progress of your community I know that you will want to hear all the facts about our proposed aviation field," he began.

Throughout the city day after day two hundred and fifty orators infected their listeners with air enthusiasm. The talks—dozens, hundreds in number—constituted only one activity of a

The one-hundred-and-sixty-acre airport which Legionnaires of Lincoln, Nebraska, led the way in securing for their city

campaign which Lincoln Post of The American Legion was waging to equip Lincoln with a modern airport. A \$100,000 bond issue with which to buy and equip the field was the proposition before the voters.

The airport election was considerably more strenuous than the presidential election later in the year, which was warm enough

considering the fact that Charles W. Bryan, brother of the Com-moner, was endeavoring to get back in as governor and considering the fact that Senator George W. Norris, Republican, had come out for Al Smith, Democrat, thereby complicating matters for Nebraska voters.

The airport campaign probably was the liveliest and most thorough campaign in the history of the city. All organizations were enlisted, all citizens, even to school children, were recruited. Soap-box spellbinding and red-fire parades were part of the drive. And well it was that nothing was left undone, for the issue carried by only 156 votes.

With victory achieved, even though it was a narrow one, The American Legion and civic organizations went after a place on the air-mail map—and got it. Daily mail planes now fly between Lincoln and New York.

More than that, the air zealots wanted a place on the trans-continental route which passed westward from Omaha only thirty-four miles north of Lincoln. They got it.

Thanks to the foresight and hard work of its Legion post the city of Lincoln is just sixteen hours away from New York and seventeen hours from San Francisco in mail communication and passenger service, and is recognized as an air center of importance. In appreciation largely of this effort in obtaining an airport for Lincoln, Post No. 3 in 1928 was awarded the Jean R. Kinder trophy for performing the greatest community service during the year of any Legion post in Nebraska. Mr. Kinder is a Past

Commander of the Nebraska Department of the Legion.

A review of the history of Lincoln reveals the fact that it always has been air-minded, even before it was fully awake to the necessity for an up-to-the-minute airport. There have been two airplane factories in the city for a number of years, that of the Lincoln Aircraft Company, conducted by Ray Page, and the Arrow Aircraft Company, which is conducted by J. B. Moore.

Where there are airplane manufacturers, there must be air fields and fliers. Pilots tested the new planes on a field on Fourteenth Street for the Lincoln Aircraft company and on a field at Havelock, a suburb, for the Arrow company. Every day planes unfolded their wings and flew away to join other birds of the air as aviation grew. Yes, Lincoln was air-minded, for it meant bread and butter to many of its residents.

In connection with the testing of planes at the Lincoln Aircraft Company an aviation school was started, where for a tuition of five hundred dollars embryo aviators might learn to use wings. It was to this school that Charles A. Lindbergh came, as told in his book "We." He left the University of Wisconsin in his sophomore year on his faithful motorcycle, which had carried him to Florida and back on one of his vacations. This was in the slush of March, 1922, and he quickly got stuck in the mud. He put both his motorcycle and himself on a train for the rest of the trip.

He arrived in Lincoln April 1, 1922, and paid his five hundred dollars. His first flight was in a Standard as a passenger with Otto Timm as pilot on April 9th. His regular instructor, however, was I. O. Biffle, thorough and outspoken. Lindbergh grasped the intricacies of flying quickly and Biffle soon recommended that he take a plane out solo—the ambition and at the same time the terror of all young aviators.

But budding aviators had a habit of busting up airplanes, so the aviation school required that flying students give a bond before they take up a plane alone. Lindbergh could not furnish the bond—so he never flew alone at the school. However, he persuaded Ray Page to permit him to try parachute jumping. This started Lindbergh on his barnstorming, going out with other aviators touring the Northwest and giving exhibitions of stunt flying, parachute jumping and passenger carrying.

Lindbergh came and went, largely unnoticed, no one dreaming that he would one day become the world's most famous flier. Lincoln kept on manufacturing air-planes, complacently content with its comparatively makeshift air fields.

Then the trans-continental air mail route was established—and passed Lincoln by. The beacon lights at Omaha were almost visible from Lincoln and the whirr of the planes almost audible as the planes soared by an hour's auto ride away.

That gave Lincoln a jolt. Existing air fields were declared by government experts to be unsatisfactory for mail purposes. They expressed their regrets—but no air mail service could be

provided for the city under those circumstances. The civic organizations began to realize that Lincoln's air-mindedness was away behind the times. Plans were considered for remedying the situation. Legionnaires were in the forefront in the movement for giving Lincoln adequate air transportation facilities.

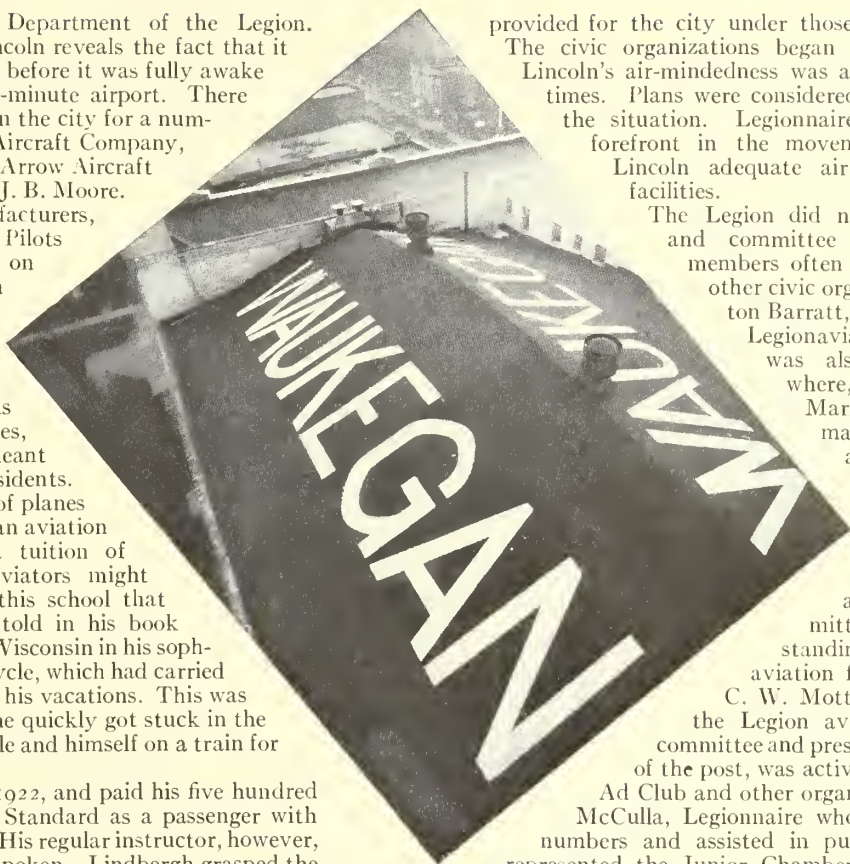
The Legion did not go it alone, and committee chairmen and members often were officers of other civic organizations. Milton Barratt, chairman of the Legion aviation committee, was also active elsewhere, while John Markle, vice-chairman of the Legion aviation committee, had been chairman of the Chamber of Commerce aviation committee and an outstanding advocate of aviation for many years.

C. W. Motter, chairman of the Legion aviation publicity committee and present Commander of the post, was active in the Lincoln Ad Club and other organizations. H. F. McCulla, Legionnaire who handled radio numbers and assisted in publicity matters, represented the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Frank B. O'Connell, Past Department Adjutant, handled the speakers' bureau. In short, the Legion aviation organization and the civic organizations of the city might be said to have had interlocking directorates, thereby insuring a united effort in the aviation campaign.

All set with their principal committees, the Legion proceeded to start the machinery toward getting an aviation field for the city.

The first step was to have the Legion's attorneys draw up a petition to the city council to call an election to vote on a \$100,000 bond issue. This petition was signed by twenty-five hundred citizens at the Legion's request.

The financing plan as drawn up by the Legion called for a bond issue of \$100,000 with which to buy or condemn a piece of property for a municipal airport acceptable to the United (Continued on page 78)



Legion posts throughout the country are helping to make their communities air-minded. Legionnaires in Waukegan, Illinois, Ilion, New York, and Olivia, Minnesota, are among those who have set unmistakable sign manuals on local roofs for the benefit of passing airmen. The Ilion picture also shows the Legion paint crew



Bursts and Duds

UNDER SOMETHING, PROBABLY

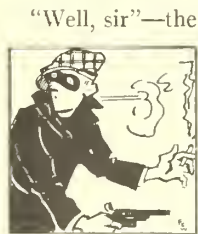
A sweet girl motorist, her eyes dim with tears, ran up to the traffic cop on duty at a busy intersection.

"Oh, officer!" she cried. "I've lost my new flivver."

The policeman, himself a family man whose children were always getting into trouble on account of their toys, shook a reproving finger at her.

"Well, let that be a lesson to you," he told her. "Next time, buy a bigger car."

IF YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE



"Well, sir"—the hero-householder was telling the tale of the midnight entry—"I caught that burglar just as easy as buying a drink of Scotch in Scotland. I crept up on him till I could grab his gat and then I had the drop on him."

"But how'd you know he was in your house in the first place?"

"Why, I woke up and smelled his cigarette."

"Well, for Pete's sake, how come he was smoking a cigarette on the job?"

"Oh, he said he'd felt a coughing spell coming on."

CIVIC TRIALS

The village board of councilmen was in session and had reached an impasse—always a bad thing to reach.

"Something has got to be done about our traffic problem," announced the mayor with finality.

"What do you mean?" asked a city father.

"Well, first of all we have got to have some traffic."

LONG ENGAGEMENT

The scene was in heaven, and one of the newly arrived angels—also one of the sleekest in appearance—was distinctly worried.

"What's the matter, old bird?" a friend asked.

"Plenty," retorted the slick one gloomily. "I've just promised to love a girl till I die."

NOT SO GOOD

"A straight line," declaimed the geometry teacher, "is the shortest distance between two points."

But little Ignatz's father was a taxicab driver.

"Well, teacher," he remonstrated, "that may be swell geometry, but it is certainly mighty poor business."

BREAKING IT GENTLY

"Dr. Miller said to say hello to you," announced the tiny tot, tossing her bonnet on the table.

"Dr. Miller?" cried her mother in surprise. "I thought you were over at Grandma's all day."

"I was," sighed the child, "but Grandma always calls Dr. Miller when I eat too much."

TIME!

They sat side by side on the Florida sands. Overhead gleamed a great yellow moon. The breeze whispered through the orange trees. The night was made for romance.

"I'd die for you in a minute," he said softly.

There was a short silence. Then she spoke.

"Well," she said, "the minute's up."

UNREASONABLE

The honeymoon was over and life's practicalities were beginning to assert themselves to Mr. Freshwed again when he came home one evening, rubbing his hands in anticipation.

"Dinner ready, dear?" he called cheerily. Mrs. Freshwed burst into tears.

"Oh, you brute!" she cried. "Here we've only been married a month, and you're talking about dinner already!"

POORLY PHRASED

The lawyer had engaged in a little social argument at his club with a friend, who happened to be an oil magnate.

"Surely, Wilkins," he said, "you are open to conviction, aren't you?"

The oil man flushed with embarrassment and looked about him apprehensively.

"My dear sir," he replied, "it is distinctively bad form to ask a man in my position a question like that."

MODERN FORTY-NINERS

Young Hennery had come to the city to take the preliminary steps for becoming President of the United States or something, and old Hennery had accompanied him for a few last words of admonition and advice.

"Son," he asked, "you see them vast mountains of apartment buildin's?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, you stay away from them, my boy. Thar's gold diggers in them thar mountains."



TO FIT THE CRIME

"Let's see, now," suggested His Satanic Majesty, who was interviewing the latest arrival in the nether depths. "I believe you were janitor in a big apartment house, were you not?"

"That's me," replied the new immigrant to Hades.

"Very well. I'll put you in charge of the furnaces—and you are going to give the people in hell more heat—understand?"

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL

The officer of the day was inclined to be punctilious, and when an officer gets that way, you know how inclined he can be.

"That man on Post Number Four let a soldier go through the lines last night without challenging him," he announced. "What's the idea?"

"Aw, have a heart, Skipper," pleaded the corporal of the guard. "He's only been in the Army a couple of weeks and still gets his General Orders mixed up with the Beatitudes."

ARCTIC NEWLYWEDS

Well, it seems there were a couple of Eskimos enjoying gumdrop hour at the Igloo Club up where the latitudes end.



"What kind of a bride did Walruskin get?" asked the first.

"Not so cold," the second answered, that being the Greenland equivalent of "not so hot." "She can't even make a cake of ice."

THEN AS NOW

Adam had just returned from a shopping trip, and piled the bundles on the table. You know these men—you simply can't depend on them.

"Why didn't you bring the fig leaves as I told you?" Eve demanded.

But the first alibi artist had his answer ready.

"I couldn't find any short enough for you, my dear," was his reply.

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION

The young married man had put off the question as long as possible, but when the after-dinner coffee was served he steeled himself to it.

"Do you mind if I go down to the office a while tonight?" he asked.

"Certainly not, honey," the wife replied sweetly.

"Holy smoke! What are you up to?"

6 MEN OUT OF 7

An Article for

By General Frank T. Hines

Director, United States Veterans Bureau

DURING the World War insurance was a very important thing to four and a half million men in uniform. They even sang songs about it. There was one ironical melody entitled "All We Do Is Sign the Payroll" and sung to the tune of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" which expressed how they felt about the five, six or seven dollars a month which was deducted from their dough-boy's pay of thirty-odd dollars. And there was another lugubrious song, in the solemn measures of a funeral march, which had for its refrain the words, "Ten thousand dollars going back to the folks."

Many a man, coming out of service in 1919, figured up ruefully the exact amount the Government had taken from him for insurance premiums during his period of service and wished he could walk up to the paymaster's window and get it back. Paying insurance premiums, to service men as to everybody else, is about as popular as paying taxes.

Seventy-five percent of the men who served in the World War never paid a premium on their government policies after getting out of service. They dropped their policies, many of them, with joy as well as relief. They did not even want to think about insurance. Most of them were young and vigorous. Few of them had important family responsibilities. Their attitude in 1919 was understandable—wholly in keeping with human nature.

But ten years have elapsed since 1919. Most of these men are now in the thirties instead of the twenties. They do not feel quite so vigorous now as they did ten years ago. And the overwhelming number of them now have very definite family responsibilities. Unfortunately, however, a large percentage of them still retain the same attitude toward government insurance which they brought with them out of service in 1919. Many of them believe that they are no longer able to obtain government insurance—they remember hazily that Congress on several occasions set time limits on the privilege of reinstating or converting government life insurance policies.

It will be real news to many service men, veterans of the World War—important news too—that the right to obtain a United States Government life insurance policy is still open to them, providing they are in good health. Congress, on May 29, 1928, amended the World War Veterans Act extending indefinitely the

period in which applications could be filed for government policies by those entitled to them. The privilege had expired on July 2, 1927, except for new entrants in the service. It is noteworthy that in the few months before this time limit expired approximately 250,000 men filed applications for policies.

Under the amended law the former service man has very definite insurance rights today. The Government will grant him insurance in seven forms of policies against death or total permanent disability. He may take out a policy for \$1,000 or \$10,000 or for any multiple of \$500 between those sums. The right is granted to any veteran of the World War who has hitherto applied for or has been eligible to apply for yearly renewable term insurance (war-time insurance) or United States Government Insurance (converted insurance).

But to get insurance now a service man must be in good health and furnish evidence to that effect which is satisfactory to the Director of the Veterans Bureau. And the total amount of government insurance he can carry is \$10,000. If he already has a policy for \$5,000 he is permitted to take a new policy of no more than \$5,000. Finally, he must have served in the military or naval forces of the United States sometime in the course of the World War, from April 6, 1917, to

July 2, 1921, and have applied or been eligible to apply for insurance.

The Veterans Bureau provides a standard form—Bureau Form 739—for use in making applications, but any statement in writing, sufficient to identify the applicant, the amount and the plan of insurance, together with a report of a physical examination and a remittance sufficient to cover the first monthly premium, will be sufficient as an application for insurance. A physical examination will be made free of charge at any Regional Office or hospital of the United States Veterans Bureau. This examination may also be secured, at the expense of the applicant, from any reputable physician licensed to practise medicine.

Only recently the Veterans Bureau began decentralizing certain of its insurance activities to the Regional Offices located in the larger cities of the country. Closer contact with the policyholders will be established by this new facility, which will enable the Bureau to conduct its government life insurance business with a standard of service comparable to that of the prominent life insurance companies. Under the improved (Continued on page 62)



Three strong supporters of United States Government Life Insurance, two of whom are themselves policyholders: Watson B. Miller, Chairman of The American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee; Secretary Andrew W. Mellon of the Treasury Department; General Hines. The photograph was taken in front of the Treasury Building at Washington. The statue in the background is that of Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury

KEEPING

THE Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire is now full grown. The Association of Former Organ Pumpers now has its own publication and holds an annual orgy. Enrollment in the Society of Surviving War Mascots proceeds apace. The time is ripe, in the opinion of Boyd B. Stutler, Adjutant of the Department of West Virginia, for nationalizing another movement which has already had spontaneous growth in several States.

"At the Louisville national convention this fall we ought to put the Amalgamated Association of Conventioneers upon its feet," suggests Mr. Stutler. "I feel that I have an inalienable and constitutional right to fetch the scattered conventioneers together and organize them for their mutual protection and other purposes. Membership Card No. 1 has already been issued. It went to C. Clyde McDonald, Past Commander of Fairmount (West Virginia) Post. Mr. McDonald has attended every national and West Virginia department convention except the first national convention held in Minneapolis."

Well, the Step Keeper dunno about this. Will Massachusetts and New Jersey and other States in which the survivors of national conventions are already lined up want to come into the merger, and if so, upon what terms?

For Posterity

CITIZENS of Massachusetts a half century from now will be able to determine accurately the names and records of the sons of that Commonwealth who gave their lives in the World War. Early in June there came from the presses at Boston a comprehensive work entitled "The Gold Star Record of Massachusetts." In it, in addition to a great deal of historical matter, such as extracts from service men's letters and diaries, are individual service records of 5,771 men and women who died while serving with the forces of the United States and associated nations during the World War. The book possesses especial interest to The American Legion from the fact that it was edited by Eben Putnam, the Legion's National Historian, and additional interest from the fact that it supplies an incentive to other States to undertake the publication of similar records.

The Massachusetts record joins on bookshelves several other notable Gold Star records, such as the 750-page book published by the State of Indiana in 1920 and Nevada's Golden Stars, a

beautifully-printed book which appeared in 1924. These two works happen to be the only Gold Star records that were included in the library at National Headquarters before the appearance of the Massachusetts record, although Ohio has set a high mark for all other States by printing in nineteen large volumes the service record of every man from that State who served in the World War. The Ohio volumes were printed and distributed soon after the war. Vermont also has published a World War history, a 758-page volume entitled "Vermont in the World War," printed in 1928. It contains in addition to accounts of the service of organizations in which Vermonters served, a complete list of those who gave their lives.

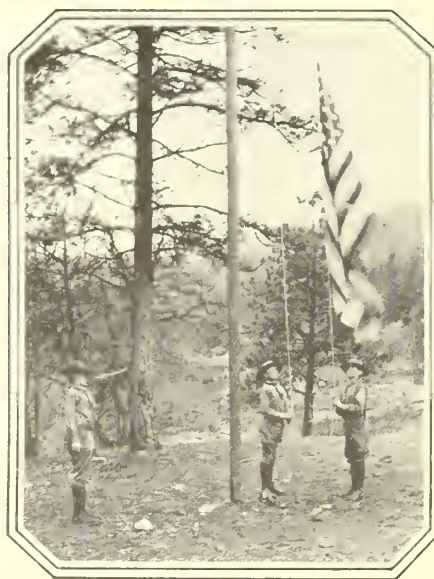
The Step Keeper will welcome information regarding Gold Star records or comprehensive war histories which may be in course of preparation in other States, in which legislatures have appointed commissions and made appropriations for the publication of records.

In the Massachusetts record, names have been arranged alphabetically under cities and towns grouped by counties. An interesting feature is the inclusion of family affiliations in most of the individual records. The State will distribute copies of the record to all public libraries in Massachusetts, to all American Legion posts in the State and branches of other World War veterans' organizations and to certain other societies. After distribution has been made to libraries and organizations, copies remaining will be sold at cost—approximately \$2.50. Many service men are expected to buy them.

Wealth from Waffles

MOST of Iowa goes to the city of Waterloo each fall to attend the annual Dairy Cattle Congress and Belgian Horse Show, an affair that is held in a vast armory-like building. And most of the Iowans carry back to their towns or back to their farm homes a lively memory of Becker-Chapman Post of The American Legion. For Becker-Chapman Post is mess sergeant for the annual cattle and horse show and it has built an enduring fame on one of nature's greatest gifts to the breakfast table.

Good old-fashioned griddle cakes are all right. Ham and eggs will do any time. There are a hundred and one boxed foddors which go pretty well when drowned in cream and disguised with sugar. But anybody who has tasted butter-rich waffles properly served with golden maple syrup and flanked by a pair of little sausages will thereafter never find any other breakfast food worth while. Becker-Chapman Post



Medford (Oregon) Post's Boy Scout troop starts the day right at the post's Boy Scout camp—a scene being duplicated in hundreds of Legion camps this summer

STEP

discovered that waffles are not only ideal breakfast food but also the one food that will please thousands of hungry persons from noon until midnight.

"Our post and its Auxiliary unit operate a waffle booth on a fifty-fifty basis one week each year during the annual show," reports Post Historian E. J. Brucher. "Together we make a net profit of about \$1,000. We feed an average of one thousand persons a day, between 7 a. m. and 11 p. m. We have been selling waffles since 1920, so we think we know our stuff pretty well.

"We charge thirty-five cents and with each waffle serve a portion of the very best sausage, as well as honey, syrup, good coffee and cream. We do not charge for 'seconds' on waffles, letting anybody have as many waffles as he can eat. An extra charge is made, however, for a second cup of coffee or more sausage. We use only the very best materials and take pride in preparing the waffles just right. Our average profit on each serving is approximately seven cents.

"A Legionnaire is hired to supervise the booth. He gives his full time to the work. The Auxiliary provides a working force of twenty each day. Legionnaires assist during the noon and evening meal rushes, so an average of fifty Legionnaires and Auxiliaries are at work each day. All food is prepared in full view of customers. The booth will accommodate sixty persons. They are served at a long counter. We try to give quick service."

How Many More?

ALL power to the Oregon Department, but it is not the first department of The American Legion to hold its annual convention in a state capitol. So say in effect Legionnaires of four other States, who, reading in the June issue of the Monthly the story telling of the plans for the Oregon Department's convention in the legislative halls at Salem, were inspired to tell of earlier department conventions held in the G. H. Q.'s of their own States.

"The second annual convention of the South Carolina Department was held in the state capitol at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1920," reminds Reid Elkins, department executive committeeman, Greenville, South Carolina.

"The Department of Maryland held its 1926 annual convention in the state capitol at Annapolis," writes William V. Albaugh of Baltimore, adding: "We were royally entertained by the people of Annapolis and the officials of the United States Naval Academy."

"Lo, the scroll of history doth record that these gallinippers

of the coast of the west do be about ten years behind the times, since it was in 1920, and again in 1921, and again in many divers and sundry years that the Legion in Delaware roosted in solemn conclave in the seats of their lawmakers in the houses of the assembly at Dover," bulletins C. M. Dillon of Lawrence Roberts Post of Wilmington, Delaware.

"When the 1928 convention of the Department of Wyoming was held in the capitol building at Cheyenne in 1928," recalls Noel Morgan of Worland, Wyoming, "the Legion occupied the chamber of the House of Representatives while the Auxiliary was meeting in the Senate chamber. Committees did their work in the legislative committee rooms and I guess the boys did some log rolling in those same rooms when it got down to the point of electing a new commander and other officers."

Mr. Morgan, incidentally, thinks quite a few other departments could also speak up. Well, we have Oregon, South Carolina, Maryland, Delaware and Wyoming now. Are there any others?



Pasadena (California) Post won a prize in the annual Tournament of Roses Parade with its float depicting "Peace in Flanders Field." This is a front view of it

Marking Time

WARNER-VAN RIPER POST of Waterloo, New York, has bought an old family mansion, but it isn't living in it. Moving day for the post has been postponed. It will not arrive until the town's new high school building is finished.

Just after the post bought its new home, the school authorities decided to tear down the old high school building and put up a new one on the same site. Then they began wondering where classes would be held while construction was being carried on. The problem was solved when the post offered the use of its own newly-acquired home. Forthwith carpenters transformed the mansion into a schoolhouse.

"There will be another job of transforming as soon as school opens in the new building," promises Albert R. Halstead, on behalf of the post.

On to Louisville

SOMETIMES a band of angels has appeared providentially to help the drum and bugle corps of Davis King Summers Post of Chattanooga, Tennessee,

attend a national convention, and again angelic assistance has been lacking and the corps has had to stay home. It got to Omaha all right, and Philadelphia, but it didn't get to Paris or San Antonio. It is going to be at Louisville, though, along with a hundred or more other drum and bugle corps. That is the lowdown, as relayed by D. M. Johnson, the corps captain.

K E E P I N G S T E P

"We got to Omaha this way," reminisces Mr. Johnson. "We borrowed drums from the Shriners, bugles and uniforms from the Tennessee National Guard, helmets from individual service men, railroad and hotel money from a bank. Then we got more writeups than any other musical outfit at the convention—our typical doughboy's outfit made us stand out among all the gorgeously-garbed tooters and blah-blahers. But when we got back home and returned our borrowed equipment, we owed the bank \$1,200 and we couldn't float any bond issue with memories as collateral.

"We started a civic advertising campaign and cleared \$4,000. Then the Tennessee Department appropriated \$500 to equip us. That's how we got to Philadelphia. Paris was a bit stiff, from a financial viewpoint, so we didn't get there, and we saved money by not making the trip to San Antonio."

"A midnight show in a Chattanooga theater has been the drum corps' pass to Louisville," Mr. Johnson adds. "The Tivoli Treater got a good picture for us and permitted us to use the theater lobby for dancing. It was a wonderful community entertainment, and our post believes others posts might profitably conduct similar benefit shows."

All Abo'd!

YOU ain't seen nothin'," promises James K. Jachles, chief musician of Hornets Nest Drum and Bugle Corps of Charlotte, North Carolina. "Wait until you see the drum majors of Charles Young Post of Charlotte strutting their stuff in the national convention parade at Louisville. And wait until you hear that outfit's music. So far as we know, it is the only Negro drum and bugle corps in the Legion. Hornets Nest Post's drum and

bugle corps will be at Louisville also, so with two snappy outfits our city is going to show Kentucky and the rest of the Legion some real music."

Getting ready for the big days at the convention, the Negro post in Charlotte is trying to take away from Peter Salem Post of Louisville the title of world's largest Negro post. The Louisville outfit, organized last December by Tom H. Hayden, Adjutant of the Department of Kentucky, had 110 members early this spring. It is proud of its jazz orchestra and its two quartets and is now organizing a band. The post musicians got their first convention experience while playing at San Antonio last October.

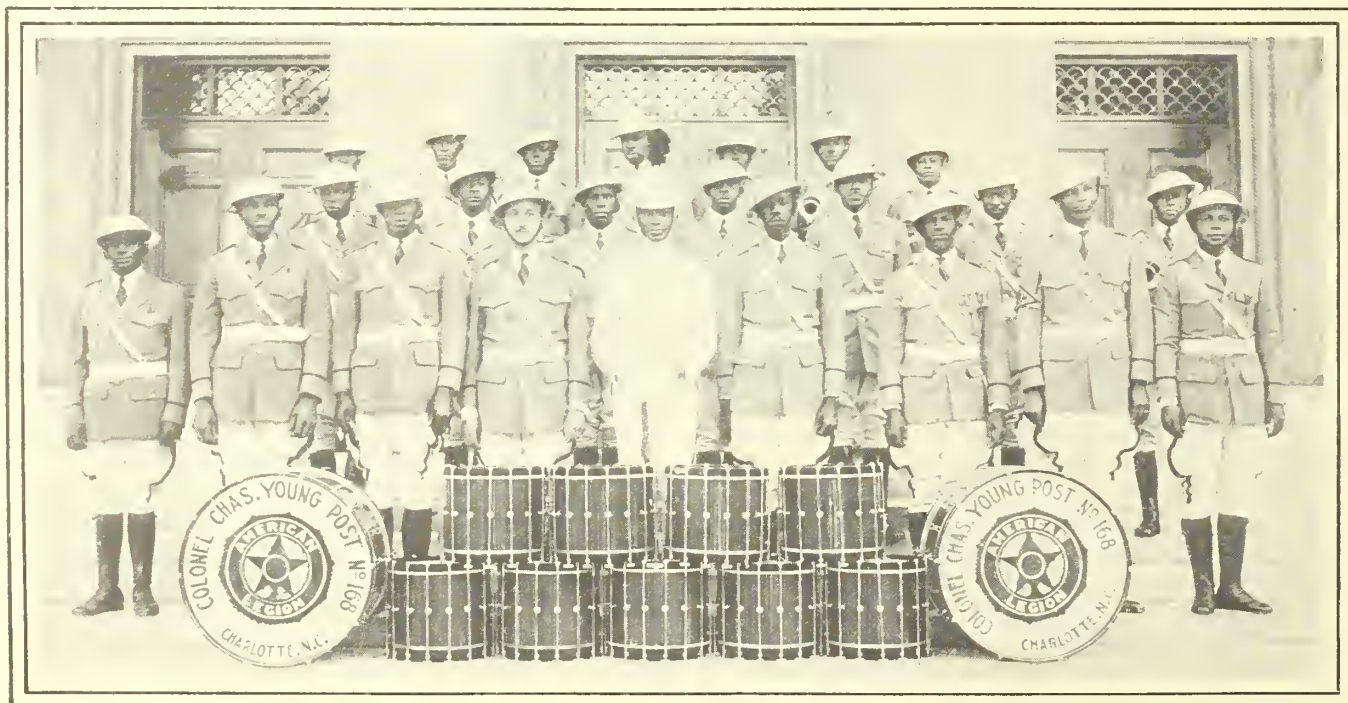


National Commander McNutt is made a member of the Jemez Tribe of Indians while a guest of Hugh A. Carlisle Post of Albuquerque, New Mexico

Front Line Service

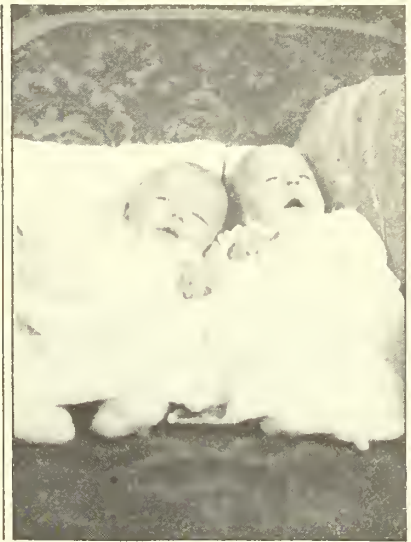
EVERYBODY in Chautauqua County, New York, knows Skipper Laughlin. He signs his letters with the initials H. M., but to hundreds of disabled men and to the able-bodied Legionnaires of Chautauqua County, he is always Skipper. On the county's by-roads and on the streets of the pretty little towns in one of New York State's finest resort sections, Skipper Laughlin's automobile signifies one thing—somebody is being helped.

For nine years Skipper Laughlin has been Field Service Adjutant of the Chautauqua County organization of the Legion and up to the beginning of the present year, his records show, he traveled 75,625 miles on his duties. He lives in Westfield, New York, but he covers a dozen other towns and a vast countryside. Two years ago the little automobile given to him by the Forty and Eight wore out and went to the scrap-heap. At the final gasp, its speedometer registered 66,674.4 miles. A new gift car took the old bus's place and started rolling up new speedometer mileage.



The Drum and Bugle Corps of Charles Young Post of Charlotte, North Carolina, claims the distinction of being the only Negro drum and bugle corps in the Legion. It is going to the Louisville National Convention, of course

K E E P I N G S T E P



Martin-Horn Post of Holdrege, Nebraska, challenges any other post of The American Legion to beat its record. The post has 161 members and five of them are fathers of twins. Nebraska storks must come in two-passenger models these days. Above, Robert and Roberta Chadderson, John and Betty Jean Hanson, and Gloria and Raymond Erickson. Below, Marjorie Ann and Mary Elizabeth Sonneborn and Joyce and Royce Henline

Mr. Laughlin's figures for eight years show that he helped in the collection of \$457,500 on Government insurance policies, that he assisted in the reinstatement or conversion of policies having a face value of \$1,123,500 and that he helped procure more than a half-million dollars in compensation for disability and more than \$40,000 on death payments of adjusted compensation certificates. In all, he worked on 1,618 claims of various sorts—this in addition to carrying on many other service activities, such as looking after dependents in guardianship proceedings and obtaining help for needy families of disabled men. In 116 cases he has had to appear in proceedings in state courts.

Paper Money

NEW BRIGHTON, Pennsylvania, observes American Legion Paper Day as regularly as it celebrates the Fourth of July. Its ten thousand people have a sense of partnership with New Brighton Post. By saving up all their old newspapers and magazines and by presenting them to the post on an appointed day, they realize they are directly helping the disabled service men of the town who are unable to obtain governmental assistance and need the helping hand of the post's welfare fund.

"Our post's first old paper collection was held several years ago," reports Legionnaire R. McKinnis. "Several months before the collection date the post correspondent wrote a series of articles which were published in local newspapers to acquaint everybody in town with the idea. He also described in his articles the welfare work which the post was doing. Then two weeks before the collection date another series of articles appeared in the newspapers. Everybody in town was asked to pile old papers and magazines on their front porches on the designated day."

"On the Saturday set for the collection eight trucks lined up



in front of Legion headquarters. The trucks had been donated—one belonged to a milk dealer, another to a manufacturer, several to a contractor, and so forth. The platoon of Legion workers—fifty out of a post membership of 160—included office workers, factory employes, bankers, salesmen and professional men. The town had been blocked off into districts and each truckload of men was assigned to a district. Factory whistles sounded the take-off hour. At six o'clock every street in town

had been mopped up. The trucks hauled the old paper to a railroad siding and loaded it in two boxcars. The paper in that first collection weighed 77,000 pounds—in cash it meant \$450.

"Since that day the post has collected paper on two days a year. Last April the paper collected, representing a half-year accumulation, weighed 44,000 pounds. In addition to paper we are now getting old automobile tires, rags and old clothes and other salable material."

Shooting Days

BIG days ahead for the best rifle and pistol shots in The American Legion! First come the national matches under the auspices of the National Rifle Association at Camp Perry, Ohio, August 25th to September 15th. The National Executive Committee voted that The American Legion will be represented by a team at the Camp Perry matches, and National Commander McNutt appointed Frank J. Schneller, Past Commander of the Department of Wisconsin, to arrange for this participation and for the rifle and pistol matches to be held during the national convention at Louisville.

The association will issue a club charter to any post for \$10. This charter brings without other cost necessary target and range material, four rifles and ammunition. Details may be had

K E E P I N G S T E P



from C. B. Lister, Secretary of the National Rifle Association, Barr Building, Washington, D. C. Members of the Legion's team in the national matches at Camp Perry will be selected largely on the basis of scores made at home ranges. Entries for this year's shoot closed July 1st. The big rifle event at the Louisville convention will be the contest for the cup offered by Past National Commander Milton J. Foreman.

Iowa Starts Something

IN 1924 when Clausen-Worden Post began figuring out a way to provide a golf course for Mason City, Iowa, it had to reckon with the surviving misconception that golf is a rich man's game. So the post called the new golf course it established that year "Legion Community Park." The name was an apt one, too, because in addition to the rough golf course laid out on the newly-leased acres on the edge of the city the tract contained groves and playspots ideally adapted for picnics and other open-air gatherings of citizens who had never swung a golf club.

The game of golf swiftly completed its insidious conquest of the town. On July 1, 1925, when Legionnaires were able to use the new greens, two hundred players were signing up for games. During 1926 the course had 300 members, and in that year there were 10,000 signatures on the books at the caddy house. In 1927 more than 30,000 names were signed on the books where every player registered before starting to play. In 1928 it is estimated that 50,000 rounds of golf were played.

The man who won the 1926 tournament at the course was a motorman on the street car line which ran nearest the course. He had begun to play the game in July, only a few months before he was crowned the champion of Mason City.

"The game has completely won the support of everybody, even those who don't play it," relates Legionnaire Lowell L. Forbes, president of Legion Community Park. "Our list of members includes men and women of all vocations. One hospital purchased a number of memberships to be used by its student nurses on their half holidays each week. A great many girls from business offices are playing regularly. Golf here has been brought within the reach of everybody and the Legion post finds real satisfaction in that fact.



John Regan Post of Boise, Idaho, has won a battle with nature by operating a golf course among the mountain tops, thus giving everybody in its community an opportunity to play the game at little cost. In oval, the clubhouse and the board of directors — Dr. F. D. B. McCall, Dr. H. C. Darrah and Myron Swendsen

"We started out with a greens fee of fifty cents and an annual membership fee of \$10 and we haven't changed these charges. We began with nine holes, increased to thirteen and are now planning to raise the course to eighteen holes. The course has been self-sustaining throughout its whole history. In fact, it started with no capital except that received from the initial greens fees. Our ultimate objective is to have the course acquired by the city.

"Members of the post did practically all the preliminary work of getting the course started. The actual laying out of the tees, fairways and greens was handled by a committee of experienced local players and a golf professional. A foreman was employed who had considerable farm machinery. We built a small caddy house where golf balls, candy and soft drinks could be obtained, the profits going to the organization. In our second year our revenue was approximately \$100 a month from fees and an equal amount from profits at the caddy house. During the following season revenue increased enough to permit us to buy a Fordson tractor. A year later we were able to buy additional machinery, including power mowers."

Idaho Plays Too

YEARS ago, before Boise, Idaho, became so prosperous and worldly as to boast of anything like the modern country club which keeps her Upper Ten amused today, a coterie of golf enthusiasts organized the Boise Golf Club. They laid out their course in the hills above the city and made it one which is unsurpassed for natural hazards as well as for magnificent views. They built an attractive clubhouse of the native sandstone and planted trees and vines. In due course, the Country Club came into being, absorbed many of the founders of the early club, financial difficulties loomed large and eventually the Boise Golf Club petered out; the Mountainview Links were uncared for and the clubhouse was falling into ruins."

There, in the words of Alice H. Darrah, was just such a situation which would be a call to action for any American Legion post, and there was a Legion post in Boise ready to do its stuff.

"At this juncture," continues Miss Darrah, "John Regan

K E E P I N G S T E P

Post of Boise stepped into the picture with the brilliant idea of a community golf course, where any one might play upon payment of his greens fee of thirty-five cents or an annual fee of \$15 which would entitle a man, his wife and children under seventeen years of age to every privilege of the course. The plan was hatched by Dr. F. D. B. McCall, former Grand Chef de Gare of the Idaho branch of the Forty and Eight, and a few of his friends who became a board of directors for the project.

"At the time the Legion took over the course it was in bad condition, of course. The post held a field day to fix it up, and small groups spent afternoons at work, building new tees, and putting the greens in order. The clubhouse was in a deplorable condition, but Legionnaires mended the roof and porches, kalsomined the inside walls, and did other work. The post's Auxiliary unit hung curtains, fixed card table covers and gave many other little touches to the large community room, which takes up the entire front of the house and boasts a stone fireplace of gargantuan proportions. The lawn and shade trees surrounding the clubhouse were also rehabilitated by members of the post.

"Our course is now in use almost the year around—in only two months does the weather tend to make golf impossible. Remember, please, that we are discussing a country which produces no grass except under irrigation. Ours is not a turf course, and the 'greens' are made of oiled sand. The course lies up and down the hill sides and is cut by great arroyos, spanned by bridges. Many of these arroyos are 'water hazards,' though, excepting in spring, the water in them is purely imaginary. No matter how hot the day, there is always a breeze stirring up in these hills, and one has not only the exhilaration of golf but also much of the sport and the exercise of mountain climbing.

So Does Indiana

A GOLF course was established for all the people of its community, without asking for a cent in donations, by James D. Golliday Post of Kokomo, Indiana, reports Forrest A. Harness, former Judge Advocate of the Department of Indiana.

"In March of 1927," writes Mr. Harness, "our post determined to sponsor a municipal golf course, but after weeks of dickering the city council decided not to go ahead with the project. The post kept right on. We leased eighty-one acres of land adjoining the city for a period of ten years with option to purchase at any time. We laid out a nine-hole course. To finance our undertaking we sold advance greens fee tickets for 1927 at \$10 each and raised \$3,500. When we had got this far, the city saw the popularity of the project, loaned us machinery and appropriated \$2,500 to help us.

"We started work on our course in April and opened the course for play in June. We charged fifty cents a day for players not having yearly tickets. Revenue from this source amounted to an average of \$100 a week the first season. In the fall of 1927 we finished six of our greens. The remaining three were finished the following spring. We built a clubhouse and a system for watering the nine greens.

"To help us build our nine greens, nine merchants, factories and banks each loaned the post \$300, the total sum of \$2,700 to be repaid in installments from receipts. We paid for our clubhouse in the same way. We have established a sinking fund for the purchase of the ground. The course is operated by The American Legion Golf Association. Every member of the post is a member of the corporation.

"In 1928 we increased our annual greens fee to \$15 and felt assured of the financial success of our whole undertaking. The project has been the most popular undertaking in this city in a good many years. The course is on a beautiful tract of rolling land, with plenty of natural hazards and crossed by two streams. It is enjoyed by hundreds of men and women of our city in addition to our own members. It is an ideal place for Legion picnics and gatherings of all sorts. We believe we have one of the sportiest nine-hole golf courses in the State of Indiana."

Wisconsin Also

ABOUT the time this story is read, perhaps, the five hundred members of Talbot Montgomery Post in Wausau, Wisconsin, will throw a big community party to celebrate the opening of the post's new public golf course. Just about a year ago the post got the big idea for the golf course and since then things have been moving right along. If everything goes right, the Legionnaires of Wausau and their friends should be tramping

their fairways, romping over greens and tees, digging in the rough and cussing out a creek before the leaves turn this fall. It has taken a lot of work, however, to promote this prospect, according to Legionnaire E. B. Thayer, Jr.

"Wausau entertained the 1928 convention of the Wisconsin Department," writes Mr. Thayer. "It had some money left over after paying convention expenses and it had saved quite a bit in previous years, so its financial future looked bright. The golf course idea went over big. A corporation was formed; an ideal

100-acre site was purchased; an issue of \$25,000 in six percent preferred stock was sold to hundreds of persons. Business men, clerks, factory workers and business girls gladly joined.

"A contracting company started work fixing up the course before snow fell last winter. This spring a water system was installed and the work of fixing up fairways, tees and greens was rushed. Experts say the nine-hole course will be one of the sportiest in the Middle West. We shall have four holes with straightaway fairways from 340 to 500 yards long. There are three fairways with doglegs, and two requiring drives across a creek. We think our course is an ideal one for the average player.

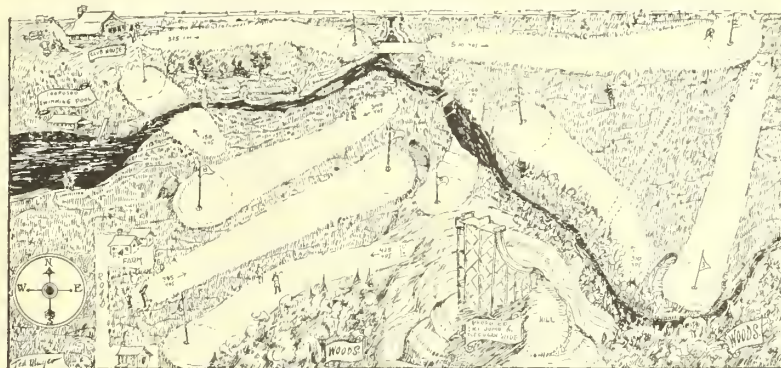
"When our post announced its plans we found hundreds of persons who had never played were eager to learn the game. To promote interest, we sponsored a golf school in conjunction with the Wausau Vocational School. This spring more than one hundred men and women were taking lessons from a professional.

"The post has obtained an option on land which can be used to enlarge the course to eighteen holes."

Remembrance

TOWNS are little and far apart in Leelanau County, Michigan, and farmhouses are not thick along the county's roads, but the graves of American soldiers in the village burial yards and the country churchyards of Leelanau County are never without flags on Memorial Day. For a single post of The American Legion, with only thirty-six members, sends its members over seventy-five miles of roads on that day to render annual honors to the soldier dead of all wars.

"Raymond Nelson Post of Northport, Michigan, holds more than a dozen services on each Memorial Day," reports Legionnaire Karl W. Detzer of Leland, Michigan. "Northport has only 300 persons and approximately half the post's thirty-six members



Legionnaire Theodore Mayer takes his pen in hand to present the vision of the future golf course of Talbot Montgomery Post of Wausau, Wisconsin. The vision is approaching reality this summer as tees and fairways and greens take form one by one while the contractor follows out the architect's plans

K E E P I N G S T E P

live in Suttons Bay, a neighboring village. The Northport platoon of the post serves as color guard and firing squad, the Suttons Bay platoon as a twelve-piece military band. At seven o'clock on the morning of each Memorial Day the post starts out on its long parade. It sets itself a schedule, allowing thirty minutes to each village burial ground and country churchyard. The post arrives in cars promptly at the minute, marches into the cemetery; the band plays a hymn; a local speaker chosen from the country round about makes a ten-minute address; three volleys ring out; the bugle sounds taps; and the local committee places new American flags on the soldiers' graves.

"A village priest and a village Norwegian Lutheran preacher ride in the first car, behind the county sheriff, who leads the way. At each cemetery one or the other offers prayer. At Northport the Auxiliary serves dinner at twelve o'clock. Then the Legionnaires take the road again."

Extra! Extra!

ARCHIE WOOD POST of Clarksville, Tennessee, and Lawrence Capehart Post of Jeffersonville, Indiana, stopped puzzling about 1929 financial problems after all their members turned newsboys and sold special editions of newspapers on the streets.

"Our town does not have a Sunday newspaper so we sold the Sunday edition of the *Nashville Banner*," relates Guy C. Stephens of Clarksville. "Our 'newsboys' worked in pairs and were stationed on corners all through town. We cleared \$220. The money is used as the post's relief fund."

"Our post netted more than \$1,000 from a special edition of *The Evening News*," writes Past Post Commander H. A. Wenige of Jeffersonville, who is owner of the newspaper. "The post committee obtained more than 2,300 inches of advertising for the special edition and it was necessary to publish twenty extra pages. Two hundred individual advertisements were carried, totaling 105 columns. The edition was replete with Legion news and editorials. Advertising receipts and receipts from sales of papers on the streets all went to the post. More than 1,000 copies were sold by prominent business and professional men who are not Legionnaires. I'll be glad to send a copy of the special edition to any Legionnaire writing for it."

Safety

NINETEEN thousand children are being killed in accidents each year in the United States. To reduce this tremendous casualty total, the Legion's National Americanism Commission is assisting all Legion posts in conducting local safety campaigns. The commission will send full details to any post on application.

As one feature of the national program, the commission has

arranged in co-operation with the railroads for the showing in each community of a safety film, "Look—Listen—Live." This film will be supplied free by the railroads to Legion posts and the agent of any railroad will be able to tell when the film may be obtained in his community. The film is a short one—showing time three minutes—and posts ordinarily are able to induce picture theaters to place it on any program.

The Education Division of the National Safety Council, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, is offering posts special service for safety campaigns in schools. Through this organization, posts may obtain teachers' manuals, handbooks, posters, plays and other material.

Codfish vs. Orange Juice

WILL it be Los Angeles or Boston in 1930? The California and Massachusetts Departments will provide an answer to that question by putting on rival campaigns at the national convention in Louisville, September 30th to October 4th. The national convention in San Antonio last year decreed that the claims of Los Angeles and Boston should be given priority consideration for the 1930 national convention.

"New England is solidly behind Boston," bulletins Dennis H. Haverty, Adjutant of the Massachusetts Department. "It wants the convention to be a part of the Tercentenary Celebration of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—it would like to make it a real New England home-coming for the rest of the country. The city of Boston has already appropriated \$25,000 for entertainment of the convention. The Commonwealth's legislature has passed an act that would make \$50,000 available for convention expenses."

A photograph of Governor Frank G. Allen signing the act making \$50,000 available for the convention in case it comes to Boston backs up Mr. Haverty's claims. Standing behind the Governor are Dr. William H. Griffin, Department Commander; Mr. Haverty, Edward F. O'Dowd, chairman of the Civil Service Committee of the Massachusetts Department, and Michael J. Mulkern, chairman of the Department Legislative Committee.

Meanwhile, news comes from Los Angeles that California will send so many Forty-Niners to Louisville that New England won't have a chance. There are hints of big checks and other things. And California is going to give free orange juice to everybody at Louisville.

All Set

THE one hundred thousand Legionnaires who go to Louisville to attend the 1929 national convention of The American Legion—September 30th to October 3d—will see one of the finest auditoriums in which a national convention of the Legion has ever



Governor Allen of Massachusetts signs an act which would provide \$50,000 as the Commonwealth's contribution to make the Legion's 1930 national convention successful if it is held in Boston



Legionnaires of Archie Wood Post of Clarksville, Tennessee, turned newsboys to sell a special edition of a newspaper, thereby adding \$220 to the post's relief fund. Many other posts have followed the same plan successfully

KEEPING STEP

been held. They will be at home in Louisville's Memorial Auditorium, a huge building with the lines of a Greek temple, completed this spring at a cost of \$1,500,000. The opening session of the convention will be held in Jefferson County Armory and all other sessions in the new auditorium.

Jefferson Post of Louisville, which in June had 3,000 members and held the title of the world's largest Legion post, holds its meetings in a special hall in the auditorium.

Floating Memorial

SILENTLY drifting on its way to the gulf of Mexico, a nine-foot miniature ship, painted in the colors of The American Legion and bearing a lettered message from Chief Paducah Post of Paducah, Kentucky, has been bringing to town after town along the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers a reminder of Memorial Day. The craft, according to Dr. Burton A. Washburn of Paducah Post, was launched by his post and Boy Scouts on Memorial Day. Without a crew the ship is expected to be carried by the current to the mouth of the Mississippi and into the gulf. It has watertight compartments. The message painted on the ship's side requests that craft passing it make sure that it will keep afloat, and asks that every town and city noting its passage send a telegram to Paducah Post.

Recalling 1775

OLIVER Ames, Jr., Post of Boston, Massachusetts, took part in one of the most unusual ceremonies that came this year during the Memorial Day period," reports F. Maurice Child. "On May 26th Post Adjutant Ross H. Currier and other members accompanied the British Naval and Military Veterans of Boston on the annual pilgrimage to the graves of British soldiers who fought in the War of the Revolution. With a very snappy fife, drum and bugle band, led by a drum major six feet seven inches tall, a contingent of fifty British veterans journeyed to Lexington and Concord in motor busses. There they laid wreaths on the memorial tablets marking the graves of American dead and paid other tributes to these dead. At Bedford, the local Minute Men and the Legion posts of Bedford and Lexington turned out to entertain the Britishers. At Concord the pilgrims were welcomed at Legion headquarters before starting their march to the battleground and the bridge where was fired the shot heard round the world."

Illinois Getters

AL C. LARSEN of Sangamon Post in Springfield, Illinois, is going to attend the Louisville national convention in style. His outfit back home is going to see to that. The post is sending Al to Louisville and paying all his expenses because he happened to be high man in the post's member-getting contest. Single-handed he signed up 115 men for 1929. But he didn't have a soft job. Two other members of the post were running even with him most of the time the contest lasted, and the

final checkup showed that Claude Rittenhouse had landed 100 members and Curtis Wood got 105. Both got prizes.

"Can any other post exhibit three member-getters in the century class?" queries Legionnaire Harry McGraugh of Springfield, adding: "Larsen is Chef de Gare of our Forty and Eight voiture, Rittenhouse is Conducteur and Wood, Correspondant. Guess that proves how the Forty and Eight helps the Legion. Sangamon Post increased its membership to almost 1,200 and became the second largest post in Illinois. Much of our success is due to the special Legion page appearing each Sunday in the *Illinois State Journal*."

"All very well about Springfield's member-getters, but right here in Aurora, Illinois, we have a man who has already signed up 144 members for 1929 and he's still after more," writes R. W. Carter of Roosevelt-Aurora Post, nominating George S.

Jungels for Keeping Step's hall of fame. "Mr. Jungels is a mail carrier and for exercise spends his spare time walking around town signing up members for the post. He uses the Monthly as an exhibit to supplement his selling talk to prospects."

Moscow, Not Boise

THE photograph of the memorial gymnasium and armory of the University of Idaho, reproduced in the Keeping Step sector for June, had unusual interest for Mrs. G. A. Howard of Garfield, Washington, for it recalled to her the day when she attended the dedication of the gymnasium and armory site by Past National Commander John R. McQuigg, who is now deceased. The building, provided for the university through efforts of the Idaho Department of The American Legion, has an even deeper interest to Mrs. Howard, however. Telling of her plans to attend the ceremonies at the building early in June this year, Mrs. Howard wrote:

"I expect to be present at the dedication of bronze tablet, as my own son's name is to be on it—he having been in Idaho when he enlisted. The university is at Moscow, Idaho, and not at Boise, as the story stated, and Moscow is but twenty-eight miles from our town in Washington."

The Roll Call

WILLIAM T. SCANLON, author of "God Have Mercy on Us," the Monthly's prize-winning novel which starts in this issue, is a member of Marines Post of Chicago. . . . Alton T. Roberts, former chairman of the Legion's National Distinguished Guests Committee, who wrote "When Foch Came to America," belongs to Richard M. Jopling Post of Marquette, Michigan. . . . Major Henry W. Daly at 80 is one of the oldest members of the Legion, and is on the rolls of Jasper Post of Washington, D. C. . . . Karl W. Detzer is a member of Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan. . . . Sigurd U. Bergh belongs to Omaha (Nebraska) Post. . . . General Frank T. Hines is a member of George Washington Post of Washington, D. C. . . . General Clarence R. Edwards, Past Commander of the Department of Massachusetts, belongs to Dedham Post of Westwood, Massachusetts.

RIGHT GUIDE



The little boys and girls of Park River, North Dakota, were coaxing daddies to build wading pools in backyards, so Paul Farup Post turned Daddy for all the children of the town and built a wading pool that was big enough for everybody. The Legionnaires did the pick and shovel work and everything





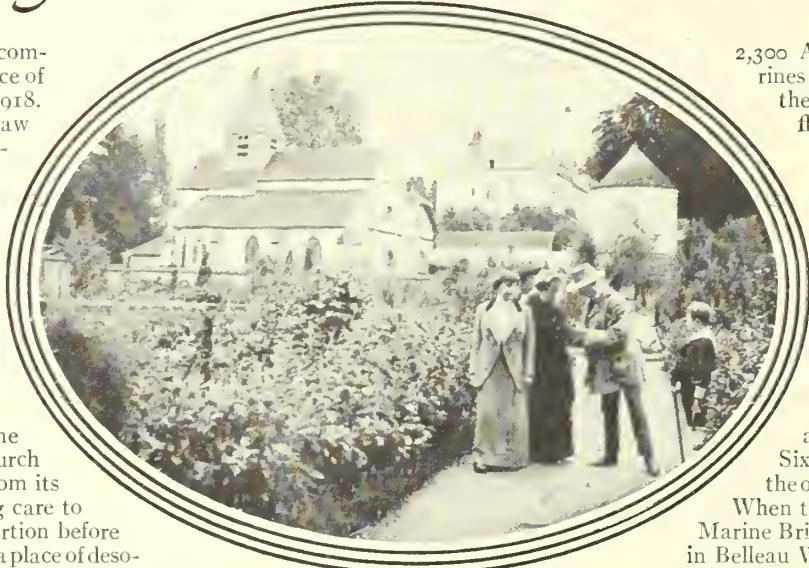
BELLEAU

ONE thousand members of the old Twenty-Sixth (Yankee) Division will gather again in France early in October to dedicate

a memorial to their 2,218 comrades who died in the service of their country in 1917 and 1918. There in the land that saw them give the last full measure of devotion we are setting up a living remembrance to these dead who were denied the privilege of participating in the victory—a memorial that will go through the centuries serving God and man. For we are not putting up a shaft which will set forth the military achievements of the Yankee Division, but a church which has been rebuilt from its ruins, restored with loving care to the beauty that was its portion before the fortunes of war made it a place of desolation. It is the village church of Belleau.

The countryside which in the early summer of 1918 was ripped and ploughed by the implements of war is a scene of quiet peace today, and the scars of battle are almost entirely removed. Here, where stirring deeds were performed by American and French troops in upsetting the last great offensive of the Germans and beginning the advance of the Allied troops that was definitely to turn the tide, is the memorial to the dead of the New England Division. Almost stone for stone the ruined old church, a distinct type of

Gets Its Church Back *By General Clarence R. Edwards*



The peaceful village church of Belleau in 1908 and (above) as it appeared after the Yankee Division guns had pounded it in early July, 1918. The New England Division has had the church rebuilt virtually stone for stone on a new site facing the American Cemetery and will dedicate it in October

early Gothic architecture, has been removed from its former site and re-assembled across the road from the entrance to the cemetery at Belleau where some

2,300 American soldiers and marines lie in their last sleep. Before the front door of the church flows the tide of traffic between Paris and Chateau-Thierry, along the historic highway that leads to Metz and Germany.

There is a touch of sentiment a bit out of the ordinary in this church memorial which the Division has been privileged to erect, for it was largely from the shells sent over by the artillery of the Twenty-Sixth that the destruction of the old church was accomplished.

When the 52d Brigade relieved the Marine Brigade of the Second Division in Belleau Wood early in July, 1918, it was obvious that the line of buildings along the slight elevation before the ground sloped down to Givry would form a very difficult point to attack whenever the Allies took the offensive. During the three or four days before the attack of July 18th the 103d Field Artillery with their 155 millimeter guns and the 101st with their 75's shelled the houses in the village of Belleau occupied

by the enemy. On the morning of the 18th a strong preparation was made upon the town by both the 101st and the 103d, while the 103d and 104th Infantry regiments (Continued on page 69)

THEN AND NOW

Honorable A. W. O. L.'s—Navy Recruits in Job-Lots—Guys Who Wore the Rooster—Tips on History and Architecture—Morale Builders—Old Gangs Get Together

LEGIONNAIRE Monroe W. Lingle of Fort Morgan, Colorado, with an introductory word of commendation for Then and Now, which we blushing acknowledge but omit, joins the Gang in this wise:

"I am sending you an unofficial picture entitled 'The Spirit of 1919,' taken some time in the spring of that year in Liesers, Germany. The group was posed in front of an old German prison which we transformed into a community hall soon after our arrival at Liesers.

"These three gentlemen, cartooning the famous 'Spirit of '76' picture, were all members of the 315th Engineers Band, 90th Division. The man under the wicked-looking ax is Mr. Newman, saxophone artist. The good-looking soldier behind the snare drum is Corporal Thomas Fayo. The dignified gentleman pumping on the piccolo doubling for a fife, was our honorable Assistant Bandmaster whose name I can't at the moment recall.

"I was a member of this same band and wonder often what has become of our old gang."

Comrade Lingle's picture holds the position of honor on this page.

WE DON'T want to lose the identity of the Then and Now Gang as a unit in too many subsidiary organizations such as our U. A. V. C. (Unofficially Alive Veterans Club), the A. S. M. W. W. (Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War), and so on. But William E. Stamp of Stark-Parker Post of East Providence, Rhode Island, suggests another—an exclusive A. W. O. L. Club. But before we are deluged with applications for membership, it must be explained that these A. W. O. L.'s are those who went A. W. O. L. to get into the war and not those who pulled the same stunt for the purpose of seeing Paris or one of the leave areas, or of dodging duties with their outfits.

Legionnaire Stamp, who served with the 66th Coast Artillery Corps, suggests these eligibility requirements:

"Back in July, 1918, when H. M. S. *Lancashire* was five days out of New York, carrying a regiment of Coast Artillery and some Red Cross nurses, two tired and pale-looking soldiers mounted the steps leading to the top deck, ignoring a sign which read, 'No One But Officers Permitted Upon This Deck.' Signs, or in fact Army Regulations, had meant nothing in their young lives during the preceding five or six days.

"The men were Sergeant Percy Wentworth of the Medical Detachment at Fort Adams, Rhode Island, whose home was in Providence, but now of Putnam, Connecticut, and Corporal George ('Martha') Washington of the same detachment who lived in Pawtucket. Both men had enlisted in the Rhode Island National Guard with the intention of going over to do their bit to help lick old Kaiser Bill.

"Our Uncle Sam forgot these young men, however. When he organized the 66th Regiment, C. A. C., for overseas duty from the various units of the Narragansett Bay Defenses, their names were not among those selected. To rectify Uncle Sam's error, when the 66th left Fort Adams to entrain at Newport for

Boston, two members of the Medical Detachment were reported A. W. O. L. that evening. Boarding the troop train with the aid of some comrades, they hid themselves between a couple of seats."

UPON arrival in Boston," his story continues, "they marched to the dock and waited until some of the outfit had boarded the transport. Two of the men threw over the side of the ship two packs and two identification cards already checked off as their possessors had gone up the gangplank. The two stow-aways-to-be then fell into line with those waiting to board the transport and presented the cards to the checking officer at the gangplank who looked with surprise when he saw the cards had already been checked.

"How in Hell did you men get off the boat?" he asked.

"We forgot a package, sir," Wentworth answered, "and we came off the other gangplank to get it, but couldn't find it."

"Well, you get to Hell on that boat again and stay there," commanded the officer.

"This order was gladly obeyed. To prevent being discovered until the ship was well out to sea, the men crawled under the canvas covering of a lifeboat and stayed there. The *Lancashire* left Boston for New York where she picked up her convoy and five days later Wentworth and Washington reported to Colonel Martin-gale that they were A. W. O. L. from their detachment at Fort Adams. They were placed under arrest.

"Upon arrival at Liverpool, the stow-aways were turned over to the Military Police and held awaiting the disposition of their case by General Pershing to whom a record of their activities had been sent. The General's reply was, 'I wish I had more men with the same spirit.' Wentworth and Washington were immediately sent to France. Wentworth joined an X-ray Detachment at the front, while Washington went with a theatrical troupe entertaining wounded soldiers in various hospitals.

"I am wondering how many recall this incident or any similar experience. In other words: How many can claim membership in this exclusive A. W. O. L. Club?"

YOU will recall that after a good deal of persuasion in these columns we finally induced several of the feminine Legionnaires to speak their pieces. The ice seems to have been broken as another "Legionnaress" lines up with the Gang. Mary Argo Martin of Tucson, Arizona, ex-Army Nurse, has this amusing not-in-line-of-duty anecdote to relate:

"While I was stationed at Langres, France, with Base Hospital No. 53, I was lucky enough to have my cousins in Ireland come forward with a promise to feed me, if necessary, thereby obtaining a much-coveted British leave in March, 1919.

"Returning from Sligo, Ireland, to London, I happened to share a compartment in the train with one English officer. Seeing his three embroidered stars, I addressed him correctly as 'Captain.' After a pause he asked, 'Do you mind telling me



Three windjammers of the 315th Engineers Band do a 1919 version of the 'Spirit of '76' in Liesers, Germany. Another bandsman, M. W. Lingle, contributed this gem of snapshotttery

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

what the insignia on your collar stands for?' I blurted out, 'Where have you been that you do not know the American Army Nurse Corps?' His 'In Africa' answered that question.

"After another pause, he said 'Would you mind telling me what your officers' marks of rank are?' Starting with the second looney gold bar, I followed them up to Pershing's four stars. A longer pause this time—then: 'So that is why the officer with one star looked as if he expected a salute from me. But I stared at him most coldly.' As an apology to the American Army he got out at every stop, returning with hot tea which we drank, stacking the cups and saucers under the seats.

"So if, through Then and Now, you can locate the American general who lost a sunburned English captain's salute in London, I will gladly send him the equivalent of the many cups of strong black tea I drank in his stead."

WE OFTEN wondered just why goats seem to be the favorite mascots on board the ships of the Navy. And that brings up also the question regarding the official goat mascot of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and its reason for being. Is it probably because of a goat's sure-footedness? That's the deduction we made after reading a letter from V. A. Dinsmore of C. C. Thomas Navy Post of the Legion in San Francisco, California, with which he sent the picture reproduced on this page:

"It may be that some of the Legionnaires who were on the U. S. S. *Robinson* No. 88 will recognize 'Pedro,' our ship's dog, who appears in the enclosed snapshot, and remember when we put up his hammock for him.

"In explanation to those who never traveled on one of the destroyers which make seventy-five knots an hour (thirty-five ahead and forty up and down) be it understood that the decks were hot and rolling and a dog could get little or no sleep. After a week in the Atlantic, the temper of the best dog would be ruined by being rolled over every time an attempt was made to get some sleep.

"Pedro was no exception and as he became a menace from lack of sleep, Captain G. W. (Jack) Simpson, our commander, ordered him chloroformed. Upon our protest, however, the captain consented to a trial of the hammock and the result was as is shown in the picture. Pedro did not leave the hammock for the first twenty-four hours after we put him in it and slept most of the time.

"If any of my old shipmates would like a copy of this snapshot, they can have it by sending a thin dime to me at 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco."

The Company Clerk wants to stick in his oar and ask those same shipmates if any of them can report what became of Pedro and whether or not he might be eligible for membership in the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War.

ANOTHER county heard from—in the form of a letter from Harold E. Fosdick, Adjutant of Albert J. Foster Post of Willows, California. And he's a Then-and-Nowyer who repeats without special invitation. Here is the Adjutant's report:

"As a member of the Then and Now Gang, I am asking this question: Why don't we hear from the Recruiting Services? When we entered the war to end wars, the Army, Navy and Marine Corps were all fitted out with elaborate recruiting services. In order that I may be the first in a new field, let me relate the following:

"When war was declared, I was stationed at the Navy Recruiting Station in Pueblo, Colorado.

"About the first of May, 1917, five strapping young brothers, sons of Austrian parents, presented themselves for enlistment. I was about to call it a night. They explained, however, that they were working a day shift in the steel mills, and that if the Navy wanted them, it could take them at night or not at all. I didn't lock up until the Navy had them—or most of them.

"They had decided before coming to the office that one of the five must stay at home to take care of Mother. After much argument it was settled that the youngest was to stay. We then proceeded with the examinations which disclosed a minor physical defect in one of the applicants sufficient to reject him, although it could be easily corrected by an operation.

"With a mild oath of rejoicing the youngest brother started to undress, informing the rejected one that he could stay and look out for Mother. The next day saw the four successful applicants on their way to service.

"I had forgotten the above incident when about a month later the rejected one came into the office stating that 'Mother has more money than she ever had before. She doesn't need me, the others have all made her an allotment.' And added, 'Can you have me operated? I'm going too.'

"Arrangements were made for the operation and shortly thereafter the fifth son of this family was in uniform.

"I have forgotten the names of these boys, but it is possible that the Then and Now Gang can tell us their names and where they are now.

"And this lets me start a new controversy: What family had the most sons or daughters, or both, in the World War?"



The life of Reilly aboard the U. S. S. Robinson. V. A. Dinsmore tells us the hammock was rigged for the ship mascot, Pedro, when the bounding main robbed Pedro of his bunk fatigue

the old memory to working and we did a little research work. In *The American Legion Weekly*, away back in the issue of May 11, 1923, we found the picture of Mrs. A. G. Adams of Nashville, Tennessee, surrounded by the pictures of six stalwart sons, all of whom were in service during the war.

Here is the service roster which Mrs. Adams boasted: A. G. Adams, 2d lieutenant, Ordnance; Alfred T. Adams, 2d lieutenant, Field Artillery; G. Elliott Adams, 2d lieutenant, Field Artillery; David P. Adams, 1st lieutenant, Field Artillery; Howell E. Adams, 1st lieutenant, 12th Railway Engineers; A. E. F.; Morton B. Adams, 1st lieutenant, 90th Aero Squadron, A. E. F.

That record stood for only a few months, because we found reported in the July 27, 1923, *Weekly* a full squad of servicemen in each of two families. Mrs. M. J. Daly of Kane, Pennsylvania, was represented by seven sons, one of whom died of pneumonia while in service, and a son-in-law. The same line-up, seven sons and a son-in-law, was the contribution of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Jacobson of New York City. We are told that the ages of the seven Jacobson boys ranged from 32 years down to 14—the latter having added a few years to his age in order to get into the Navy. This last youngster was later a sergeant of the 17th Company, Fifth Marines, and was wounded near Château-Thierry and again in the St. Mihiel squabble. Five of the seven boys saw action overseas and four were wounded.

The Cassidys, the Mannings and the Kowalskis rated in the six-son classification. Mrs. Julia Cassidy of Philadelphia contributed six sons and Ex-Governor and Mrs. Richard I. Manning of South Carolina had the same number of stars in their service flag. And down in Brownsville, Texas, Mr. and Mrs.

|| THEN and NOW ||

Benjamin Kowalski counted in their quota of warriors one major, two captains, one first lieutenant, one corporal and one field clerk. This last family just escaped being in the seven class, because the Government thought Dad Kowalski's 63 years too many for active service and rejected him, although he had served in the Quartermaster Corps of the Army back in 1878 and 1879.

Now we'd like to know more about the five Colorado gobs, and we would also appreciate learning how the other well-represented service families are faring after these years. No doubt

some of the Gang can tell us of additional families which had a squad, more or less, of sons in service. And if these former warriors are Legionnaires and prospective members of the Then and Now Gang, so much the better.

OLD man Morale was certainly bolstered up in sundry and devious ways after the war went west. The life of a soldier, after the outfits got settled down in France and in the Occupation Army, was a medley of shows, football and baseball tournaments, horse shows, dances, movies or what have you. That is, outside of the close order drill, hikes, reviews, and range work, usually confined to the morning hours.

That's how we interpret the picture sent to us by Arthur L. Sherman of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and reproduced on this page. Just another way of letting off steam and keeping up the morale. Sherman writes:

"The enclosed photograph, I know, will bring back memories to those men who served in Battery C, 12th Field Artillery, Second Division. The costumed soldiers were our battery's contribution to the division's celebration of the first anniversary of its first encounter with the Germans on June 1, 1918. That was during the Aisne Defensive, which started on May 27th and ended on June 5th—when the enemy was blocked in its last serious drive toward Paris.

"The cage in the background, drawn by a pair of mules, contained a soldier dressed to represent the Kaiser and his guard. The entire outfit paraded through Rheinbrohl, Germany, where we were located, and through neighboring towns and won applause and admiration from the German people as well as the soldiers."

QUITE a stretch of the imagination is necessary to determine just what Hannibal, Napoleon or other warriors of history would have thought of the theatrical antics of troops of the World War—that is, after the war was won. We might say it was a case of "beating their bayonets into powder puffs," or something of that nature.

The three coryphees pictured on this page are introduced by one of them, F. Kearney Sauer of Beverly Hills, California, who now sports a dignified "M.D." after his name:

"When the 107th Engineers of the 32d Division were stationed in Oberbieber, Germany, a show troupe was formed and a three-act comedy, 'The Yankee Model,' was staged. The

first performance was given in Sayn, Germany, on New Year's Day, 1919. The entire area was covered on the tour and the final curtain was rung down at Oberbieber on April 15th, when our own regiment was the audience.

"Our troupe was made up of Hartz, Kratzke, De Forge, Fay, Marquard, Kingstrand, Demosh, Anderson and the writer, Sauer, as the 'female' chorus; Houle, Brettle, Jester and Evans comprised the male quartet and the so-called comedians were Czerwinski (who died in 1920 in an accident), Bellew and Curry.

Pete Lechner bit spikes in half and nailed boards together, using his bare fists as a hammer. Others I recall were Gelespi and Hanafin.

"Lieutenant Gray of the Michigan battalion was our director and his constant attention to the troupe made it go over.

"The enclosed picture was taken in Oberbieber on a nice, cold, snowy day, outside Fritz Lehnartz's 'Cafe zur Kaiser Reich,' where many a beer was drunk and many a crap game won—and lost.

"Our costume trimmings were made possible through the light-

fingered ability of the troupe while playing in Coblenz where a bit of lace, a length of ribbon or whatnot was salvaged as part payment of the war debt.

"As our troupe included men from the East and the Middle West, I believe these purveyors of the Thespian art are widely scattered after these ten long years and I hope this will reach them, as well as some of the audiences who may recall whether our show was good, indifferent or terrible. In any case it was entertainment."

STILL another outlying unit of the A. E. F., which has been hiding out on the Gang, has now been heard from, and Legionnaire William H. Steinmetz of Merchantville, New Jersey, gets credit for bringing it to the fore. He says:

"I want to put in a good word for the step-children of the A. E. F.—the U. S. A. A. S. men who cursed Ford ambulances all over France. And for those who do not know, those initials stand for the U. S. Army Ambulance Service. These sections were attached exclusively to our Allies' armies, the English, French and Italian, with the exception of a few scattered units that finally served the Americans in the Argonne. We were American soldiers, forgotten by G. H. Q., brigaded with the French, evacuating wounded from the front lines.

"No summary of the U. S. A. A. C. Service in the war would be complete without an introductory tribute to the old American Field Service—a group of American college youths who in 1915-16-17 enlisted in and pledged themselves to the French Army.

"This novel and distinctive organization of American drivers on foreign soil had its inception long before any American troops were landed in France. Exposed and hazardous, theirs was the specialists' work of hauling the wounded from the front under all conditions, through shell-fire and gas.

"With ever-increasing casualties, the French High Command



The above picture, Arthur L. Sherman assures us, will prove a memory-arouser to ex-members of Battery C, 12th Field Artillery. The battery celebrated the anniversary of its first encounter with the enemy by parading in Rheinbrohl and neighboring German towns, on June 1, 1919



De Forge, Sauer and Anderson, chorus "girls" of the 107th Engineers' show in Oberbieber, Germany, and "on tour"

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

was anxious that the entrance of our country into the war would not interrupt this service and early in 1917 Marshal Joffre broached the subject of replacements to our Government. The request made upon many universities met with a prompt response and there came into being the U. S. A. A. C.

"In an article in the *Stars and Stripes*, the Usaacs were described as '6,000 soldiers in one lost Legion—6,000 Americans wearing khaki uniforms yet seldom, if ever, meeting the hundreds of thousands of American soldiers in France—threads of khaki running through the horizon blue fighting garment of France.'

"The excellence of this unique service resulted in the residue of the original assignment being diverted to Italy, upon the request of General Diaz of the Italian High Command.

More than thirty percent of the ambulance drivers in the French and Italian Armies were awarded decorations, while several units were decorated with the fourragere.

"As a shoulder insignia the outfit in France chose the 'Cock of Verdun,' silver on a field of maroon, and in Italy, the 'Lion of St. Mark.'

"I am sending a snapshot of the kitchen of Section 506, U. S. A. A. C., taken in Sierenze, Alsace, some time in December, 1918. Some of the geese in the foreground were slated for our Christmas dinner table. Whether they were ever paid for, I am sorry to say I do not know!

"And now let us hope that all Legionnaires will know who the Usaacs are and that there will be no more questions at conventions and meetings as to 'who the guy is with a rooster on his shoulder.'"

EVEN though we may be a bit hazy about certain historical or architectural facts, we always approach such subjects boldly in these columns, because if we are in error we know that we will be corrected. With that statement we introduce comments received from Legionnaires residing in South Pasadena, California, Red Wing, Minnesota, Carney's Point, New Jersey, Rapallo, Italy, and way stations regarding the picture of Varennes, France, which we showed in *Then and Now* in the February Monthly.

In case your February number isn't available, we will remind you that the picture showed a fairly-intact building on the east bank of the Aire River, in which Company K of the 23d Engineers headquartered during the war, with a background of war-wrecked Varennes. The caption, in part, read: "The house is reported to have sheltered Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, captured during their flight from Paris in June, 1791, states W. J. Andrews of Santa Rosa, California. . . ."

Both Comrade Andrews and the Company Clerk could hang an alibi on the joker "is reported" in the caption, but we're ready to accept the friendly criticisms offered. The props were first knocked out from under our attempt to give historical background to the building (although Louis and Marie Antoinette were captured in Varennes), by Ernest Peixotto, ex-captain, Engineers Reserve Corps, of Lexington Post in New York City, and Legionnaire Peixotto knows whereof he speaks:

"I note with interest the picture of Varennes that appears in the February number of the Monthly, with the request that someone tell whether the house shown really sheltered Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette on the historic night of their capture in Varennes. This could not have been the case for to anyone conversant with French architecture, the house is unmistakably a product of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

"I know the house well for, as an official artist of the A. E. F., I made a sketch from one of the upstairs windows on a rainy day when the artillery was still barking and the planes flying low overhead. I have always understood it was in a house in the

old part of the town that the fleeing monarchs took refuge."

For substantiation of Mr. Peixotto's statement, let us hop over to Rapallo, Italy, from which town Legionnaire John Allen Wyeth, ex-33d Division man, wrote a most interesting letter, which we should like to reprint in full if space permitted. On the architectural point raised by Peixotto, Wyeth says: "The house in the picture in *Then and Now* could not have been more than twenty years old and replaces a small two-storied house which stood on that corner. This may have formed the back part of the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, but this I doubt. The facade of the hotel was on the big square on which stood the parish church (its ruins partly visible in the picture) and from which the road to Stenay opened out. The bridge, except for its camouflage, is exactly as it was in those days."

Wyeth backs up his statement with some historical facts, explaining that while he is not a student of French history, he has been engaged recently in gathering all possible data, for literary purposes, of the famous flight of the French royal family in June, 1791. Briefing his letter, we find that "the building which served as headquarters for Company K, 23d Engineers, could not have sheltered the royal fugitives. They

entered the town late in the night of June 21st by the Clermont road. They expected to find a fresh relay . . . at that (west) end of the town at the top of the hill near la Maison de Préfontaine, facing the square of the Hôtel de Ville. Here they lost at least a half hour's time . . . instead of going down the Grand rue and across the Aire where the relay was waiting for them at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, which stood just back of the modern house shown in the picture. . . ."

After being captured, "the king and queen, the two children and their aunt were escorted to the house of a grocer, by the odd name of Sauce, where they spent the night. This house was on the

left of the street here called la Rue de la Basse-Cour, and was just about half-way between the church and the bridge. . . ."

VARENNES seems to have been a headquarters for quite a number of outfits besides the units of the 28th and 35th Divisions, which captured the town. Letters came from ex-members of various organizations and all of the letters are so interesting we would like to let you read them as written. We will introduce the writers and brief what they told us.

The Ordnance Corps is represented by ex-buck C. F. Goodman of the Ammunition Section, now of Fairfield, Iowa. Goodman reports:

"We had a First Corps ammunition dump across the road and also around the old church showing in the picture of Varennes. We were holed up in the basement of a wrecked house on the opposite side of the Aire River. I heard about Louis, the somethingth, and Marie Antoinette while there, but am not sure of the building they were supposed to have occupied.

"But what I want to express now is a hearty 'Thank You' to that outfit of Engineers (probably Company K) who had their mess on the west side of the river against that old high bank. The outfit we messed with in Varennes was undoubtedly the A. E. F.'s worst, while the 23d Engineers had cooks that were cooks and grub aplenty. I sneaked into their mess line pretty often and thought I was getting away with it in the dark till K. P. No. 1 began sounding off, 'Stranger in the ranks,' as I came along. But, fortunately, K. P. Nos. 2, 3 or 4 would carol back, 'Feed the stranger and let him go.' That outfit of Engineers was O. K. and I want to thank them at this late date for their hospitality.

"Incidentally, a word for the bunch that blew up ammunition along the old battlefield after the Armistice, while most of the



Geese which graced the Christmas table of Section 506, U. S. A. A. C., do a route step before the section's kitchen in Sierenze, Alsace. W. H. Steinmetz took the picture in 1918

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

other boys were drinking beer on the Rhine or cognac back in France. We wallowed in the mud all winter and spring with nary a canteen within many miles.

"And I would like to get a line on that little colored corporal of Company E, 803d Pioneer Infantry, who took snaps of us piling ammunition preparatory to demolishing, up in the woods near Rupt, out of Sommedieu. I paid him for some prints which failed to show up."

NEXT in line appears Reuben E. Gunderson, Leo C. Peterson Post of Red Wing, Minnesota, who spent six months in Varennes with Field Hospital No. 41. He tells us that the intact building shown in the Varennes picture is the Hôtel du Grand Cerf and is without historic note so far as he could learn. The house which sheltered the monarchs who fled the Revolution was on the main street in the "upper town" west of the river.

Thomas R. Dawson of Walter L. Fox Post, Dover, Delaware, offers the information that his old outfit, the 303d Ammunition Train, 78th Division, used the old church yard in Varennes as an ammunition dump after the middle of October, 1918. He says, "Some of my former buddies of the 303d may recall seeing an unusual picture of the capture in Varennes of the royal pair, which hung in the Chateau de Lantilly (Cote d'Or) where we waited so long for our boat for home. The picture was made entirely by perforating a white paper which was then superimposed on a darker sheet. Thus I learned of Varennes's history."

MERTON H. McELROY of John J.

Welch Post, Buffalo, New York, a member of the Second A. E. F., gives us a glimpse of a more recent Varennes and also adds some interesting historical data:

"After the Legion national convention in Paris, I made a tour of the old battlefields. Our car broke down near Varennes and we spent several hours there waiting for repairs. The town is now rebuilt with the exception of the church, still in ruins.

"Being able to talk French I had a long conversation with the Mayor who told me the story of the capture at Varennes of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and added that one of his ancestors was present at the time.

"The standing building in the Then and Now picture is the Hôtel du Grand Monarque and the mayor told me about an old sign which had hung over the door of the original hotel of this name in the olden days. The sign had been stored away and was purchased just before the war by an American antique collector. When this American died during the war, he willed the sign back to the city of Varennes and it now hangs in the

new city hall, while a photographic copy hangs in the dining room of the hotel."

NOW a word or two from an ex-member of a branch of service which we believe has not been represented in our columns before by an actual contributor—the Photographic Section of the Signal Corps. He is ex-Sergeant E. R. Trabold, now staff representative of Pathe News in Omaha, Nebraska, and tells us:

"The picture of Varennes in Then and Now reminds me that I personally made pictures of the first German prisoners coming through this village and sat on a side hill and watched the 28th

Division boys diving out of their pup tents when the Jerries started sending in ash cans. These boys were on the west side of the river.

"The Salvation Army girls were there with hot chocolate and I counted nine shells that screamed over their heads, while they were serving a line of some fifty boys. It was a poor place to line up but they didn't seem to notice it. On this particular trip I was attached to the 82d Division.

"We were supposed to take all cameras away from doughboys and officers but we always went blind when we saw one as we wanted pictures as much as they did. I developed lots of film for ourselves and for other boys in old cellars, printing on French papers."

FOR the two recent Varennes pictures which illustrate this series of letters, we are indebted to Legionnaires G. Allen Smith of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and O. J. Rudstrom of Chisholm, Minnesota.

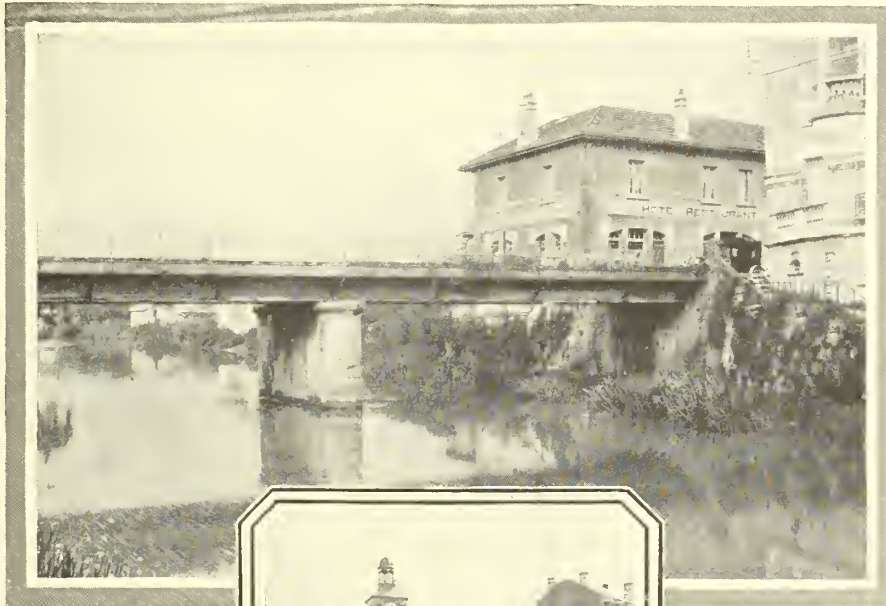
Comrade Rudstrom sent the picture of the bridge and, in part, has this to say about it:

"I am enclosing a snapshot print of the same locality in Varennes pictured in the February Monthly. The snap was taken on July 3, 1927, by John Edwin of Iron Mountain, Missouri, veteran of Company A, 27th Engineers, who made a visit to the battlefields.

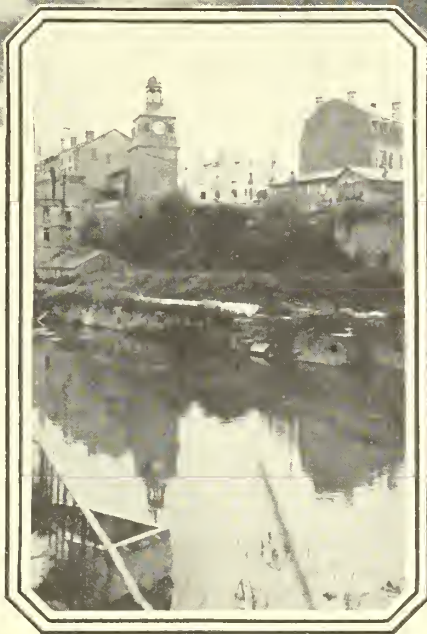
"His reason for taking this picture was that on September 28, 1918, our company, A of the 27th Engineers, put into commission the bridge which still stands as we left it. To quote Mr. Edwin in his letter to me:

"The town is pretty well restored. A memorial of the State of Pennsylvania to its troops of the 28th Division is under construction. The only memorial to the 27th Engineers I saw is the bridge across the Aire River, which we put into commission the night of September 28, 1918. Apparently even the old floor boards are still there, although the worse for wear, as I recognized some of the spikes I drove!"

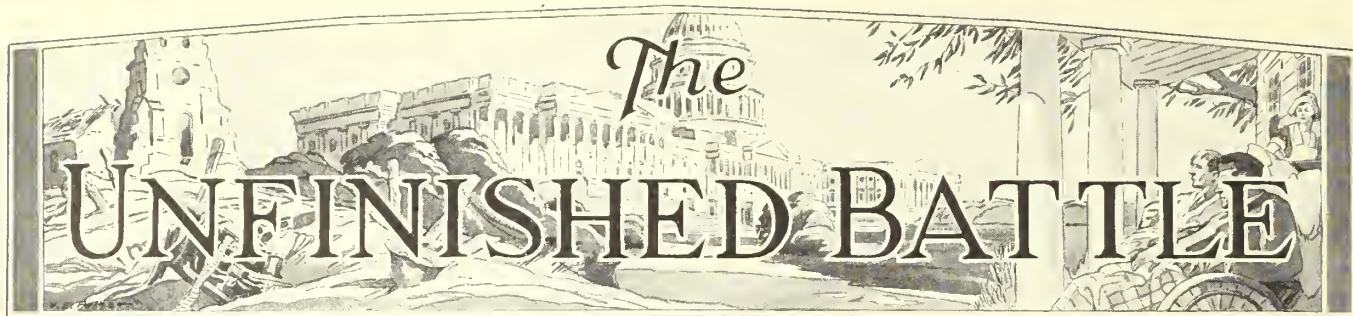
"The camouflage as shown in the (Continued on page 79)



Above, a 1927 view of the bridge at Varennes, pictured in the February Monthly as it was in 1918. Rebuilt in September, 1918, by Company A, 27th Engineers, no improvements have since been made. O. J. Chisholm sent the print



Left, Varennes's rehabilitated "upper town," west of the Aire, snapped by G. Allen Smith in 1928. The camera was aimed from the steps of the building shown in the February issue—the railing of its steps in the foreground



NATIONAL Headquarters has supplied to every American Legion post a booklet entitled "Manual for Post Service Officers." This contains information on all rights and benefits accorded World War veterans by the Government and explains procedure necessary in submitting claims of all sorts. It contains a list of State Service Officers who will give assistance to Post Service Officers in presenting and pressing for settlement claims which cannot be more advantageously handled through direct communication with the nearest regional office of the United States Veterans Bureau. Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, urges every post to maintain a Post Service Officer who will familiarize himself with all classes of government claims and render to service men widest possible assistance in connection with claims.

The Legion's "Manual for Post Service Officers" should be guarded by every post as carefully as the post's charter. The office of Post Service Officer is as important as the office of Post Commander.

JOHN HERRON WHITE, Past Commander of Hutchinson County Post, Borger, Texas, supplies the following list of "important things for every ex-service man to look after."

1. See that you have the original or a copy of your discharge papers where you or your dependents can find it. [Most States have laws requiring county recorders to record discharge certificates without cost.]
2. Make sure that beneficiary named on your Government insurance policy or your Adjusted Compensation certificate is the person you desire to receive the payment in case of your death.
3. If you are drawing compensation, retain all your correspondence in a safe place where next of kin or beneficiaries can find it.
4. Make out a brief outline of your service record, including place and date of enlistment, serial number, names of officers and men with whom you served, date and place of discharge, battle participation, wounds or illness in service and hospitalization.

MORE sons of deceased World War service men should be entering West Point and Annapolis," bulletins John Thomas Taylor, vice-chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee. "In 1926 Congress enacted a law authorizing the appointment annually of twenty sons of deceased Army service men to West Point and twenty sons of deceased naval service men to Annapolis—sons of men who died before July 2, 1921, of wounds or disease acquired in the World War. I am sure there are a great many widows who have sons just now at the age to enter either the Military Academy or the Naval Academy. Posts should acquaint mothers and sons with this appointment right and take other steps necessary to obtain each year suitable candidates. Full information will be supplied by the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., or the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington.

"Senator David Walsh of Massachusetts has introduced a bill to amend the act of 1926, so that appointments might be tendered to sons of all who served for ninety days or more in any war."

NO ACTION is being taken by the Veterans Bureau on claims for retirement under the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act which were received after May 24th, the time limit set by law for filing claims. Whether an extension of this limitation will be sought by the Legion will probably not be decided until the national convention at Louisville. The beneficial results of the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act up to the present have far exceeded the Legion's expectations during the long struggle for its enactment by Congress, 4,700 former officers having already been retired under its provisions. It was originally estimated

that some 3,300 would so benefit. On May 24th, the last day for filing claims, the National Rehabilitation Committee kept its Washington offices open until midnight for the purpose of assisting last minute applicants in completing their claims.

STARTLING facts concerning the failure of the Government to provide hospitalization for mentally disabled veterans are being uncovered through a survey of conditions in each State now under way by the National Rehabilitation Committee. With figures from about thirty States available, it was shown that there are over five thousand cases desiring admission to Government hospitals. About half of these are now confined in state, county and private institutions. The remainder are at large and receiving no treatment whatever. Many were being held in jails because of the inability of the Veterans Bureau to find hospital space for them. The Legion is asking Congress to provide the necessary additional beds for the mentally disabled.

THE time limit on applications for Adjusted Compensation is January 2, 1930. There is no time limit on applications for Government insurance. Although time limits for State Adjusted Compensation have been left behind in most States, applications will still be received in certain States, among them Ohio and New Jersey. If in doubt, ask your Post Service Officer.

IN CASE of death of a World War veteran, the Veterans Bureau ordinarily is authorized to pay \$100 for burial expenses plus \$7 for a flag to be placed on coffin. Burial allowance is made where decedent had total assets of \$1,000 or less.

LOANS may be obtained on Adjusted Compensation certificates at any time two years after date of issuance. The loan value increases each year and additional loans may be obtained after the first. The Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in any State will furnish forms and information on procedure.

THE Government will provide free a headstone for the grave of any service man outside a national cemetery. The stone will be sent prepaid to the freight yard nearest the place of burial. Veterans of any war whose service was honorable are entitled to burial in a national cemetery. Forms for use in applying for headstones or for interment in a national cemetery will be supplied by the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.

HOSPITALIZATION may be obtained by application to any Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau. If disability is not service-connected, special application forms are provided. With these forms should be submitted statement by applicant's physician showing physical condition and need for treatment.

CLAIMS for compensation for disability connected with service may be filed by a veteran himself, for a dependent wife, for dependent child, for dependent parents or for dependents of deceased veterans. Any Post Service Officer will give assistance in presenting such claims to the Bureau.

WORLD War veterans disabled by disease or wounds and temporarily or permanently incapable of earning a living are entitled to residence in a National Soldiers' Home. Full information may be had from President, Board of Managers, National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio.

CERTIFICATES in lieu of lost or stolen Army or Navy discharge papers will be supplied by the War or Navy Departments. Many men whose service was "honorable" received "blue" discharges when they left service. Where facts justify, the "blue" discharge will be exchanged for an honorable discharge certificate by the Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

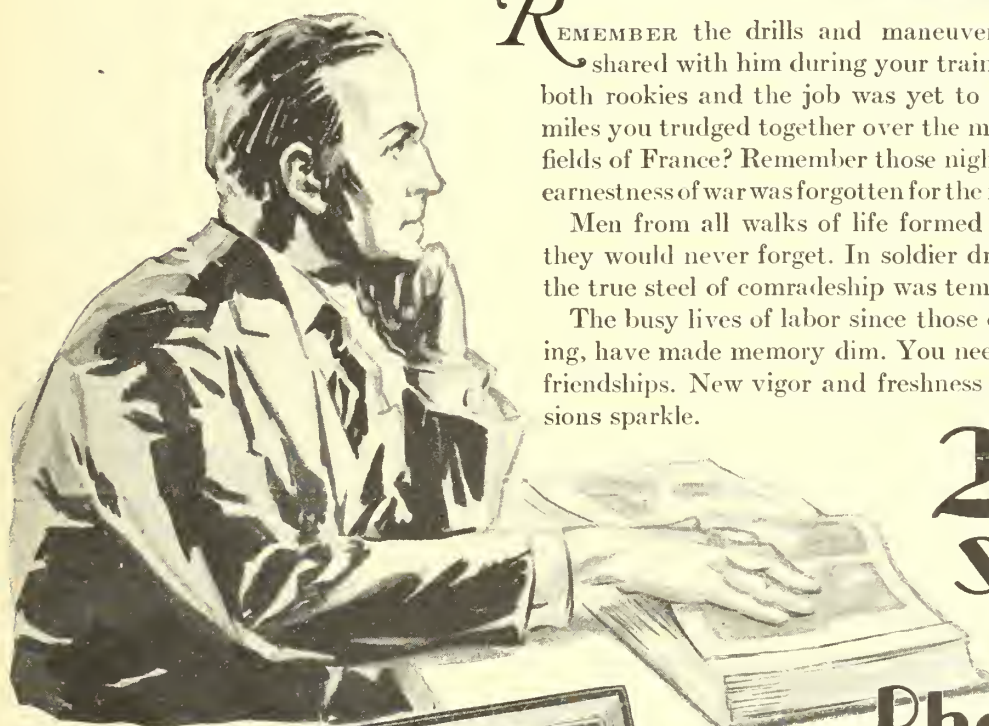
Remember that Buddy of Yours?...



REMEMBER the drills and maneuvers and the other hardships you shared with him during your training camp days—when you were both rookies and the job was yet to be done? Remember the weary miles you trudged together over the muddy roads and the shell-pocked fields of France? Remember those nights in the dugouts when the grim earnestness of war was forgotten for the moment in gaiety and good cheer?

Men from all walks of life formed friendships which they thought they would never forget. In soldier drudgery, in billets, in battle line, the true steel of comradeship was tempered and toughened.

The busy lives of labor since those days, each of you in his own calling, have made memory dim. You need to feel again the pulse of those friendships. New vigor and freshness are needed to make the impressions sparkle.

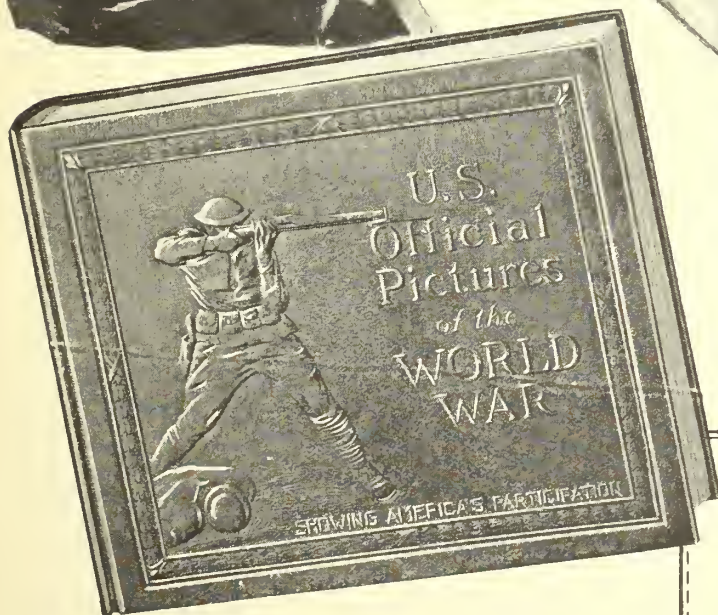


2200 Selected War Photographs

The largest collection of official war photographs ever published in one volume. It is a complete story—training camp days—the trip across—a graphic picture of combat from the initial entry of our troops in the lines through the mighty battle of the Meuse-Argonne. And the Navy—the same spirit that won the Meuse-Argonne conquered the U-Boat and built the bridge to France for our soldiers. The Marine Corps, Air Service, Tank Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations—all in pictures.

The portfolio measures 9 x 12 inches, contains over 1000 pages and is handsomely bound in Art Leather Cover.

Order your copy of this beautiful portfolio NOW! Renew your fleeting memories. If after 10 days' examination, you are dissatisfied with the portfolio, return it to us and we will refund your money.



Mail the Coupon

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

You will please send me, all charges prepaid, portfolio containing 2,200 United States Official Pictures of the World War. I will pay the mailman \$12.15 when the portfolio arrives. This is not, however, to be considered a purchase. If at any time within 10 days I am dissatisfied with the portfolio, I have the privilege of returning it and you agree to refund my money.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 19)

mules. . . . If they ain't comical! . . ."

They did look funny. They still had on their gas masks—long canister-looking things with goggles—and the mules' ears stuck straight up at attention. First animal gas masks we'd seen.

Hobart and Hilderstein, with their gas masks still hanging out, were kneeling beside Byers.

"What happened, Hildy?" I asked.

Hilderstein: "Byers got gassed. . . ."

Byers half opened his eyes and he sure had a sick look.

"How did it happen?"

Hilderstein: "Me and Hobart were trailing on behind the cart and Byers was driving. All at once a flock of gas shells hit over on the side of the road. The mules jumped over to the other side. Byers hopped out, holding his nose and hollering, 'Gas . . . Gas . . .'. Then he breaks out the mules' gas masks from under the seat and slips them on the mules, but he forgot to put his own on. When Hobart and me reached him—we both had our masks on—he had just finished the mules. As soon as he saw us with the masks on he put his on but I guess it was too late. He'd already got a dose. We all sat down on the side of the road to wait for the gas to clear away and pretty soon Byers slips his mask off and starts to vomit. . . . Then he rolled over on his belly. We tried to get his mask back on him again but he was too sick. . . ."

I said, "Did you notice any first-aid stations along the road?"

Hobart: "There's one back at the farm where we got the water. . . ."

"We better get the water off the cart," I said, "and haul Byers back. . . . It won't do to walk him. . . ."

There were three water containers on the cart and after we got them off we chained up the tail-gate so it would stand out behind and make the bottom of the cart long enough for Byers to lie on. Hilderstein took the masks off the mules and we loaded Byers on the cart. Hilderstein drove and Hobart sat back with Byers to keep him from slipping off. It was one of those two-wheeled French carts that teetered crazily up and down.

We got Byers to the first-aid station but he died before the medics could do anything for him.

When we got back to camp Vogel was opening a can of milk to put in the coffee.

He glanced at us and said, "Where's Byers?"

Hobart told him.

Vogel said, "How did he happen to get gassed and not you fellows?"

So Hilderstein told him how Byers put the gas masks on the mules and forgot his own.

Vogel looked around at the mules. The mules were gnawing the bark off a tree.

IX

OUR artillery was still hammering away for all it was worth. The rumor was that they were going to blow Belleau Woods off the map.

After a good mess of slum that evening, I crawled into my hole for a little sleep. Soon I heard Sergeant Strohm's voice:

"Up you come!"

Then I heard Grover saying, "What do you want?"

Strohm: "What do I want? . . . Put your equipment on and stand by. . . . You find out quick enough. . . ."

It was still light when we swung out of the woods across the Paris Road and headed north.

The last thing I saw was Vogel standing by the galley with a big spoon in his hand.

We skirted along the edge of several woods. At times we had to cross open places that were swept at regular intervals by machine-gun fire. Here we would crouch low and make a dash.

At one place we passed a tall pyramid-shaped structure made of brick. It looked like a chimney but the house had been destroyed. Our artillery was supposed to be using it as an observation tower.

It was dusk when we reached the town of Lucy-le-Bocage.

Somebody said, "Belleau Woods again."

We had only come out of it the night before but it seemed like a year.

Instead of going into the town we passed along its western edge and continued north. Now we enter a gulley between two wooded ridges. The ground is rough and the way is blocked with broken tree branches. It makes traveling slow and the men straggle out, but there are no stops made to close up. We seem to be in a hurry.

The man in front of me disappears and for a moment I am lost. Then I see a big open space through the trees ahead and I hear somebody say, "Over this way! . . . Over this way! . . ."

I cross over and there is Lieutenant Meredith and one of his battalion scouts, Joe Ricci, standing at the edge of the woods. They were both with the 97th Company originally. Meredith points out across the field towards a steep hill: "The 97th Company is taking up positions on Hill 142 and relieving the Fifth Marines. . . ."

There are men ahead scrambling up the hill and I head in their direction. This is the hill the Fifth Marines charged two days ago. The slope is still strewn with the bodies of dead Marines. We heard they drove the Germans from the hill but with great loss to themselves.

At the top of the hill, covering the southern and western advances, is a Maxim German machine gun. It is the big type, mounted on a large tripod. It

has a mean look. The cartridge belt still hangs from it. Sprawled out on the ground nearby are three badly messed-up dead Germans. They look as if they had been struck with grenades.

The remnants of the Fifth Marines were starting down the hill when we reached the top. Lieutenant McElroy was standing near the machine gun and told us that our company would occupy the holes on the other side of the hill which were formerly occupied by the Fifth Marines.

I crossed over and picked out a good hole. From this hole I got a good view of the northern slope of the hill. It was covered with dead Germans. Many of them were lying face down with bayonets still sticking in them.

All during the night the air was full of rushing shells going both ways, but the ones headed north and east—ours—seemed to predominate. Three times that night there came from the north the sound of extra loud explosions. Then the northern sky would light up red for miles around. It looked like the flare from a vast open furnace. Streaks of light like lightning would flash through the red and we could hear a crackling like giant fire-crackers exploding. We knew this was the blowing up of German ammunition dumps by our artillery.

Near midnight I lay back in my hole looking up at the sky. The air was clear and the stars were shining bright. I concentrated on one real bright star, trying to see if I could catch a glimpse of the shells that were passing between me and the star. There were so many shells going over you would think they would shut out the light from the stars. Besides I did not have anything else to do. But I didn't catch a flicker of a shadow.

I was about to give it up as a bad job when a most peculiar thing happened. There was a sharp crack overhead, more like a snap, and a strange light appeared high in the sky. It was a sizzling kind of a light, as if two high-powered electric wires had crossed. It died out in a moment. I wondered if it were possible that two shells going in opposite directions had met in mid-air.

When it was nearly daylight I heard a rattling noise along the edge of the trees. I waited until it came up to where I was lying. It was Spud Mowry and two other fellows and they were drawing small two-wheeled wagons, the kind the Germans used for hauling ammunition and other materials. Spud and the fellows had spied them back in the valley and had gone down and got them. They wanted them to haul back the German machine gun in.

After our morning stand-to I had a meal of cold canned bull and hardtack. Then, as things seemed nice and peaceful for the moment, I pulled off my shoes and slipped on the red and yellow bedroom slippers that the old French-

woman had given me in Bourèsches. I lighted up a Tom Palmer cigar that had been sent me in a package from home, lay back in my hole with my feet sticking up over the side and wished I had a morning paper.

After a little while I was conscious that somebody was coming up to my hole from the other side. I looked up. It was Lieutenant McElroy. He took one look and said something that sounded like "Well, for Christ's sake!"

And walked away. I guess he was mad. I pulled in my feet and put the shoes back on again. The slippers went back into the combat pack. Still there wasn't any law against wearing bedroom slippers in the front line that I knew of.

As the day advanced I got a better view of the surrounding country. Over on the right front I made out the town of Belleau, still in the hands of the Germans. Over on the left front was Torcy. The Fifth Marines had taken it the day before and still occupied it.

My eye traveled across country from Torcy to Belleau. A high wooded ridge seemed to connect the two towns. There was a bald spot that shone out from behind a fringe of trees directly across on the ridge in front of me. I could see men moving across this bald spot but the distance was too great for me to make out definitely who they were and what they were doing.

I reported what I saw to Lieutenant McElroy. He came over and after taking a long look through his glasses said, "They're Germans! . . . And it looks as if they were preparing a counter-attack on Torcy. . . ."

He handed me his glasses, adding, "Keep a lookout while I get word back to the artillery. . . ."

I watched through the glasses. The Germans kept hurrying past, four at a time. Our artillery was firing an occasional shell into the German back area. Then suddenly our artillery must have gotten the word. A shell lights beyond the ridge in front. Then one hits on the bald spot. And the next minute our barrage landed. The earth and trees seemed to hop into the air. Men ran this way and that. . . . The whole ridge seemed to quiver and shake. . . . The dust and smoke from the landing shells rose like a thick curtain and gradually drifted on toward the north. . . . It reminded me of the terrific German barrage laid down on us in the ravine two days before. . . . And like that German barrage, it was as short as it was heavy. It lasted only ten minutes but there sure was a lot of metal distributed around in that woods in that short period. Through the glasses I could make out men dragging themselves along the ground.

Glasses are a great thing to see the war through. . . .

McElroy came back and asked me how things looked now. I handed him back his glasses and said, "I guess the Germans will not attack today."

The rest of the day was quiet with the exception of the regular artillery exchanges. In the evening our positions were shelled by the Germans but nobody was hurt. (Continued on page 56)

JOHN HENRY MEARS tells *Jim Henry*



JOHN HENRY MEARS, who holds the round-the-world record of 23 days, 15 hours, 18 minutes, shows Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, the route of his new globe-circling dash. Mr. Mears will travel by air, land and sea . . .

"I'm racing around the world and Mennen rides with me"

A RACE ROUND-THE-WORLD is some test for a shaving cream. On a ship today—on land tomorrow—high in a speed plane over desert waste, sea or mountains. Different water, different weather, every time I shave! That's why I'm taking Mennen Shaving Cream with me. I've experimented, and I know that Mennen gives me the same smooth shave everywhere—with any water in any weather. . . ."

Mennen Shaving Cream meets every shaving test to which men put it. Its scientific principle is Dermutation—an exclusive Mennen process which softens the beard, lubricates the blade, and tones the skin.

Now! Two Types of Mennen— with or without Menthol

Mennen Shaving Cream in the good old green-striped carton is the familiar favorite of millions of men. Now there is another Mennen cream—Mennen Menthol-iced with the triple-cool tingling lather. It is distinctly the young man's shave. Menthol-iced comes in a gay orange-striped carton. Your druggist has both Mennen creams. Take your choice.

SPECIAL AFTER-SHAVE offer!

A special traveler's size of Mennen Talcum for Men is given free right now at your drug store when you buy a tube of Mennen Skin Balm. These two Mennen preparations are masculine delights. See your druggist today. Ask for the Mennen AFTER-SHAVE special.

MENNEN FOR THE MODERN SHAVE

—2 kinds of
Mennen Shaving Cream
Menthol-iced in the
orange-striped carton.
Without menthol in the
green-striped carton.

Mennen Skin Balm—the
cooling cream-like lotion
in a tube. Non-greasy.

Mennen Talcum for Men—the
natural-tint man's
powder that does not show.

FOR THE SHAVE

AFTER THE SHAVE

Free 14 Smooth Shaves!

Send for a trial tube of Mennen Shaving Cream and Skin Balm. Just write your name and address in the margin below and send it to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Dept. B-4

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 55)

Later on that night we learned that another outfit was coming in to take over the entire front and we were going back for a long rest.

Early the next morning orders were passed around to leave our positions and form in the rear to move out. We moved down Hill 142 at a fast pace and traveled back the same route we had taken coming in. Day was breaking when we crossed the Paris Road and entered the woods where our camp was. The galley was in the same place and steam arose from several containers near by. Vogel was standing there, and as we trooped by he seemed to be counting us.

I picked out the same hole I had before, removed my combat pack and other equipment, broke out my mess kit and cup and hurried back to the galley. Several fellows were before me and Vogel was busy passing out the food—bacon, fried potatoes, bread, a spoonful of jam, and hot coffee.

Vogel was saying: "Lots of chow, fellows. . . . Come back for seconds. . . ."

When he was putting the bacon on my pan he said, "Where's Spud Mowry?"

"Spud and four other fellows are hauling in a German machine gun. They should be here soon. . . ."

Vogel: "Didn't lose any this time then? . . ."

"Nope. We came through all right. . . ."

He put an extra spoonful of jam on my cover.

The rest of the day we slept and that night we slept.

The next day we sat around and filled up on rumors. One rumor was that the Marines were to be detached from the Army and sent back to Paris for special guard duty. Another rumor was that we were to go back on ship duty and another that we were to be returned to the States. . . .

As Brown said: "Everything points to the fact that the war is over for us—at least so far as active service at the front is concerned. . . ."

Grover: "Of course it is. It stands to reason. . . . Why, there aren't enough Marines left out of the Fifth and Sixth to make up a good battalion. . . ."

We were interrupted by an order to assemble with the rest of the company in the woods behind the galley.

We were called to attention. The captain and lieutenants were standing on one side and our top kicker, Kuhns, was with them. Kuhns walked out in front of us—he had a paper in his hand.

Kuhns: "At ease. I have here an order from Brigade Headquarters to be read at first assembly."

He then read:

"The brigade commander takes pride in announcing that, in addition to the Commander-in-Chief's telegram of congratulation to the Fourth Brigade, published in an indorsement from the division commander, dated June 9, Gen-

eral Pershing has today visited division headquarters and sent his personal greetings and congratulations to the Marine Brigade. He also added that General Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France, especially charged him this morning to give the Marine Brigade his love and congratulations on their fine work of the past week.

By Command of Brigadier General Harbord,

(Signed) H. LAY, Major, Adjutant."

As Kuhns finished and turned to walk away, somebody shouted, "When do we eat?"

Later Strohm came along. He seemed happy and said, "Check up on all equipment. . . . Turn in a report of what's missing. . . ."

Carney: "When are we going to get our blanket rolls back, Strohm?"

Strohm: "When we get to Paris."

Grover: "See! Didn't I tell you? . . . Old Heinie wouldn't say that if he didn't know something. . . ."

So we got busy and checked over our things. We were feeling good. Some of the fellows got to singing our favorite songs:

*Oh, Lulu had a baby, she called him
Sunny Jim,
She threw him in a pot to see if he could
swim.*

*Oh, away at Lulu, away good and strong,
What are you going to do for your—
When Lulu's dead and gone.*

"Hinky Dinky Parley Voo" came in for a few choice verses and then we sang our regular marching song:

*Oh, the Infantry, the Cavalry, the dirty
Engineers,
They couldn't lick a leatherneck in a
hundred thousand years.
As we go marching and the band begins
to p-l-a-y*

*You can hear the people shouting
The raggedy Marines are on parade!*

Somebody yelled, "Sing the Marine Hymn!"

And somebody answered, "The Marine hell!"

At noon we had a good meal of boiled beef, potatoes and gravy. We all got our bellies full and were feeling happy. Even the mules had a fresh bale of hay.

Along in the afternoon Mowry came over to my hole and we got to talking about Tours and Bordeaux, when suddenly we heard the command,

"Halt!"

We looked over toward the galley and there we saw a long line of men. They wore the forest green uniforms we had worn before they made us wear Regular Army uniforms. And they had on overseas caps and carried full packs.

Mowry said, "Christ, they look like new Marines. . . . Let's go over and see who they are."

Our top kicker, Kuhns, the captain and lieutenants were together talking. Kuhns had a paper in his hand.

We got to chinning with the new men. They were Marines all right, fresh from the States. They had arrived at Brest only a few days before and had been rushed across France in box cars.

We asked: "What outfit?"

And they said, "The First Marine Replacement Battalion. . . ."

X

IT WAS the first time we had heard the word replacement, but we knew what it meant. Replacements were something we had not figured on. This put a different face on the war.

As Brown said: "The men may die but the 97th Company goes on. . . . Here are men who have come thousands of miles seemingly to help us out . . . in reality they carry our death warrant. . . ."

After the new men had been assigned to the different platoons and squads they were entertained by the old timers who filled them full of bunk about the war.

Grover was over in the next hole handing out some rare stuff to four men grouped around him:

" . . . I had to shove my foot against his chest to get my bayonet out . . . I no more than had it out when I heard something crashing at my left . . . I swung around . . . and there was a big German headed straight for me. . . . I jumped to one side and his bayonet stuck in the tree. . . . I ran him through. . . . Just then . . ."

I said, "Were you bare-chested when you did that, Grovy?"

Grover: "Aw, you didn't see everything . . ."

"Don't forget to tell them about the time you saved the flag and brought it back to Pershing. . . ."

We were making the most of this fine audience, knowing that once the new men saw action we wouldn't be able to tell them anything any more, when another order was passed around.

Every man must write a letter at once to his nearest relative and be sure to give his serial number. This would make it easier for his friends and relatives to locate him if he was killed or wounded. The letter had to be brief as they all had to be censored. I had a hard time writing this letter to my mother so as not to give the impression that it was a death notice. And still it had to be written as though it was going to be my last letter.

The letter:

France, June 18, 1918.

My Dear Mother:

Safe, without even a scratch after going through the last three weeks means a whole lot. Our outfit was one of the first units to engage the Huns in their last advance on Paris. As soon as I get out of hearing of the guns I will try to write a few details, just

now much letter writing is out of the question.

As a matter of record my identification tag number is 123284, from all indications it's a very lucky number, but it's too early in the game to make any boasts, although I think the worst period is over, it can't be much worse.

As in outside life so it is on the battle field, dangers may be closer and more numerous but escape or death is as God wills it, so try not to worry even when the casualty lists are the longest.

I received your letter telling about receiving those violets and was glad to know they reached you O. K.

Good bye for the present,
Your loving son, Will.

XI

EARLY next morning the roar of a barrage came from the northeast and we knew Belleau Woods was catching hell again. Along toward evening came orders to stand by with combat packs to move out.

It was getting dusk when we filed out of the woods and crossed the Paris Road headed north. Heavy firing was still going on up ahead. It was the same old trail leading to Belleau Woods. But it was practically a new two hundred and fifty men that took it . . .

Somebody hollered, "The bloody ravine again! . . ."

We entered Belleau Woods in the face of a heavy German barrage. The ravine was in even worse shape than before, and to add to the confusion the men of the outfit that had relieved us kept breaking through our lines beating it back to the rear.

They were running down the ravine like scared sheep. At first we didn't know who these men were who kept busting into us. We kept hollering, "What outfit are you fellows with?"

But no answer. Finally I grabbed a fellow. He didn't even have a rifle. . . . in fact most of the men that were running back did not have rifles. . . .

"What outfit are you fellows with?" I yelled at him.

He was too scared to speak for a minute. Then he told me.

It was the outfit that had been sent in to hold the line while we rested. The Germans threw a barrage in on top of them early that morning and they had been running ever since. Belleau Woods were about clear of Germans when we pulled out. Now the Germans had most of it again.

What we did not call that outfit was not worth mentioning and we were not amateurs at bawling out, especially when it was some other outfit.

The woods were blacker than Billy-b-damned and with this bunch of wild men charging down on us it couldn't be helped if some of them ran into the bayonets of the Marines. Men were running along the top of the ravine and three of them jumped down into the ravine, landing in the midst of the group ahead of me. One man landed on top of a Marine's head, knocking him flat.

The cry went up, "Germans!"

I ran my (Continued on page 58)

WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR MIND WHEN YOU MUST

BUY A NEW TIRE?



SEE if this isn't what you want!

Tires can't last forever and sooner or later you have to lay out money for new ones.

Usually the need comes at a time when you have other uses for the money.

You feel that if you *must* buy a new tire you want one that puts forward a long

time the day when it must be replaced. You are familiar with the names of five or six—all good, you suppose—but which one?

Which tire—they all look sturdy enough in the dealer's window. They all bounce bravely upon the cement floor—they all cost about the same.

You would go across the street or even around two blocks to buy the tire that you felt *sure* offered you a little more, a definite "plus value." Wouldn't you?

Here is the "plus value" Dunlop offers:

There are twelve common causes of tire mishap—all listed on this page. Dunlop can't positively prevent one or more happening to you. But Dunlop *can cover* you if any do happen and *does cover* you with a Surety Bond that makes good against defect or mishap for one full year from the date you buy a Dunlop Tire.

Read what the Surety Bond offers. Let a Dunlop Dealer show you a copy or write us for a specimen.

And remember—when that mean day comes, and a tire or two must be bought—remember the Dunlop Surety Bond.

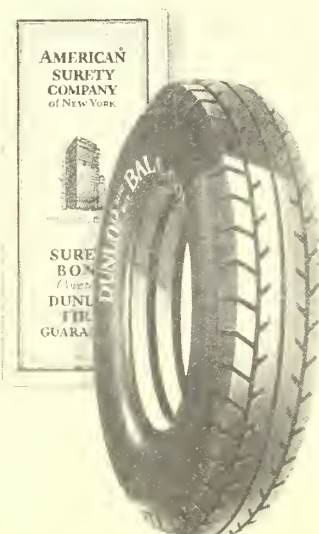
Buying new tires is a whole lot less of a nuisance when all doubt that you are buying wisely is removed from your mind.

Dunlop Tire and Rubber Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

12 MAJOR TIRE TROUBLES

covered by the Dunlop Bonded Guarantee

Accidents	Rim Smashes
Collisions	Side-wall injuries
Blow-outs	Tube pinching
Misalignment	Valve tearing
Stone bruises	Faulty toe-in
Road cuts	Under-inflation



DUNLOP

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 57)

group up on the side of the bank but we did not see or hear any more coming. By the time we got down the fight up ahead was all over. Three men were stretched out dead on the ground. But they weren't Germans.

We got out of the ravine and started forward through the woods, each group separate. The men traveled single file behind their corporal. The guide was right, but it was so dark in the woods that it was impossible even to see the man behind you. Your only guide was the cursing of the men on your right or left. When the cursing stopped you knew the man was dead or nearly so.

Brown was right behind me. Then came five new men, and taking up the rear of the group was Goff. The men had to keep closed up so as not to get lost. This bunching up made it bad because when a shell hit it usually got the whole group.

The German barrage was crashing in on us all this time and it was a mad scramble. Our own artillery could not help us out as there was no established line and they did not know where to direct the fire.

We pushed on blindly. The fact that the German shells were still coming was evidence that the Germans themselves were not there. The only way to escape the barrage was to close with the enemy.

The shells stopped falling at last. We advanced more slowly. I tried to deploy my men on a line but the ground was so uneven and the trees so thick that it was impossible, so I let them trail on behind. I could hear Mowry over on my right but no sound came from my left.

It was still too dark to distinguish anybody. If there were any Germans lying around they were up against the same blindness that we were. Our chances were equal in that respect. No one could see to fight.

When daylight came we found that we had a very uneven line. Some groups had penetrated far into the German lines—had even gone beyond the limits of Belleau Woods. Our platoon was close to the eastern edge, nearly opposite the town of Bourèsches. There was heavy firing in back of us and to our left flank. We had to be careful not to fire into our own men. It was difficult to distinguish between your own men and the Germans in the early morning light. Each combat group had to look out for itself. In fact it was each man for himself. My group had a position on the edge of the woods with an open space in front. Across from us was another woods.

Leaving five men in this position, I took Goff and Brown with me off to our left flank. I wanted to try to establish a line on our left. I intended to go about two hundred feet. About fifty feet away from the group and slightly to the rear

I noticed two men. I pointed them out to Brown and Goff and we agreed that they were Germans. They had their backs to us, lying down, but raised on their elbows. We all took careful aim with our rifles and fired. Both men slumped down. We crept carefully over. They were Germans and they had a light German machine gun with two cans of ammunition and over half a belt in the gun. We carried the gun and ammunition back to our position and set it up, but I didn't know how to work it.

Spud Mowry was in the group next to me on the right. I sent over for him. He was a corporal and so was I, but he knew the German machine gun pretty well and I wanted him to show one of my men how to operate it so it wouldn't jam.

As soon as Mowry saw the machine gun he wanted it himself. I wouldn't let him have it. We argued back and forth awhile and then we agreed to put it up between our groups—he to operate it and one of my men to help with the ammunition. We agreed not to let the captain or any other officers see that gun. They would only take it away from us and then they would have something to play with.

I still lacked information about what troops were on our left so the three of us—Brown, Goff and myself—started out again. The ground sloped gradually away to our left, after we had gotten out about one hundred yards, leaving a sort of deep depression or gulley. We hesitated about crossing this as it put us out of sight of our group.

There was a shell hole where we stopped and in it were a Marine and a German soldier, both dead. Judging from the condition of the trees and ground around the hole they must have been under very heavy shell fire, and they must have both sought refuge in this same hole. Their rifles were lying beside them. Each held a half-smoked Camel cigarette in his hand. The rest of the package of cigarettes was in one of the Marine's cartridge belt pockets. They had both been killed apparently from shrapnel from the same shell.

(Seeing the two men like this reminded me of something that happened up in the old trenches near Verdun. I had crept out to a running stream to get a cup of water. This stream ran through No Man's Land. Reaching the stream I knelt down to fill my cup. Just then a star shell went up. Across the stream from me I saw a hand holding a tin cup in the act of filling it. Looking up, I saw a German soldier. He was looking at me. I raised my hand to my lips and said, "Sshh!" He nodded. He filled his cup. I filled mine. He went his way and I went my way.)

It was still early and a slight mist hung over the woods so you could not see clearly at a very great distance. I

was just deciding to extend our line down to this depression and still keep contact with Mowry on the right when Brown grabbed me by the arm and pointed to the left rear.

There I saw a large group of men moving toward us. A second glance and I saw that they were Germans. They were coming toward us and moving fast. We ran back to our group and I quickly swung my men around to face the left flank. I hurried over and told Mowry and told him not to fire into the trees to his left for fear of hitting my men but to pick off the Germans if they got out into the open.

The leading Germans were just appearing over the crest coming out of the depression where we had just been. They were traveling diagonally toward us. The eight of us opened up. There were perhaps five Germans in sight but there were more behind them. Some dropped and others ran toward the opening. Of these Mowry got most and his men got a few. Altogether we got fifteen. Some beat it back toward our rear.

We held this position for awhile in case any more Germans should show up. Then I crept forward with my whole group to the edge of the depression. There were no Germans in sight except those we had killed and a few wounded, and these we bound up with first-aid stuff. I did not send any word back to Lieutenant McElroy who had charge of our platoon, as there was still firing going on in almost all directions and no line had been established.

My line was now extended down to this depression with a rather wide space between Mowry and us. The woods across from us ended about two hundred yards to our left and I was anxious to get a look at the country beyond those woods, so I started out with Brown and Goff again. Before doing so I sent word back to Mowry asking him to move up in the space with our machine gun.

We crossed down into the depression and up on the other side. We were watching carefully, especially to the rear. We finally reached a spot on our side opposite to where the woods on the other side ended. I gave one look and my heart nearly jumped out of my mouth. Coming down the edge of those woods was the whole German Army! We couldn't speak or move. As far as we could see was a stream of German soldiers coming our way, marching in close order formation. (From the hill up above Torcy I had witnessed the Germans going into position in this same massed formation.)

I started at a run back to our position. Goff and Brown were just behind me. I didn't know just what to do. It seemed best to remain quiet and drop back with the rest of the platoon. But by the time I reached the group I had a

different idea. I sent Goff on to McElroy to tell him that the enemy was advancing in great strength on our left. I told Brown to warn our men not to open fire on the advancing troops. Then I hurried on to find Mowry.

He came trudging along with our machine gun on his shoulder and a can of ammunition in his hand. Behind him was one of his men carrying the tripod. I told him quick what was up. He was one of those light-haired Irishmen with rather pale blue eyes. His face seemed to quiver.

He said, "Let's stop them."

I didn't say a word but took the can out of his hand and started back toward my group on a run. Mowry said, "Where's the best place to set up?"

I pointed ahead to the point where the depression began. When we got there the head of the advancing German troops was just starting to cross the opening. They were marching sort of diagonally away from us. My men were excited and looked anxiously at me.

Mowry saw the Germans crossing in front and got pretty excited too.

He said, "The dirty bastards are getting away . . ."

I said, "There are a lot more coming . . ."

I told my men to open up as soon as Mowry opened up. He got the tripod set and the gun mounted as fast as he could and the ammunition belt placed for firing. Then he got down behind the gun and sighted it up. He pulled the trigger. It shot once and quit. The trick of firing the machine gun was to pull two cartridges into the gun instead of one. In his excitement he pulled in only one. This made the gun single action.

In another second, however, he had it working right and he held it open and the belt went bobbing through just like a piece of cloth passing through a sewing machine.

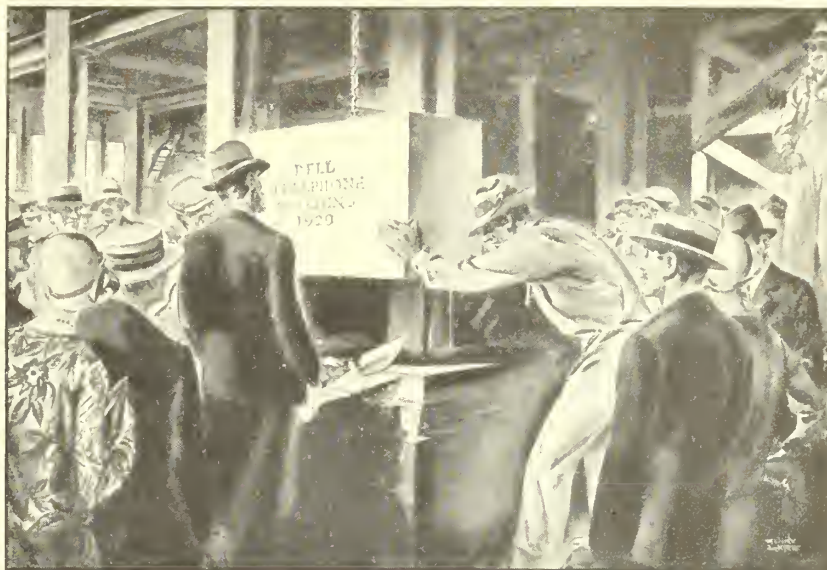
The German line stopped. The full width of the open space was strewn with Germans all lying flat. Mowry's men came up on a run and I deployed them to the right. We still kept up a heavy fire. I told Mowry to direct his fire at the point where the woods across the way ended.

As I was pointing, my attention was attracted to a man across in the other woods. He was an American and was waving frantically at me—I was the only one standing up. I couldn't figure out what he wanted so I waved for him to come across, pointing back so that he wouldn't cross in front of the line of fire from Mowry's men. I dropped back to see what he wanted. He kept shouting something at me but I couldn't make it out until he was just about across the open space.

He pointed wildly at the Germans lying up ahead:

"They're prisoners! . . . They're prisoners!" . . . was all he could say.

It was enough. I ran back to Mowry and stopped him just in time. He had just put in a fresh belt. I passed the word along to cease firing. The fellow who came across (Continued on page 60)



THE BELL SYSTEM IS BUILDING AHEAD OF THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY

This is the telephone's job and goal

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



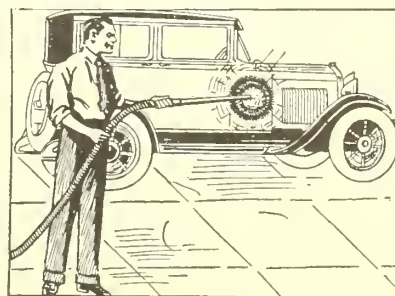
THE United States is developing a new civilization. The telephone is an indispensable element in it. The Bell System is building ahead of the growth of this civilization. In 1929 the telephone budget for land and buildings is 54 million dollars, with new buildings rising in 200 cities. New equipment for central offices will cost 142 millions; exchange lines 120 millions; toll lines 119 millions. The Bell System's total expenditure for plant and service improvements this year will be 559 million dollars.

This outlay is required because the telephone is a universal servant of this democracy. Business uses it to create more prosperity. Homes use it for comfort and protection, for keeping friendships alive and enriching life. Its general use enables each personality to extend itself without regard to distance.

The telephone ideal is that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

WASHES AUTOS QUICKLY At a Big Saving in Time and Money

Nothing has yet been invented to duplicate the performance of Gy-Ro Whirl-O. It not only washes an auto in fifteen minutes without splash or spray, but it does the job more thoroughly than anything else. No water runs down the handle. Washes and polishes at the same time. Cleans without scratching the finish. Gy-Ro attaches easily to any ordinary garden hose. One brush will wash 1,000 cars. Also cleans outside woodwork, screens and windows, perfectly. Price, \$3.75. Money refunded if not completely satisfied. There's nothing like a Gy-Ro brush for washing outside surfaces. "Every Owner Is Satisfied."



GYRO BRUSH CO., Dept. A
Springdale Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS: Write for special money-making offer.

Chew this



for quick relief from Constipation

FEEN-A-MINT—apparently just a piece of delicious minty chewing gum—

Actually a marvelous new method of relieving constipation! A method that makes possible gentle, thorough cleansing with a small dose of one of the most remarkable laxatives ever discovered!

For *because you chew it* the tasteless new laxative it contains is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually*. No dangerous cramping, griping or drugging of the system. This laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. No weakening or habit-forming after-effects.

Over a million Feen-a-mints are sold daily to ex-users of pills and salts. Children love its delicious flavor. Keep it on hand for the entire family. For sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

Feen-a-mint

The chewing laxative

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION A-3
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

Please send free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

Name _____

Address _____

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 59)

was sitting by a tree holding his head saying,

"O my God! . . . O my God! . . . They're prisoners! . . ."

I sent a runner to McElroy telling him the troops reported advancing on the left were prisoners. Then I took a couple of men and the fellow that had come across from the other woods—he was from the Fifth Marines—and started out for the head of the column of prisoners.

Not a move was made by any of the men out in the open. Two Marines were at the head of the column with a German officer. They were still down. The officer had a box compass in his hand. When we came up, the fellow with me from the Fifth Marines said, pointing at me,

"Here's the guy that shot up all our prisoners."

The other two Marines got up and so did the German officer. One of the Marines said,

"What the hell is the matter with you? . . . Can't you tell prisoners when you see them?"

I said, "How did I know they were prisoners?"

He said, "Couldn't you see they weren't armed?"

Sure enough—they weren't armed! Some had caps on and some had helmets.

The Marines asked me then if it was all right for them to go ahead and I said it was. Then one of them turned to the German officer and said, "See, didn't I tell you you were surrounded?"

The officer didn't say anything but he looked as if he understood English all right.

The German officer turned to his men and gave a command and they got up—that is, the ones in the woods did—the ones in the open did not. We walked back along the line out into the open. I thought they were all dead but they weren't. All together there weren't over twenty dead and about the same number wounded. What saved the rest was Mowry's German gun jamming up at the go-off. They had all flopped at the first shot.

The Marines went on with their prisoners, taking the wounded with them—also the three wounded from below. There were about two hundred and fifty prisoners in the bunch.

I went back and told Mowry. He was sore.

"Christ, if the damn gun hadn't jammed I'd 'a' got them all!"

XII

ARUNNER came up ordering us to rejoin the troops on our right. They had moved farther to the right and front while we were killing prisoners. The day was bright and clear now and we had to keep well within the woods so as not to be seen. The runner led us

back to the same old ravine. Our platoon occupied the foremost part of the ravine which ran parallel with the town of Bouréshes.

I learned now that Lieutenant McElroy had been wounded the night before and that Captain Warner, a new officer who had come up with the replacements, was in charge.

Mowry and I were assigned to a position at right angles to the ravine, right at the edge of the woods. These positions had been occupied before and had been fought over several times. Mowry and I had adjoining holes—ready-made ones. They were under a ledge of rock—it looked like flat curbing stone. Whoever made the holes had punched a round opening between the holes so they could talk across.

One of my men was cleaning out a hole making it deeper and he drove his shovel through the belly of a dead buried German. He called me, making so much noise that I thought the Germans were making an attack. This one German raised quite a stink. I told the fellow to cover him up again thoroughly and get himself a new hole.

The air all through this section was heavily laden with rotten smells. The breeze that came in from out in front of us would knock you over. The dead had been lying out in the sun for nearly two weeks and it was hot. No regular burial detail was in operation at this time.

After dark while Mowry and I were planting our pet machine gun on top of our holes and getting it all set for action, a runner came up and told me that Captain Warner wanted to see me.

I reported to his hole and found several of the lieutenants and sergeants gathered there too. Captain Warner told me to take a detail of men and go out and bury all the dead I could find in front of our position, both American and German. The smell was getting too strong for the captain.

I went back and picked out six men—Watrous, Goff, Mays, Jewell, Getty and Jones—four with shovels and two with rifles. Orders were passed down the line that a working detail was out in front and not to fire at us.

The night was pitch dark. Now and then a star shell would light up No Man's Land. We crept forward from our positions. The men with shovels had no other equipment on except gas masks and helmets. The men with rifles had extra clips in their pockets, thus doing away with belts, and no bayonets on the rifles. The less equipment they had the less chance for noises.

I was leading and the men crept close to my heels, one behind the other. There wasn't much breeze stirring. I could not see the dead but I could smell them.

I came upon the first bulky form. He was lying with his back toward me. I felt around until I came on his square

pack and knew he was a German. I told the men with the rifles to go forward about ten feet and keep a lookout. One of the fellows with a shovel whispered that there was a shell hole a short ways back and we could drag the body back into it and cover it up. It would save digging a hole. I said all right.

So they rolled the body over on its back and two men grabbed a leg each and started to pull. They were sitting up on their haunches and they went over backward, each with a leg in his hand, pants and all. The body was a little overripe and could not stand being pulled about. It was the first and the last that we tried to drag.

The men got busy right there and dug a hole about the depth of the shovel—the short ones. They rolled the body over into it and it stuck. The hole was too narrow. So they all got on one side and lifted the body out again with their shovels. They widened the hole while I cut off the pack which cut down the size as least eight inches. This extra handling of the body stirred up a few more choice odors. They now slid the body in with their shovels. I was afraid to have them roll it in again for fear it would come apart. We threw the legs in the hole too and covered it up.

The men were sweating and cursing quietly.

We started forward again looking for the next one. One of the riflemen said he was sure he saw one over on his left. So I headed that way and came across another German. He was lying face down. The men got busy and dug. I cut the pack off and in a very short time we had him buried. We were experienced now. The secret was to have the hole wide enough and long enough. Then all you had to do was to roll the body into it. So far we had not been bothered with any star shells and our eyes were getting accustomed to the darkness. But the nose was still the best guide.

I scented something off to the right. The first thing I put my hand on was the mess-kit carrier with the mess kit still inside. I knew it was one of our men. He was lying on his face and I turned him over on his back as I had to open up his blouse and reach inside to get his identification tags. I had to cut the strings as I was afraid to bend his head up for fear it would drop off. The fellows dug a respectable looking hole and we laid him in, combat pack and all. His rifle and bayonet were lying close by so I pulled off the bayonet, tied one of the tags to it and stuck it over the grave. The other tag had to be taken back.

Then another German. The fellows got the hole a little too short and two of them had to hold the legs up while the other two lengthened the hole.

The next was an American. He was face down. I turned him over and started to unbutton his blouse. It was stiff up around the neck and I had a hard time unhooking the collar. I had to kneel right over the top of him, straddling his chest. I finally got the blouse unbuttoned and the shirt opened. I felt for the tags. They were beneath his under-

shirt next the skin. I tried to follow down the ribbon to which they were attached but the shirt was stuck to his chest. The ribbons felt crusty. I didn't know just what to do. The tags would not pull up and the neckband of the shirt was so stuck that I could not work it loose from the skin, although the skin felt soft enough.

Of course I was working as gently as possible. After the experience with that first German I wasn't pulling at the dead any more than I had to. I finally got one finger under the neckband. Just then a star shell burst overhead.

We had to stay perfectly motionless while the light was on so as not to attract attention. I was straddling the dead man, my face about a foot from his. My left hand was supporting me and the right hand was partly under the dead man's undershirt. I tried to close my eyes but that made me dizzy so I kept them open. The face below me was half torn away. The eye on the other side was open and bulging out. Part of the teeth were exposed and the jagged edges of the bones of the face stuck out. The neck was partly laid open. You could see the cords and veins but that was not the worst part of it. Millions of squirming white maggots made the whole torn section look like one quivering white mass. This side of the face had been down next the ground. The back of my hand was resting in part of this mass. I had wondered why the skin felt so soft.

The star shell seemed to burn for hours. But gradually it died down and the place was pitch dark again. It always seemed much darker after a star shell.

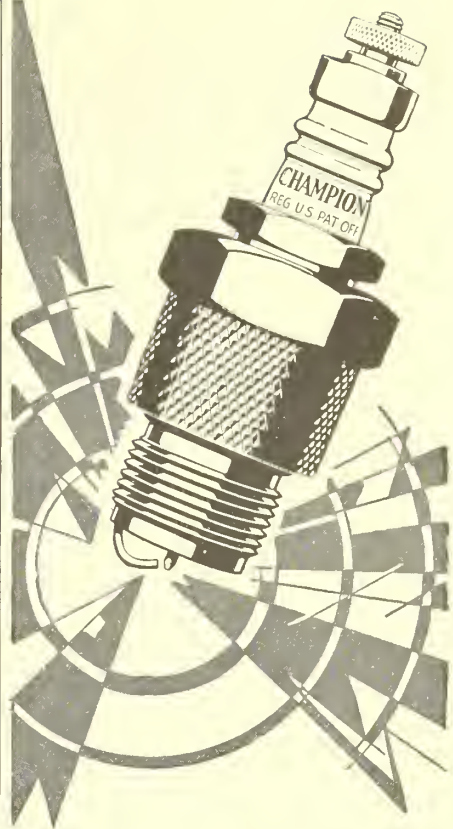
I withdrew my left leg from the side of the body. No more straddling for me. I pulled out my right hand and wiped it good in the grass. Then I got out my knife and slit a hole in the undershirt and cut the tags off rather short.

The hole was dug. I directed one fellow to put his shovel well under the head from the top—the helmet was gone—and two men to put their shovels under the body and the other fellows to take care of the legs. So into the hole he went. There was a rifle and bayonet lying nearby but I could not get the bayonet off. The catch was rusted. So I stuck the bayonet into the ground full length close to the top of the grave. This left the rifle sticking up. I tied one of the tags to the trigger guard.

We buried several more that night. I cut off all tags from our dead and didn't try to unhook any more collars. And I kept my hands away from the flesh as much as possible.

When I figured we had done enough for one night I told the fellows we were going back. We were halted at our lines but I told the sentry it was the working detail returning. After we got inside our lines I told the fellows to clean their shovels good.

Then I went to Captain Warner's hole. He told me to come in. I gave him a report of what we did. He kept sniffing sus- (Continued on page 62)



Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell throughout the world

It is a fact that Champion Spark Plugs keep the vast majority of the motor cars of the world running.

In the realm of business few indeed are the American products which enjoy the proud privilege of outselling all others throughout the world.

No matter what the business, or product, you may rest assured that if it has merited a universal preference, it is because it has deserved it; because it is a better product.

There is a very real significance in the fact that Champion Spark Plugs outsell throughout the world. A significance that is part and parcel of a never varying formula which directly concerns the material, design, manufacture and ultimate performance of Champion Spark Plugs. For the unity of purpose which dominates Champion has always been expressed in an uncompromising search for better material, better design, better manufacture and better ultimate performance.

You can buy Champion Spark Plugs with every assurance of superior performance and dependability. They will exact from your engine the utmost in power, speed, acceleration and economy because they are the better spark plugs.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO

WINDSOR, ONT.



AFRAID TO WEAR A DARK SUIT?

Yes . . . dandruff can be checked

Pine tar and cleanliness check dandruff. This sounds simple, but science and millions of men have proved it. The following treatment, combining both remedies, has been recommended by physicians for over 60 years:

Wet your hair. Massage rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly. Rinse finally with cold water to close the scalp pores. Then dry.

In severe cases, do this every other day until scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence, keep up regular weekly Packer shampoos.

Packer's relieves many itchy or scaly skin diseases, too. Send 10¢ for sample cake and hair-care book. PACKER'S, Dept. 25-H, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

Instead of this:



Send 10¢ for sample of

PACKER'S Tar Soap

Home-Study Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. Free 64-Page Books Tell How. Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin today.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Higher Accountancy | ☐ Business Correspondence |
| ☐ Modern Salesmanship | ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| ☐ Traffic Management | ☐ Modern Foremanship |
| ☐ Railway Station Management | ☐ Personnel Management |
| ☐ Law: Degree of LL.B. | ☐ Expert Bookkeeping |
| ☐ Commercial Law | ☐ C. P. A. Coaching |
| ☐ Industrial Management | ☐ Business English |
| ☐ Banking and Finance | ☐ Commercial Spanish |
| ☐ Telegraphy | ☐ Effective Speaking |
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ Stenotypy—Stenography |

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 8361-R, Chicago

Saco Wins!

Uniforms that fit count! The Miami, Florida, drum corps which won first prize at the Paris Convention was equipped with Saco BRAND uniforms.

Write for Samples

S. ABRAHAMS & CO.
Juniper and Vine Sts., Phila., Pa.



Now It's Easy to Organize a Drum Corps



PUT your post in limelight at conventions and celebrations. Boost year 'round attendance. Get new members with thrilling martial music. Organize a drum corps with aid of valuable new Leedy booklet "The Roll-Off"—42 pages of information answers all organization and equipment problems. Shows all drum major signals. Scores of interesting photos and much historical data. Sent FREE to Legion members. No obligation. Write for your copy now.

Leedy Mfg. Co.,
1025 East Palmer Street,
Indianapolis, Ind.



Send for Free Booklet

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 61)

piciously and eyeing me up sharply all the time I was there. I pulled out the tags and asked him if he wanted them.

He said, "No. . . . Take them down to the top sergeant, and you had better report to your own sergeant right away that your detail is in."

He seemed very anxious to get rid of me.

On the way to the top kicker I reported to the platoon sergeant, Strohm, that the working detail was back. He sniffed and said, "All right. . . . That's all. . . ." And didn't ask me to stay to give any details.

I found the top's hole and told him who I was and that I had the identification tags of the men I had buried. He said, "Wait a minute. . . . I'll come out."

But he didn't. He stuck his head out

and then pulled it back in again quick. Then he pushed out a sheet of paper and said, "Here, put the tags in here and wrap them up good."

I did as he directed. Then he said, "That's all," and waved me on.

I got back to my hole and crawled in. Pretty soon I heard Mowry, next door, say,

"Christ, what stinks in here?"

I did not say anything but I began to be suspicious myself. My clothes simply reeked of dead-man odors. I had not noticed it so much outside but it got pretty strong in the hole. I crawled out of the hole and took off my blouse and hung it on a tree. I had an old slicker so I took that and found a place in the open under the trees.

(To be continued)

Six Men Out of Seven

(Continued from page 37)

system of premium collections through Regional Offices instead of the Central Office of the Bureau at Washington, the funds involved will be made available for investment more rapidly than under the former method, thereby increasing the interest return on the Government Life Insurance Fund.

When the Armistice came in November of 1918, the United States Government was conducting the largest life insurance enterprise in the world from the standpoint of the amount of insurance in force. Four and a half million men and women were policyholders. Their policies had a total face value of more than forty billion dollars—a sum that exceeds the entire cost of the war to the United States.

On March 31, 1929, the United States Government, still operating its insurance business in carrying out the obligations it assumed during the war, was insuring exactly 649,801 World War veterans, and the total face value of their policies was exactly \$3,059,103,390.

These figures indicate that several million World War veterans are now potential policyholders, and it is entirely reasonable to expect that a very considerable percentage of them will in the next few years take advantage of their rights.

I see no reason for regretful analysis in the fact that only one man in seven has kept up the insurance he acquired in the World War. Representatives of commercial insurance companies count themselves lucky if they can induce one out of seven prospects to take a new policy. And time is the Government's greatest ally in its effort to regain the policyholders who have dropped out. Commercial companies find that the largest amount of new insurance sold is sold to men who are approximately forty

years old. I feel that World War service men will more and more acquire government policies as they come to the ages of heavy responsibilities. Many who are not holding policies really owe it to themselves and their dependents to buy government insurance now. Each year that passes will bring an increase in the premium rates they must pay, and there is always the risk of impaired health which would make it impossible to obtain a policy later.

I know that many service men, realizing the advantages of government insurance and desiring it, feel that they cannot afford to pay the premiums on it. I believe there are few men who actually cannot afford to pay premiums on a policy of the minimum amount of \$1,000. The annual premium on a \$1,000 ordinary life policy offered by the Government is \$20.08 for a man who has reached the age of thirty-five. Actually the yearly cost is less than this sum because of the dividends that the Government will pay on the policy. And there is even a cheaper form of government insurance. For a \$1,000 policy of five-year convertible term insurance, the annual premium is only \$8.03 at the age of thirty-five. This convertible term policy, of course, is simply a temporary policy and must be replaced by a policy of permanent form at the end of five years, otherwise the protection ceases. The low premium for this form of insurance, together with the fact that it shares in dividends, makes this policy especially attractive for temporary protection.

In general, the Government offers to the service man insurance of the same forms offered by the commercial insurance companies. These forms are ordinary life, twenty-payment life, thirty-payment life, twenty-year endowment,

thirty-year endowment, endowment at age sixty-two and five-year convertible term insurance. The Veterans Bureau will supply to any service man a booklet entitled "Information Regarding United States Government Life Insurance" which describes all these forms and gives premium rates at all ages on each form.

I believe that every uninsured service man ought to devote the necessary time to a conscientious study of the advantages of government insurance. Even a superficial study—a slight effort—should convince him that he should act now—acquire a government policy quickly. But the decision will be up to him. Uncle Sam is not going to sit at his elbow urging him to sign on the dotted line.

Unfortunately, nothing is truer than the aphorism that life insurance is *sold*, not *bought*. The man who buys a life-insurance policy solely because he has determined in his own mind that it is a desirable investment and a needed protection to himself and his dependents is a rare individual. For every such man there are a hundred other men who have bought life-insurance policies only because aggressive life-insurance salesmen prodded them into decisions.

Any representative of a private insurance company will tell you that he finds real satisfaction in selling insurance to men who need it and selling it to them in spite of their procrastinations and attempted avoidances. Any seasoned insurance representative will be able to tell you story after story of policies sold to men who thought they did not want them, men who begrudged the amounts called for in annual premiums, only half-convinced of the advisability of buying the policies—how, with the passage of the years, these same men came to realize that those insurance policies, which once seemed millstones about their necks, were blessed anchors in adversity. When storms have swept careers toward the rocky coasts of personal disaster, when losses have come, oftentimes it is the insurance policies acquired in earlier and fairer years which keep the individual from wreck. And when promise and hope have been followed by disappointment and disillusionment and a man has died without the rewards which would have been his if destiny had been kinder, often the life insurance policies he acquired providently provide for his widow and his children the continued maintenance and support which they would otherwise wholly lack.

All in all, it is a good thing that the science of life-insurance salesmanship has been so highly developed. Realizing this, most of us are fair enough to have only the most kindly thoughts for the life-insurance company's representative, even when we have bought all the life insurance which we feel we can reasonably carry and he persists in trying to sell us more.

The representative of the private insurance company has fortified himself with all sorts of arguments and statistics which he uses in convincing his prospects of the desirability of the particular

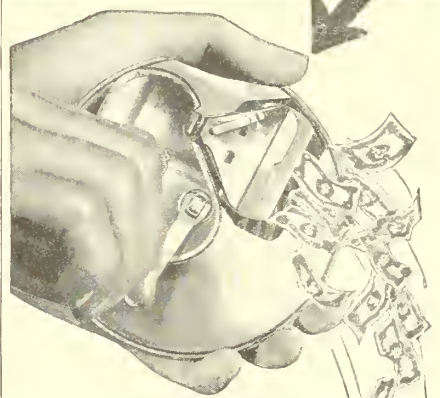
policies which he sells. The United States Government, restricted by lack of appropriations that would permit it to conduct a selling campaign by the conventional methods of the insurance world, publishes full information about government life insurance in a form so simple that anyone can understand it. Granted that the strength of the Government is behind every policy, making it the safest insurance in the world, the next important feature of government insurance is low premium rates.

Premium rates for government insurance, taking into account the annual dividends which the Government returns to its policyholders, are the lowest premiums called for by any similar insurance obtainable. They are the lowest premiums called for because the United States Government has assumed the entire expense of administering the system of government insurance; and the premiums charged by private companies for the corresponding types of insurance include charges not only for the estimated amount needed to meet death claims and matured policies but also an additional amount for the expense of conducting an insurance business.

A private insurance company is a vast enterprise. It must maintain a vast home office and agencies scattered throughout the whole country. It must buy or rent expensive offices wherever its representatives are at work. It must provide for each one of its insurance salesmen a salary or a reward in commissions large enough to supply the incentive to his efforts. In addition to this, every company must maintain a corps of highly trained and experienced executives to keep the funds so invested that they will be safe and at the same time produce as large an income as possible. This expense of administration must be borne out of the income and each policyholder must pay his share.

The United States Government meets the overhead cost of the Government's insurance system. When the Bureau of War Risk Insurance was organized in war time, the Government figured its premium rates on war-time insurance on a basis that was fair and liberal to the more than four million men who subscribed to insurance having a face value of more than forty billions of dollars. When the war-time insurance system was revised to meet the necessities of peace time and the Government offered to its war-time policyholders the privilege of converting their temporary policies into policies of permanent types, policies corresponding to the standard types offered by private companies, Uncle Sam still chose to conduct his insurance business at actual cost. He did not wish to make a profit out of insurance, in fact the liabilities he had already incurred on account of total permanent disability and death under war-time policies exceeded the amount of premiums received by approximately one billion dollars. He himself assumed the expenses of providing the system for administering his insurance system. The premium rates he originated were therefore substan- (Continued on page 64)

How to Make Real Money Just Doing This



New Shaving Invention Offers Excellent Money to Men Who Will Act As Our Local Representatives in Their Home Territories. \$30—\$40—\$50 a Day. Full or Spare Time! No Investment Required. Write for Details On

GENEROUS OFFER

Probably you have heard of KRISS-KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor blade-renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade *keener than new* and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. Hundreds of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from \$200 to \$500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRISS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but *never sold in stores*, so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into *real money*. Even spare-time workers earn \$15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

AN ASTONISHING INVENTION

KRISS-KROSS' mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It stropps your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like master barber. Eight "lucky" leather grooves do the trick in eleven seconds. Automatic reverse. Stropps heavy at the start—light at the finish and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting for You

So great is the present demand for KRISS-KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During the month K. P. Rapf made \$602. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made \$9 his very first demonstration. H. King of Massachusetts made \$66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared \$200 in 7 days at spare time alone!

Get Details—Special Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make \$100 to \$225 a week with KRISS-KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon now!

RHODES KRISS-KROSS CORP.

Dept. K-413
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Canadian Address:
CANADIAN KRISS-KROSS CO.
39 Wellington Street East, Toronto 2,
Canada

RHODES KRISS-KROSS CORP., Dept. K-413
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me full details of your nationally advertised KRISS-KROSS stropper, which is never sold through stores—and tell me about your unusual offer of big profits to demonstrators and order-takers.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

NEW INVENTION

Automatic WASHING MACHINE

A simple new kind of washing machine has just been invented. It has no motors or moving parts, yet it is just as efficient as machines costing \$100. This new machine simply sets in any ordinary boiler and automatically cleans and sterilizes an entire washing in about 20 minutes. No rubbing or strong soap or lye is required. No wear or tear. Washes the finest fabrics. It has been tested and approved by leading engineers.

Costs no more than a pair of shoes

Sent on Ten Day Trial

One of these new washers will be sent on **FREE** trial to one person in each locality. Act quickly. Write for **FREE** BOOKLET at once.

AGENTS
Write or wire for prospectus and free sample offer

PRESTON MFG. CO.
Dept. 367 St. Louis, Mo.



WHO WANTS \$90 WEEKLY TO SELL SHIRTS?

Here's an easy way to make \$90.00 a week or more! Just show our snap line of stylish, Pioneer shirts—now worn by millions of satisfied users. Take quick orders and collect big commissions. Everybody buys—because every shirt is the latest from Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Get repeat business from satisfied customers. **POPULAR-PRICED TIES!** Pioneer gives you the chance to pick up extra money with a beautiful line of men's ties. You get sales everywhere. You never lose a customer because of this wide choice of men's shirts and ties. No substitutions—we ship you what you order.

Big Outfit Free! Get started! Experience unnecessary. Write today for big Free Outfit. Special Money Making Plan and everything you need to begin.

PIONEER MILLS 1225 Broadway, Dept. A15, NEW YORK CITY

Learn to be a LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

At home, by mail. Big fees. Pleasant, healthful work. Experts earn \$50 to \$200 a week. You can earn while learning. Write today for details—

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE SCHOOL
34 Plymouth Bldg.
Des Moines, Ia.

Prohibition Agents

\$2300 to \$2800 YEAR

MEN 23 to 57

Interesting work. "Pull" unnecessary. Common education sufficient. Ex-Service men get preference.

Write immediately for 32 page book of Government Jobs, with description of experience needed, and particulars on how to get an appointment.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W324, Rochester, N. Y.



"Well, Jack, there's our future and our fortune"

Said Ruth to Jack. "If half of what I hear from Mabel and Nell is correct, as to what their husbands have made from the Fashion Kraft proposition, I know you'll soon have an income big enough to pay off our home, buy a smart new car or send the children through school."

"I saw both their bank books and those girls have deposited more within the last month than I have in a year. The whole thing looks mighty good to me—let's write and find out more about it."

All this was a year ago—Jack, who had had no experience taking measurements, *did* write, and today he is a real producer for himself and Ruth, selling popular-priced tailored clothes. He calls on friends, neighbors, men in all walks of life, shows them his fine woolsens, takes their orders for made-to-measure clothes, receives a substantial CASH commission then and there. YOU can do the same! We will give you proper instructions. Why not write today, without obligation? The outfits are valuable, but will be sent free to responsible parties only.

THE FASHION KRAFT CO.
Dept. F, Fifth & Elm Sts., CINCINNATI

Six Men Out of Seven

(Continued from page 63)

tially lower than those charged by the private companies, and they are still lower.

This fact is not at all derogatory to private insurance companies, because it must be recognized that the Government is not competing with private companies. The Government is offering insurance to World War service men as the recognition of an obligation. Even aside from the question of premium rates, it is not fair to judge by competitive standards the relative merits of government insurance and private insurance. The World War veteran buys government insurance because he is confident that his Government is offering to him insurance on the very best terms it can offer, because he has confidence that Congress as time passes will provide every safeguard for the insurance that he gets. Even if his government insurance were to cost exactly the same as private insurance, he would be satisfied that it possessed unique merits. He knows that his government insurance policy has all the elements of desirability possessed by a

Liberty Bond or any other direct obligation of the United States Government. Behind it is the Treasury of the United States and the pledged word of the richest nation in the world.

The private insurance companies of the United States have never sought to persuade World War veterans that government insurance is undesirable in comparison with their own policies. As a matter of fact, the association composed of the presidents of the principal life insurance companies issued immediately after the war a formal statement calling upon the representatives of private companies to advise all service men to maintain their government insurance policies. Most companies have given active assistance to veterans seeking to reinstate or convert their government policies.

Considering the fact that World War service men have acquired government insurance solely because they recognized its desirability and not because they were talked into it, the present number of policyholders is encouragingly large.

Bear and Buffalo

(Continued from page 25)

critter this bar is, too. We'll go right down and have the old woman fry some steaks for supper."

A great deal has been written and related about buffalo hunting, and probably one reason for this is the fact that so many sportsmen from the East came West to indulge in this practice. The buffalo was one of the simplest game to hunt. Buffalo were found on the plains, which were more accessible than the woods or the mountains. The buffalo is one of the symbolic emblems of the country. Its image is on one of our coins and the slaughter of the buffalo has been the cause of more than one Indian war. Still, it is strange how erroneous are some of the notions about the buffalo that have come down.

In the Union Station in Washington is a finely executed statue of an Indian pursuing a buffalo. The animal's spine is as full of arrows as a pin-cushion. Now, no Indian ever shot a buffalo in the region of the spine except by accident. You could not kill a buffalo that way, and until the high-powered rifles came out you could not kill one by shooting it in the head. The vulnerable spots on a buffalo were just back of its forelegs, preferably on the left side of the body.

Some years back I was motoring in Washington with Major General Hugh Scott, the old Indian campaigner and probably the greatest living authority on the Indian sign languages. What is known as the Buffalo Bridge in Washington had just been opened. As those who have seen this handsome structure know, the

bronze likenesses of two buffalo adorn either end of it. General Scott called my attention to one of the figures. "Daly, what do you think of it?" he asked. I looked the statue over carefully and finally said, "General, you have hunted buffalo, I suppose." He said he had. "Did you ever see a buffalo like that?" I asked. "What's the matter with it?" questioned General Scott. "That kink in his tail," I said. "A buffalo doesn't have a kink in his tail." I had noticed the discrepancy that General Scott was testing me on. I do not know who is responsible for it, but the kink in that buffalo's tail has been corrected.

It seems incredible that the buffalo has disappeared. The past fifty or sixty years have brought many changes that I marvel at, and when passing through the western country on the railroad trains I have to rub my eyes and wonder if what I see is real. I am out of fashion, I suppose, and out of date, but I am honest with you when I say that there are many things in this new West that we have today that I would not trade for my memories of the old.

In the sixties the buffalo roamed the plains by the million, and that is no mere fancy figure. During the three years ending with 1874 the Santa Fe, Kansas & Pacific and Union Pacific Railways alone shipped 4373,730 buffalo hides, and those figures do not include the number taken out by all other means of transportation. I have seen herds of buffalo moving across the plains like a perfect sea. If someone had told me that within twenty-five years all of those

animals would be gone, and that in another twenty-five years towns would spring up in their tracks populated by people who never saw a buffalo outside of a menagerie, I should no sooner have believed him than if he had told me the Atlantic Ocean would dry up.

In the sixties the commercialized hunting of buffalo was just beginning. Up to that time the hunters and trappers of the West had devoted themselves almost exclusively to the beaver, whose hide was smaller and more easily transported and more valuable. The British Hudson's Bay Company was the first organization to penetrate the region of the Rockies. Its men came down from the North and had the field to themselves until a German immigrant named John Jacob Astor founded that family's great fortune with his American Fur Company. The American Fur Company and its subsidiaries soon got control of the western region which is now a part of the United States.

The trappers of these two concerns were the first white men in the region, and they had the country to themselves for thirty years before the California gold rush. They were a curious breed, those old trappers, and the greatest of all American frontiersmen. It was not uncommon for a trapper to go out alone and not see a white person or a sign of civilization for two years. They were mostly of French stock and had worked west from the Province of Quebec or northwest from Louisiana, but in my day most of them were pretty well mixed with Indian blood.

There was something about the nature of a Frenchman that enabled him to withstand the solitude and isolation of a trapper's life better than the English could as a race. They got along better with the Indians, whom they did not quarrel with over land or try to reform, but seemed content to adopt their manners of living and views of life. Most of the actual trapping was done by the Indians themselves, the pale-faced representatives of the fur companies buying the pelts for practically nothing with colored beads, knives and such-like trinkets. As the beaver thinned out many of these French trappers and fur traders found employment as scout leaders and guides for the early military expeditions, and that is how I made their acquaintance. They were, as I say, a curious breed, a curious amalgamation of civilization and savagery, preserving many of the least desirable traits of each. But as scout leaders and guides their superiors did not exist.

With the coming of the railroad the buffalo hide attained a commercial value, and an orgy of killing followed that was without the trouble to the killers that the gathering of beaver pelts had been. To an experienced hunter there was not much danger in buffalo hunting, although I must admit that it is possible to find accounts of buffalo hunters' exploits that give a different impression. Men have been killed hunting buffalo, and a wounded bull buffalo separated from a herd was a dangerous beast unless you knew what to do. Buffalo was always hunted on horseback, and a hunter would

have to see that he was not unseated or his mount gored and disabled. For that matter, a wounded deer at bay, especially the black-tailed deer, was dangerous.

The great killings of buffalo were made when the animals were running in herd. The hunters would ride along beside the head of the herd and a good shot could bring them down as fast as he could work his rifle. The carcasses were stripped of skin, tongues and tallow and left to rot. I have seen hides piled up on the prairie like haystacks.

The Indians protested against this. The buffalo was the Indian's source of food, clothing and shelter, and there has been more than one Indian depredation in retaliation for the commercial slaughter of the buffalo. To the whites this would seem a pretty trumped-up excuse for going on the war path, but the whites have never studied very hard to appreciate the Indian's point of view. At the great peace conference at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, in 1867, the Kiowa chief Satanta addressed General Hancock: "Is the white man like a child that he kill buffalo he cannot eat?"

I have never known of a wild animal to attack a man unless wounded or in defense of its young. This is not to say, however, that a man had necessarily to be looking for trouble in order to find it. In 1884 I was marking trees to be cut for a house we were building at Fort Apache, Arizona, when I happened to look up and notice a hole above me in a tree that I had selected. I tapped on the tree and a wild cat's head showed in the hole. I watched it and a female cat crawled out, followed by its two young. They sat on a limb watching me and the mother cat began to meow. I imagined she might be calling to her mate, and hearing a slight rustle behind me, looked around just in time to sidestep as an enormous male cat made a spring at me. The cat's paw brushed my cheek as it passed, landing about ten feet in front of me. Quick as thought it whirled to spring again. As it did so I dropped my hand to my side and fired with my pistol from the hip. It was a lucky shot. The ball caught the cat directly between the eyes. If I had missed or had been a few seconds later on the draw the cat would have been on me and I would have been in a bad fix. I left the mother and the young in the tree and they did not bother me. Another time I had to kill a mother cougar to calm a mule that I was riding. She had some young with her and I left some meat for them.

Following the capture of Geronimo the West enjoyed three quiet years until the Pine Ridge Campaign of 1890, which practically ended the armed resistance of the red race. Maneuver camps were maintained during the summer months for the training of the troops, and at the close of the camps, in the fall of the year, there were always a number of hunting expeditions organized by the officers, who often invited some of their civilian friends. Following the maneuvers in 1889 I accompanied such an expedition organized by General George Crook, the department commander.

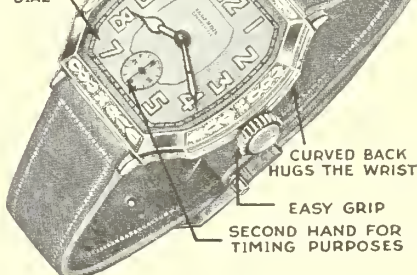
I had charge (Continued on page 66)

The Government picked this watch

DUST-PROOF
MOISTURE-PROOF CASE

17 JEWEL
SHOCK-PROOF
MOVEMENT

RADIUM
DIAL



Sold DIRECT! 10 Days' FREE Trial!

ILLINOIS Watch Co.'s remarkable creation—the "SPORTSMAN"—Military Strap Watch. The U. S. Government during the World War requested the entire output of these Watches because they were conceded best. Genuine Ruby Jewels—not 7, not 15, BUT 17 JEWELS for PRECISION! Double strength mainspring; wheels, plates, escapements, secret process tempered to absorb shocks. Owners say it is:—

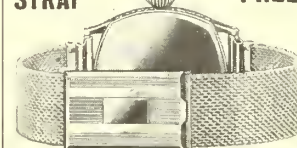
"ABSOLUTELY SHOCK-PROOF"

SPORTSMEN, Business men, Professional men, Aviators, are amazed at its marvellous performance. Terrific drives down the fairway; smashes on the tennis court; intense heat or cold do not affect its time-keeping. Handsome Case—DUST-PROOF! MOISTURE-PROOF! Radium numerals glow time readily. A timepiece you'll be proud of. List price \$50.00. Our special "Direct-by-Mail" price \$36.50, with costly Mesh Strap INCLUDED FREE!

\$36.50!

**MESH
STRAP**

FREE



Clever one-piece Mesh Strap that slips on and off, and over and up the band in a "jiffy". No old style prong buckle to fumble with. No slip out of hand, causing repairs. It protects Watch and adds smart note. GIVEN with each Strap Watch, to make hundreds of new friends! This Gift offer good only for LIMITED time! Order AT ONCE!



Showing how Watch is slipped up forearm... out of harm's way!

Our Plan is Different!

Tens of thousands are buying on our plan. We ask for NO Money in advance! NO PAYMENTS on Delivery! See it! Test it! Wear it! for 10 days. **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan: **\$6 MONTHLY** or, if you prefer to pay Cash within 10 DAYS, deduct \$3.50 and send Check or Money Order for \$33.00. Otherwise return it. Order NOW at this Special Price! **\$33.00**

SEEVER-WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, International Mail-Order House
365 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Distributors of Illinois "Sportsman"

Gentlemen:—Please send \$36.50 Illinois "Sportsman" Strap Watch with FREE Mesh Strap for 10 Days' Trial on your "No Money in Advance—No Money on Delivery" Plan.

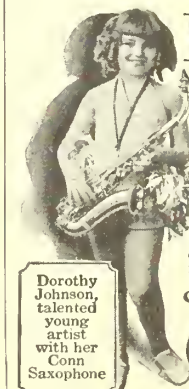
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

Clip and mail this Coupon NOW. If a new customer please tell us some thing about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Am. Leg. 8-29



Dorothy Johnson, talented young artist with her Conn Saxophone

Easy to PLAY

The choice of Sousa and leading artists. The key to success for beginners. Easy to blow, responsive in action, crystal clear in tone. Special patented features and more than 50 years' experience are assurance of supreme quality. Yet they cost no more.

FREE TRIAL, Easy Payments on any band or orchestra instrument. Write for special offer. Mention instrument desired. C.G. Conn, Ltd., 300 Conn Bldg., Elk Hart, Ind.

CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST
MANUFACTURERS OF
BAND INSTRUMENTS

Bear and Buffalo

(Continued from page 65)

LEST WE FORGET



FREE!
A 12 inch high reproduction of this famous statue may be yours ABSOLUTELY FREE—ask for the "Artists Story" and "How to own a Doughboy Free".
Written letter telling who is most interested in a Memorial to your community—\$100.00 in Gold as reward. Act Now!
Just one accurate authentic Doughboy statue "SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOY" by Viqueney
DON'T BE FOOLED

AMERICAN DOUGHBOY STUDIOS
Spencer Indiana

The fervor and sacrifice of the vivid days of 1918 may be fading... But the devotion and sacrifice of America's manhood must be perpetuated... Your community should have its shrine—its Doughboy Memorial—a living likeness of the AMERICAN DOUGHBOY.

Accurate Life Size
Pronounced 100% Perfect by the American Legion

A sincere proof of grateful remembrance of any community—the erection of this famous, nationally known World War statue "SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOY" by E. M. Viqueney

Furnished in enduring bronze or beautiful pure Italian Marble at prices any community can afford. A real work of art as is shown by its erection in Garfield and Lincoln Parks, Chicago, together with nearly a hundred other localities all over the United States. Plans furnished free, money raised and work completed for you.

Insist on a Viqueney Doughboy for your Memorial.

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

EARN UP TO \$250 Per Month

Expenses Paid

Trained men needed in this important profession. Fascinating work; plenty of variety; chances to travel. **Advancement rapid** with experience. Report to high officials. We assist you to a position upon graduation paying from \$120 to \$135 a month and expenses, or refund your money. Prepare in 3 mos. spare time home study. Cost moderate. Send for free booklet today. **Standard Business Training Inst., Div. 24, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Styled On Fifth Avenue—TIES & SHIRTS PAY BIG

MAKE STEADY MONEY

weekly selling this combined line. Public Service offers the best money-maker in the country for full time or spare time workers.

Splendid Fifth Ave. Styled shirts. Beautiful fabrics to satisfy every taste. Sell on sight to men and women at factory prices. Biggest assortment in the business. Collect your commissions in advance. Finest new Fall Outfit FREE. Start earning more money at once. Write TODAY.

PUBLIC SERVICE MILLS, Inc.
4937H Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.
Canadian Office, 110 Dundas St., London, Ontario, Canada

\$12.00 AN HOUR



ACTUALLY EARNED
selling the new Doublewear work shoe. \$5 value selling at only \$2.95. A world-beater. Liberal commission. You get full profit—no district managers to split with. Success is sure. Write quick.

DOUBLEWEAR SHOE COMPANY
49 E. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

New Kind Of Can Opener



Works Like Magic!

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving a rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. K-1002, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS
Men and Women make big money selling this lifetime device, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE OUT-FIT and FREE TEST Offers.

of the pack train and met the party in the latter part of September at the railroad at old Fort Steele, or Rawlins, Wyoming. From there we began our journey on muleback to the hunting grounds in the Teton Mountains two hundred and thirty miles away by air line, and of course farther by the trail.

The crisp autumn days with their sharp, clear nights made fine weather for traveling. Our route lay by way of Camp Brown, now Fort Washakie, and up the Wind River Valley to Jackson's Lake, which is just south of Yellowstone Park. West of the lake is the Teton Range, which is a spur of the Continental Divide. The Tetons are noble mountains, with three well-defined peaks like sentinels against the sky—sure landmarks for those who might lose the direction of camp in the excitement of a chase. The snow was one or two feet deep on the summits of the mountains, but the lower slopes were kept clear by the constant northwest winds. The country abounded with Rocky Mountain sheep, deer, elk, and black, brown and grizzly bear. The feeding ground was in the foothills until the deep snows of winter drove the animals to the valleys below. There in hard winters hundreds of them would freeze and starve to death.

The hunt started off very well. We packers would split up among the different parties and bring in each day's catch, and dress down but not skin the animals. The temperature was below freezing on the average and the meat and pelts would not spoil.

One day General Crook, riding his mule Apache, and I started off alone to see if we could get a grizzly whose track the general had seen previously. We found the track and the indications were that the bear was not far away. General Crook dismounted and ordered me to do likewise. Tying our mules we followed the track down a pine-covered slope to a small brook, the banks of which were dense with bull berry and wild plum bushes. We approached cautiously and sure enough caught sight of the bear eating berries. He was across the stream from us and coming toward the water on his four feet with his head down.

I was in the general's rear, and being on higher ground had a better view of the bear than he did. General Crook raised his rifle and taking careful aim fired. The bear was struck between the eyes, but the animal had its head down and the bullet did not penetrate the brain. With a roar of pain the bear rose on its hind legs and the general fired again, this time at its heart. But again he missed the vital spot, and the bear, catching sight of us, crashed through the thicket, leaped the brook and, belching like a bull, rushed toward us. The blood was gushing from his mouth and he was a frightful sight.

"When I give the word we'll fire to-

gether, Daly," said General Crook, as calmly as if he were directing some target practice.

We brought up our guns.

"All right," said the general. We both fired and the bear dropped not a length away from us. I had begun to get a little nervous myself.

He was a big fellow and more than our pack mule could carry, so we made our way back to camp, blazing trees as we rode, in order to be able to return straightway. General Crook was much pleased with the pelt of this animal. It was a nearly perfect specimen and free from claw streaks, which bears often get from fighting among themselves.

At the end of the day, after the parties had come in one by one, the gentlemen would sit on camp stools before big fires relating the experiences of the day and of other hunts, while the packers put away the meat and the cooks got supper. Pretty soon the "Come and get it!" of the cooks would bring all hands to the rough table where the meal was spread. And such meals! None of your campaign grub on these fancy hunting trips. Broiled deer and elk steaks with rashers of bacon, canned vegetables and fruits from the city, a mountain of hot biscuits and gallons of coffee. I have not had better victuals set before me at the old Delmonico's.

After supper we would adjourn to the fire, light our pipes and have another round of stories. Among the packers was an old, gray-haired forty-niner named Ed Delaney, who was always taken along for his stories. Ed was illiterate but he subscribed to several magazines for the illustrations. He was a notoriously poor shot but always carried a fine rifle and an ivory-handled, silver-barreled six shooter and wore two belts of ammunition suspended from his shoulders by leather galluses. Thirty years later when I was wearing a Sam Browne belt I never put it on without thinking how much I looked like poor old Ed Delaney.

Ed had a fur cap and a full-length overcoat made of selected beaver skins which he said he had caught on the Frazer River in British Columbia, and probably had. Ed would sit down by the fire and get out his meerschaum pipe, with a silver lid and a bowl as big as an apple, and set up a fog like the stack of a Mississippi River steamboat. Old Ed never had to be coaxed into a recital. A favorite story of his was of a fishing experience on the South Fork of the Salmon River where he had prospected for gold.

"You see, gents, it war this way. We war on the Salmon River Range and prospectin' warn't very good, so we pulled over to the South Fork where the boys said there war some good diggings. As our grub war out I sot a trot line and the next morning war pulling on this line when I saw the head of a catfish as big as a barrel."

"That was a pretty big catfish head, Mr. Delaney," someone would remark.

"Yes, gents, he war a whopper, as you say. Well, sir, that durned cat snapped the line like a shoestring so I allowed, 'Durn you, I'll get you yet,' and as I had a good long rawhide rope I made a hook of half inch steel, and baited it with a hunk of bacon and waited for morning again. Well, gents, as I was hauling in the line that same catfish head come up, and as I was getting him close to the bank he gives a flop like a whale and away went my line as if it had been cut with an axe."

"Perhaps it was a whale, Mr. Delaney."

"No, sir," said Ed, reflectively, "It war a catfish. A catfish, and I made up my mind then and there that I war'n't to be outdone by no pesky catfish. So I saddled up my cayuse and rode thirty mile to Marshall Lake, whar there war a blacksmith shop, and had the blacksmith make me a hook out of *one-inch* steel, like the boys use for making drills, and rode back to camp and got me a *one-inch* rope and baited it with a quarter of beef—"

"But I thought you were out of grub, Mr. Delaney."

"Now, see here, gents, who is telling this story? Baited it with a quarter of beef and the next morning I had that same catfish on the line again and take me if I didn't have to ride back to the Lake and hire three yoke of oxen to pull him out of the river."

General Crook had expressed a desire to get a pair of horns and pelt of a Rocky Mountain sheep, and one day we set out to climb the summit of one of the peaks, which was a favorite haunt for the sheep. The climbing war rugged. We advanced up the north, or windward, side and gained the peak without seeing any sign of sheep. From the crest the general peered down on the south, or sheltered, side, and quickly retreated, saying, "Daly, dismount and tie the mules quick."

I did so and looking down the mountain side saw three bucks resting on a ledge one hundred yards below us. As these animals when frightened instinctively run up hill we were in a good position in the main, but too far away to get a shot. As noiselessly as possible we

began to climb down the mountain, which was almost precipitous and was covered with snow. We had come within fifty yards of the sheep when the general paused behind a boulder and gave a long, low whistle.

The sheep looked about alertly. General Crook raised his rifle and fired. A buck with immense horns sprang straight in the air and dropped dead. Then firing at the one with horns next in size he brought it down and with a third shot broke the forelegs of the third animal. With a bleat it bounded toward us on its stumps and I raised my rifle as the animal turned its head, and aiming for the first joint back of the left ear, brought it down with a broken neck.

Noon came on us during our slow climb down the mountain with our game and we halted in the midst of a little patch of quaking asp beside a spring for a meal of sheep steak. We had just resumed our march when the wail of a panther cat was heard.

"He smells the fresh meat," said General Crook. "Tie up the mules and we'll try to get a shot at him."

The mules were no sooner secured than we heard the wail of a second cat. General Crook and I took positions behind pine trees some distance apart so as to protect our meat and waited. Presently the cats appeared, side by side, within a few feet of the tree behind which General Crook was standing, but some yards from my tree. They halted and sniffed. Their eyes glistened and the hair on their backs bristled as if they scented danger. Their tails switched from side to side.

General Crook was too close on them to shoot. He might kill one animal but meantime the other would be upon him. And we could not both shoot without determining matters so as each to aim at a different animal.

I rapped on my tree to attract the general's attention and then, raising my gun, stepped out in the open. The cats saw me and sprang apart, snarling and whipping their tails. Unnoticed, General Crook brought his gun up and trained it on one of the cats. I waited until he had fired and then I fired, disposing of the remaining cat. We skinned the animals on the spot and took their pelts with us into camp.

When Foch Came to America

(Continued from page 23)

for the participants, was unquestionably reached at Centralia, Washington. It was in that town on Armistice Day of 1919 that four of the leaders in The American Legion parade were shot down by members of the I. W. W. from the windows of the I. W. W. headquarters.

As we were determined that the Marshal should not suffer from the rigors of the trip, there were certain rules governing his daily program. He was not to appear in public before nine a. m., and there had to be an hour's rest before lunch and two hours' rest before dinner,

and he must be permitted to retire for the day at nine-thirty p. m. In only two instances were these rules broken. The result was that the Marshal did not suffer from over-exertion; in fact his physician told us at the end of the tour that the Marshal was in better health than on his arrival and that he had gained ten pounds.

The intimate contact with Marshal Foch was a privilege of the sort that comes to few in a lifetime. The Marshal's kindness, his constant good humor, his (Continued on page 68)

factory prices!

A Remarkable Opportunity to Own The Famous 21-Jewel!

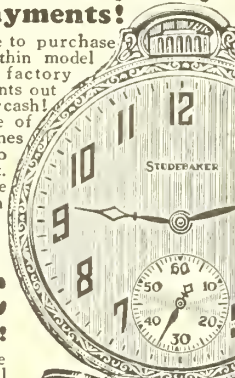
STUDEBAKER

The Insured Watch

There are thousands of Studebaker Watch customers in every state in the Union and Canada—men and women who have answered these ads and obtained lowest factory prices on one of the highest grade watches ever perfected. Save middlemen's profits! The Studebaker name today means the greatest watch value of all history! Write for free book and details today!

Cash or Extremely Easy Monthly Payments!

Imagine being able to purchase these magnificent thin model watches at lowest factory prices on easy payments out of your income, or for cash! Let us send you one of these marvelous watches—you are under no obligation to keep it. You'll agree it is the world's greatest watch value. Write for free 6-color book and learn the true facts!



FREE

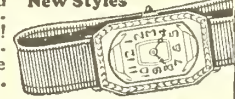
6-Color Book!

If you write at once we will send beautiful style book, showing lowest factory prices on these lifetime insured watches. Thousands save money this way. Write TODAY.

Write!

Luxurious strap and bracelet watches at remarkably low prices! Your greatest opportunity to save! Write for FREE style book.

100 New Styles



STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY

Directed by the Studebaker Family—known for three-quarters of a century of fair dealing
Dept. NO. 4 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.

PATENTS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. Book, Patent-Sense, free.

Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D. C.
Estab. 1869

Numerous Legionnaire References

REDUCE THAT BULGE



Wear The LITTLE CORPORAL

The LITTLE CORPORAL "ELASTEX" Belt has a fine reputation. Comfortable to wear and very satisfactory. Reduces bulging waistlines. Relieves aching muscles and tired backs. Makes you feel and look fine. A really wonderful belt that gives amazing results.

Special 2 Weeks' Trial Offer and FREE Literature Mailed on Request
WOMEN should write for FREE information on our new ELSEE REDUCER.

The Little Corporal Co. Dept. V8
1215 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.
The LITTLE CORPORAL "ELASTEX" BELT



A Necessity

*to those who would
preserve each copy of The
American Legion Monthly*

A NEW binder suitable for preserving one volume—there are two volumes yearly—of six numbers of your magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY.

THIS binder is strong, artistic in design, beautifully embossed in gold, and made of blue artificial leather.

THE Locking Device is convenient and simple—the actual binding can be made in a few minutes. It requires no hole punching—does not mutilate your copies—is easy to operate—can be quickly detached.

IN gold on the front of this binder is embossed The American Legion Emblem and THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY logotype. On the end, embossed in gold, is the title, THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, and the volume number—I, II, III, IV, V, VI or VII. The present volume is No. VII. If you desire to bind a complete set—all your past copies of the MONTHLY—binders can be purchased for volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII.

THE price of this new binder is \$1.00 each, postpaid, in the United States. In foreign countries, add to remittance estimated postage.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,
P. O. Box 1357,
Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$----- (Insert proper amount computed at \$1.00 for each binder.) Please send, postpaid, the new binder for Volume I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII of The American Legion Monthly. (Check or circle binder or binders desired.)

Name -----

Address -----

City ----- State -----

When Foch Came to America

(Continued from page 67)

great generosity and consideration for others instilled in his followers almost a sense of adoration. His heart was the biggest thing about him and his thoughtfulness for the feelings of others always overshadowed his personal desires. We remember one day when a bushel or so of mail arrived from Paris and got into the Marshal's hands before it had been sorted by his aides. We found him with all this mail spread on his bed very busy picking out certain letters. We thought of course he was looking for very important and perhaps official documents or his own personal letters, but we discovered that he was first searching for the letters for Lieutenant de Soubeyran from the latter's bride of two months.

The Marshal had the most generous conception of the embarrassment and difficulties of the committee in its attempts to satisfy all the demands made upon us. We had a particularly bad situation in one city, owing to jealousies between the followers of a Republican governor and a Democratic mayor.

Again we go back to recollections of the trip of the Legion party to France in 1921. The Marshal was with the party for some days and at Metz it was announced that on the following day he would be unable to be with them because it was the anniversary of his son's death, and that he always visited his son's grave on that day. The son, a boy of eighteen, was a corporal in the French Army and was killed in the first ten days of the war in 1914. A committee asked if he would object if the party were to send with him a wreath to be placed on his son's grave as a tribute from the American soldier. He paused a minute and said, "I think so much of the American soldier, of what he was and what he did, that I would consider it an honor if he would share with me in my grief over the loss of my only son. Let three of you come along with me." Who but a man of extraordinarily fine sensibilities could have paid such a great honor to the American soldier?

The Marshal's sense of humor was constantly in evidence and added greatly to the enjoyment of our association with him. As he stood on the edge of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona, he sighed and said, "What a wonderful boundary line this would make between France and Germany!"

It was the privilege of a lifetime to draw from the Marshal comments on the events of the World War. It was perhaps the biggest honor of the association with him that he favored us with his confidence and told us many things that we are not privileged to repeat. One of the most vivid things in our recollection, however, can be repeated. Peter E. Wright in his work, "In the Supreme War Council," states that the Allies predominated in men and materials from the winter of 1914-15, and

that the war could have been won just as well in 1915 as in 1918. We asked the Marshal to comment upon this and he replied, through Count de Chambrun, "No, not in 1915 and not in 1916, but in 1917. With Russia still in the war, and with the moral effect of America's entry into the war, under a unified command we should have succeeded in the fall of 1917 just as well as in 1918."

We asked him about his famous remark at the first battle of the Marne, "My left is annihilated, my right is in retreat, I am attacking with my center," or something to that effect. He laughed and replied, "The real story was this. The engine had got away from the chauffeur. Von Kluck and his army were away ahead of the engineers in Luxembourg" (meaning Von Bulow and the Kaiser). "Von Kluck's army moved too fast and was away ahead of its supplies and reserves, leaving a great gap between his army and the army following, and I struck in that gap."

When once asked, "Would it not have been better had the Allies marched into Berlin?" the Marshal, forgetful of the great military glory that would have been his had he marched into Berlin at the head of the victorious army, forgetful of the revenge that some of the French people wanted for the occupation of Paris in 1870, replied: "The object of war is to impress one's will on one's adversary; having accomplished that, further fighting is useless slaughter." Having made his own great sacrifice he was unwilling, for personal glory, that there should be any useless sacrifice of a single French, English, Belgian or American soldier.

Although the receptions and programs were magnificent everywhere, perhaps it would be only fair to say that we felt that the most finished and carefully worked out full day's program—and, mind you, we are expressing the opinion of The American Legion committee only—was put on in Indianapolis. The most perfect thing was the hour and a half's program in Hartford, Connecticut. In that time they did everything that could have been accomplished in a week, and everything went off like clockwork. We remember with gratitude the banquet at Spokane—they didn't have a single speech. As for speeches, one of the Marshal's aides kept a record which showed that 446 speeches of welcome were delivered to Marshal Foch during the trip. The consensus of American members of the party was that the best speech delivered to Marshal Foch in the United States was by the late Ambassador Edgar A. Bancroft of Chicago. In Ottawa, in a classic bit of oratory, the Premier, the Honorable MacKenzie King, in seven and a half minutes said all that had been said in the previous 440 speeches.

The trip ended in New York on Tuesday, December 13th, with a private party

given by the Legion committee, a party at which General Pershing was present. The last official visit came the next morning with a final call on the Mayor, at which time the Marshal was presented with an American flag and a beautiful diamond tiara to take back to Madame Foch. At noon on the 14th the Marshal

sailed on the *Paris*. His last words to the Legion and to America were:

"Before I came to this country I knew that although young you were a giant industrially, economically and financially; having seen so much of your country I realize also what a great moral force you can be in this world."

Belleau Gets Its Church Back

(Continued from page 46)

were advancing from the woods to take Torcy and Belleau. This artillery preparation was in the form of advancing concentrations which moved forward in front of the infantry from point to point. In the shelling of these several days the church tower was frequently hit and the structure was almost demolished. The artillery's work was so effective that the infantry had comparatively few casualties at that particular spot.

When, some four years ago, the members of the Yankee Division Veterans Association considered erecting a memorial to the Division's war dead there was of course a variety of opinion as to what form the memorial should take and where it should be placed. Several units of the American Expeditionary Forces had set up shafts and boulders in France shortly after the Armistice, with, in a few cases, unhappy consequences.

The Twenty-Sixth Division was able to avail itself of the services of Major Slater Washburn and Captain William J. Blake, who had served with the Division throughout its stay in France and who went over the entire ground marked by its service in the front lines. Captain Bernard Carter of Paris and the Twenty-Sixth assisted Washburn and Blake in the work of assembling maps, photographs and other data relating to the proposed memorial, and a group of French officers who had been attached to the Division in the war were of inestimable aid in preparing the ground for the decision.

From the first it was felt that the memorial should be so far as possible constructed with funds raised within the Division itself, and although the work of securing the \$50,000 necessary to assure completion of the structure has been no easy task, and is not, even today, quite completed, the committee has made no attempt to solicit from the public, only a very few purely voluntary donations of that kind having been received.

The stained glass windows will be memorials to the major units of the Division, while the smaller units will provide the Stations of the Cross, lectern, reredos, altar and baptismal font. The officers and men of the present Twenty-Sixth Division, Massachusetts National Guard, lineal descendants of the wartime Twenty-Sixth, have assumed the burden of raising the \$10,000 necessary for the bronze tablets within the church which will carry the names of the Division's dead. The memorial is not to be fully completed this year or

next, though services will be held in it this fall, but will be a growing thing like the old cathedrals of France, which took centuries to build.

The decision to place the memorial at Belleau was based largely on the fact that the engagement which started on July 18th and which definitely marked the turn in the tide of war in favor of the Allies was probably the greatest contribution of the Division during its year and a half in France, where it served in five distinct sectors of the front line. The Division accounted for some eighteen kilometers of territory before the infantry brigades were relieved on July 25th, took a large number of prisoners and supplies and freed a number of villages. All other units of the Division continued forward with the 42d Division and the Fourth Division, being withdrawn August 4th after a total advance of 41 kilometers. The capture of Belleau by units of the Twenty-Sixth occurred on the first day of the Allied offensive.

General John H. Sherburne, formerly commanding general of the 51st Artillery Brigade, has been chairman of the committee in charge of the memorial since the beginning and has been indefatigable in working out the details. Through Captain Carter, M. d'Estailleur de Chanteraine, one of the most distinguished architects of France, took over the work of restoring the old church. M. Paillet, owner of the Chateau of Belleau, gave the Division the land on which the restored church stands. The actual work of construction started in the spring of 1928 and the cornerstone was laid by the Bishop of Soissons last December.

The main party of the Twenty-Sixth will leave Boston on September 28th. Among them will be many of the Legionnaires who made the trip to the Paris convention of the Legion in 1927 and at that time visited the site where the restored church now stands. Arrangements have been made for trips to places which were memorable in the stay of the Division in France, but of course the dedication of the memorial church at Belleau, which will take place on October 10th, will be the focal point of the pilgrimage. The Twenty-Sixth is proud of its record of service in France and is happy to think that the friendships that sprang up between its members and the French population in the various sectors it occupied are a heritage that will be strengthened and handed down to future generations by its memorial at Belleau.



"The Lasting Qualities of My Bossert House Have Been Excellent."

NELSON DOUBLEDAY

BOSSERT HOUSES are built of only quality materials, selected at the largest lumber plant in the East. They are products of skilled craftsmanship backed by the Bossert guarantee of satisfaction.

The elements that have established the Bossert reputation are service, years of experience, quality, and convenience to purchasers—not to mention savings.

For anything from a palatial home to a garage or summer bungalow . . . see Bossert.

Ready Cut Houses Without That Ready Cut Look

Write for our illustrated booklet

BOSSERT HOMES

LOUIS BOSSERT & SONS, Inc.
1375 Grand Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 64-page book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN", which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers, and U. S. Supreme Court justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL. B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement.

Write for free book today
BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Dept. 130C Chicago



UNIFORMS

WRITE FOR CATALOG No. 50.

ALUMINUM HELMETS \$3.00
POLISHED OR ANY COLOR

GEORGE EVANS & Co.
132 N. FIFTH ST. - A.L. DEPT. - PHILADELPHIA.

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed (adeless). Pay postman 35c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send Free a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY

1652 Ogden Ave.

Dept. K-338

Chicago, Ill.



JOHN HANCOCK SERIES

PENSIONS

DID you ever think about pensioning yourself?

At a surprisingly low cost you can use the resources of life insurance to provide yourself with an adequate pension. It is a form of insurance known as "Annuities," an entirely different thing from the payment of money to your relatives at your death.

You would be interested to read of the experiences of others in regard to this matter. We shall be pleased to send you our booklet, "Life Incomes Through Annuities," which tells their experiences and explains the plan. Copy Free.

Inquiry Bureau

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

197 Clarendon Street Boston, Mass.
Please send "Life Incomes Through Annuities."

Name.....

Address.....

A.L.M.
—OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS IN BUSINESS—

Results of the \$25,000 War Novel Contest

(Continued from page 5)

When he was fifteen Scanlon quit high school and got a job in the yards painting lard pails. Most of the cattle killing was done right across the street from where he worked, and young Scanlon and his associates used to place small bets on whether a specific "knocker" would polish off a specific steer in a single blow. The "knockers" used to hold exhibitions in adjacent parks and compete for money prizes for killing and dressing a steer against time. Scanlon, therefore, was reared in an atmosphere of prize contests.

Scanlon soon abandoned the career of lard-pail painter to take a job as bellhop in the Transit House, inside the yards, favored caravanserai of visiting cattlemen. The Transit House (now the Stockyard Inn) was a famous resort and a good hotel, for cattlemen are fussy about their accommodations and even fussier about their food.

A bellhop makes all kinds of money, supposedly, but he is also pretty much of a social cypher and recognizes that fact himself. Scanlon wanted something better. He graduated to the Exchange Building (also the stockyards), which is occupied almost entirely by commission house and railroad offices. He became messenger, yard clerk and yardmaster (it was while serving in this capacity that he learned to chew tobacco) and ultimately rate clerk in the Exchange Building offices of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. Then, without leaving the Exchange Building, he went over to the Illinois Central and ultimately became chief clerk and accountant in their yard offices. He left the I. C. to become rate clerk, and ultimately chief clerk, for the Morton Salt Company. By the spring of 1917 he was in charge of the traffic department. And then the war.

The first earnest of an intention to send men to France from America came with the announcement that several regiments of railway engineers, whatever they were, were to be recruited for overseas service. Scanlon heard about it and tried to enlist on the strength of his knowledge of the transportation game acquired over ten years of hard work. He was told that the railroads were supplying the men themselves in such abundance that it would not be necessary to enlist recruits by other means. Then he tried to get into an R. O. T. C., but the fact that he had not graduated from high school (although he had received the equivalent of a full high-school education by night-school attendance) told against him. So he tried the Marines, who were more concerned about twenty-twenty eyes than about the difference between gerunds and gerundives. They took him.

They took him and they sent him to Paris Island for three months, to Quantico

for another month, and then overseas. The outfit sailed from Philadelphia on the *Von Steuben* late in October. There were four big transports in the convoy, among them the *Agamemnon*. Three-quarters of the way to France the *Agamemnon* one evening ran smack into the stern of the *Von Steuben*, convincing several thousand American troops on each ship that they had been torpedoed, and a moment later the *Von Steuben*, in the heart of the submarine zone, where cigarettes could not be smoked on deck by night or luminous-dialed wrist watches worn, blazed out with every light she had. Not, fortunately, for long. The incident was without parallel in the history of the transport service.

The convoy docked at Brest, the first to reach that subsequently rather important center of A. E. F. maritime activity, and Scanlon's outfit was sent to Bordeaux. Soon afterward a detail that included Scanlon was sent to Tours on M. P. duty. Meantime Scanlon had been made a corporal; subsequently he was made a sergeant, and after the Armistice he attended the officers' school at Langres, but, like thousands of other post-Armistice candidates, he never rose above the rank of dovetail, otherwise third lieutenant. In 1919 it was easier to get to be a brigadier general than a second lieutenant.

In January of 1918 the Second Division went into the lines in the reasonably quiet Verdun area. They heard their first shell at Dugny; it busted a Marine base drum. But Scanlon's frontline history really begins with the Second Division's march into the Château-Thierry sector at the end of May, and that is where his prize-winning novel begins too.

Back in Chicago just before the prohibition amendment went into effect (thoughtful relatives had provided a cellarful of beer in the expectation that he might not return until after July 1, 1919), Scanlon set out to do what four million other Americans were devoting their energies to at the same moment—to get himself a job of work. In his case it was not hard. He simply went back to the Morton Salt Company. He stayed there a year—a year of steadily increasing discontent—and at the end of the year he quit. It took him some time to figure why he hadn't been satisfied to be back at the salt company. Finally he reasoned it out. "They made it too soft for me," he says. Followed six months devoted to curing the inevitable wanderlust of the returned soldier. He knocked around in Wyoming, Idaho, Utah. He got as far south as Florida. Then he came back to Chicago and studied electricity, lighting, motion-picture photography. Today he holds a card in Local 666 (Chicago) of the International Alliance of Theatrical

Make Steady Money SELL 'ROSECLIFF' SHIRTS

Your Own Shirts FREE!
Rosecliff — a real house — gives:
1. One year guarantee
2. No substitutes—we ship exact
3. Silk embroidered initials Free
4. Big commissions in advance
5. A shirt for every size and taste
—8 More Money-Making Features establish our Leadership.
Sell The Best!
Write for your outfit NOW!
Rosecliff Shirt Corp.
Dept. L8, 1237 Broadway, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 8,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations of executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 8381-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

RAISE CHINCHILLA AND NEW ZEALAND WHITE FUR RABBITS We Supply Stock and pay you following prices for all you raise: Chinchillas average \$3 each. —New Zealand Whites \$2 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of *Fur Farming* magazine, tells how to raise rabbits for big profits, all for 10c. Address
OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO.
BOX 1042, HOLMES PARK, MISSOURI

LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE \$75 to \$150 A WEEK

Write me today, and I will show you the way to earn BIG MONEY, either full time, or SPARE TIME! Simply SHOW AMERICA'S FINEST LINE of Xmas Cards. Clark Brignon made \$108.50 on one order. Mrs. Mercer, a housewife, averages \$63.00 a week! Miss Davis earned \$47.35 the first day, during lunch time.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!
N-GRAVURE Cards sell themselves! Over 70 beautiful creations, by famous masters. Customer's name personally N-Gravured. Write quick for our beautiful FREE Outfit!
Robert H. Williams, Sales Director
N-Gravure Corporation of America, Dept. 20,
141 S. Wells St., Chicago

**\$10.00
OUTFIT
FREE**

Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators of the United States and Canada. He is employed at the A. B. C. Studios, and recently has been engaged in some interesting experimental work with talkies.

But in this post-war decade Scanlon has been doing more than settle down and get a living. Soon after the war he began to read everything on psychology he could get hold of—William James, G. Stanley Hall, Watson, Freud, everyone. He was trying to rationalize his own war conduct. "At such a place, under such circumstances, why did I do this or that?" He put that question to a thousand situations which he recalled; he applied to it what he had learned in his reading. All unconsciously, he was getting ready for The American Legion Monthly-Houghton Mifflin Company Prize War Novel Contest. And it is this application of Scanlon's to his own war psychology, and his translation of that application into words, that makes his story a novel rather than a mere war diary—a careful and calculated study of the mental and spiritual development of an average man in an un-average war. This is the plot of "God Have Mercy on Us"—a plot lacking a conventional villain, a conventional hero, a conventional heroine and a conventional ending, but a plot, in the strictest technical interpretation of the word, as clear as those in "Hamlet" or "The Scarlet Letter" or "Vanity Fair."

Mary Lee's forebears include a long and sturdy line of merchant ship owners and captains from Boston, Salem and the Maine coast who sailed their ships to the ends of the earth back in the heyday of America's maritime glory. Her father, the late Francis W. Lee of Boston, was for many years connected with the banking house of Lee, Higginson and Company, and served later as assistant treasurer of the Provident Institution for Savings, and treasurer of Phillips Exeter Academy and of the Brookline Country Club. Her grandfathers both served in the Civil War. One of them, the late Francis L. Lee, was colonel of the 44th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and the other, the late George W. W. Dove, was assistant engineer officer on the U. S. S. *Richmond*, served in thirteen naval engagements under Farragut, among them the battle of Mobile Bay.

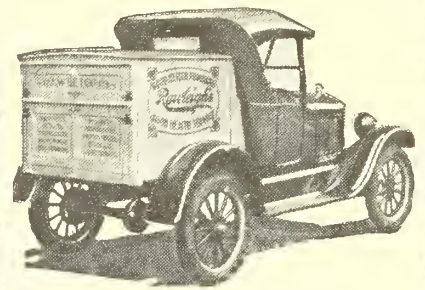
Miss Lee was born in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and educated at private schools in Chestnut Hill and Boston. She was graduated from Radcliffe in 1917, with honors in government, history and economics. At college she played on the basketball and hockey teams, and is still devoted to sports, particularly to riding. In her junior year she was elected to the Radcliffe Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, and won a \$100 prize for the best essay on constructive peace offered by the Women's Peace Party. As an undergraduate she edited the *Radcliffe Magazine*, and she is now an editor of the *Radcliffe Alumnae Quarterly*. Receiving her A. B. degree at mid-years of her senior year, she was set for the war which came two months later.

She went to Washington and undertook a position at Red Cross Headquarters. Through her work in Washington, a chance came her way to sign up with a base hospital unit, which was then preparing for immediate service overseas. The unit sailed in July for France, and Miss Lee spent several months in the Bordeaux area. In January, 1918, Miss Lee transferred to Paris, where she held a clerical position under the Air Service until October of the same year. Wishing to see another side of the war than that which was visible at Bordeaux and Paris, she joined the Y. M. C. A. and spent the rest of her A. E. F. experience in the advance section and with the Army of Occupation in Germany. This variety of service and wide geographical distribution of activities enabled Miss Lee to obtain an unusually generous panorama of the A. E. F., on which she draws in her story. Her prize-winning novel, "It's a Great War," is a series of hundreds of episodes held together by a thin but sufficient thread of plot—the war as Miss Lee saw it pictured with remarkable clearness and deftness.

Home again, Miss Lee returned to Radcliffe, where she took her Master's degree in government, history and economics in 1920, and the following fall she became a reporter on the city staff of the old *New York Evening Post*. Her first job was to cover the election crowds the evening of the Presidential contest of that year. She had never worked on a newspaper before and she didn't know New York, but she knew a reporter was not supposed to ask questions (in the office, at least) so she just went out. Chance brought her to the door of a staid old hotel whose staff and guests would have felt affronted if anyone supposed that they were even aware that an election was going on—unless, perhaps, the Tilden-Hayes election. A good-natured clerk who failed to reflect this spirit of conservatism said: "You're from Massachusetts, aren't you? I could tell by the way you talked. So am I." And he told her where to go and what to see and she found what she wanted and her first story made the front page of the *Post*.

Miss Lee covered the arrival in New York of many distinguished foreigners, among them Stanley Baldwin and Lord Beatty and Marshal Foch when they arrived to attend the Legion's National Convention at Kansas City in 1921. On one occasion she climbed the side of the *Berengaria*, having appeased a scandalized inspector of customs with the promise, duly kept, to don a pair of black bloomers beneath her skirt before trusting herself to the swinging rope ladder that hung down from the hull of the ship. At the top of the ladder a hand reached out to help her aboard. "I remember you, sister," said the owner of the hand. It was the chief steward, one time chief steward of the ship that had carried Miss Lee's base hospital unit to France, and been sunk on her return trip.

On Clemenceau's arrival in New York, the *Post* assigned a man reporter to the job and sent (Continued on page 72)



WANTED! 500 Ex-Service Men

Introduce and supply demand for Rawleigh's Good Health products—175 necessities used daily every home. Sales have increased each and every year for 40 years—37 million Products sold last year.

Many ex-service men make big income. Last year R. A. Adams, Colo., a disabled veteran, sold \$10,500 worth Rawleigh Products; J. B. Lake, who served with the Marines, sold \$9,000 worth; R. B. Wright, Calif., \$10,000; H. C. McDonald, N. C., \$6,000; A. M. Stoddard, Vt., \$6,500. If you have only average industry and intelligence and will follow the same old time-tested Rawleigh Methods these men used, you should do as well. We supply the best sales and service methods which secure the most business everywhere. Quick service—10 great factories and branches—one near you. No experience. But little capital needed to start your own business. You are sole owner and manager. Write quick for choice 5 big lines.



THE W. T. RAWLEIGH CO.
DEPT. H-18ALM, FREEPORT, ILL.
MUCH THE LARGEST INDUSTRY
OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure, no "readymades." Our match sent FREE for you O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 147 Chicago

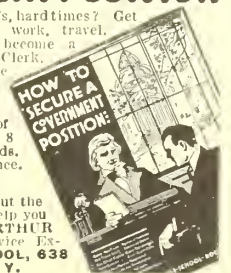
PETTIBONE'S
CINCINNATI, OHIO
can equip you with good
UNIFORMS
B A N D Write for Catalog MILITARY

Paying Position Open
Your Own Shoe Business—Without Investment! We start you! Tanners Salesmen make \$500. month showing actual shoes and bootery. Men, women and children need shoes—everybody buys. Repeat orders sure.
Tanners Big Outfit, Tested Sales Plans, Absolute Guarantee and Patent Measuring System bring you big business. Write today for details and Free book, "Getting Ahead." Tanners Shoe Co., Dept. 668, 493 C Street, Boston, Mass.
Experience Unnecessary!

How To Secure A Government Position

Why worry about strikes, layoffs, hard times? Get a Government job! Steady work, travel, good pay. I'll help you become a Forest Ranger, Custom House Clerk, Railway Postal Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier—or any other Government job you want. I was a Secretary-Examiner of Civil Service Commission for 8 years. Have helped thousands. Ex-Service men get preference.

NOW FREE
My 32-page book tells about the jobs open—and how I can help you get one. Write TODAY. ARTHUR R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert. PATTERSON SCHOOL, 638 Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



Everybody Out!

This
Complete Series of

Wally

Post Pep Postals are Government stamped, humorously written, and well illustrated. They bring 'em out for meetings, parades, entertainments, and other Legion functions. The Adjutant's signature—a flip into the mail box—a record attendance—a smile on everybody's face! Is it worth it? Consider the work and trouble these Post Pep Postals save and you'll agree with hundreds of satisfied Post officials that they are "Great!"

Each is a Government stamped card, ready for mailing, and requires no additional postage.

100 Cards \$3.00

Save \$5.00 by ordering 1000 cards
at a special lot price of \$25.00

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,
P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

Enclosed \$ _____ Please send _____
Post Pep Postals and catalog.
Send only catalog ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Post Name or Post Organ _____

Results of the \$25,000 War Novel Contest

(Continued from page 71)

him down the bay on the Mayor's special tug. Miss Lee was sent on the revenue cutter, on the theory that there was one chance in ten thousand that something might happen to the tug. It did—nothing disastrous—but because the press representatives on the tug had not armed themselves with customs passes, the inspectors would not allow them on board the ship. Miss Lee's custom pass took her aboard, and her longstanding friendship with Colonel E. M. House, who was on the Reception Committee, won her a prompt introduction to the Tiger himself.

In 1923-'24 Miss Lee traveled in Greece and Italy, and acted as correspondent for the *Post*. In the summer of 1925 she began writing "It's a Great War" and finished it in 1927, a year and a half before the contest was announced. For the past three years Miss Lee has been writing special articles for the *New York Times*, including a series for

the *Times Sunday Magazine* on the women's colleges.

Mr. Scanlon is a member of Marines' Post of Chicago—his old C. O., Captain T. T. McEvoy, is Post Commander. Miss Lee is a member of Post 48 of Newton, Massachusetts, of which her brother, Guy H. Lee, Boston landscape architect, is also a member. Mr. Lee served as a lieutenant of infantry in the 76th and subsequently in the 82d Division. It is, of course, purely a gratifying accident that both winners are Legionnaires, as this factor had nothing to do with the contest—indeed, the judges were unaware of their Legion affiliation when the award was made.

Mr. Scanlon's story will be run virtually entire in the *Monthly*, and Miss Lee's, which is by far the longer novel, will appear in an abridged form in two instalments beginning next month. Both novels will be published in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company in the fall.

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 33)

Noon had sounded from a dozen bellfries when he turned up the Rue de Siam, that seething, precipitous thoroughfare, watching left and right for the sign of the hotel.

Bright, scanning the passing buildings, at length discovered the Hôtel du Cheval Rouge where the street of Louis Pasteur joined the Rue de Siam. It was a small, neat, inconspicuous inn, with its bar in front, and a very fat, respectable old woman in wooden shoes in charge.

"Rude?" she asked in vigorous Breton patois. "The gentleman with one arm? Oui. I remember him. Only yesterday he came."

"I'd like to see him," Bright said. "What's his room number?"

In spite of himself his heart had taken an extra beat. This was too easy!

"I say he was here last night," the old woman corrected. "He has departed. Yes, before even he slept. He arrived here in the morning, and after déjeuner departed. Allons, he returns with his friend to assist him with his baggage and again departs. . . ."

"What friend?"

"How do I know?" the old woman gave a mountainous shrug. "The world is full of men, and most of them have friends. I am certain only that he paid for his luncheon, and for souvenir . . . he gave me, what you think? Nothing! Nothing, m'sieur! The good God save us from stinginess."

Bright digested this information slowly.

"This man who was with him, he was a horseman?"

"Non," emphatically.

"What then?"

Another shrug. "He was so bundled in clothes one could not examine him. It was raining . . . oui, every day is a rainy day in Brest. I come from Lorient, m'sieur. He was not young, not old, not thin, not fat, not tall, not short. His hat is over his eyes with drops of water running off. He does not speak. And all I know is that he smells abominably . . ."

"Smells?"

"Of fish, m'sieur."

"Thanks," Bright said, and gave the woman a franc.

His heart was thumping as he stepped once more into the foggy street. Out in the harbor vessels were grunting for right of way. The atmosphere was spongy; it absorbed sounds, and carrying them long distances, discharged them violently.

So Rude had been here and gone! And his friend smelled of fish. With this information it was not so hard to deduce what his plans were. In Brest, when one's friends smelled of fish, one probably was thinking of boats. Find him before he departed on a boat, and one would find, too—Bright was sure of it—the hundred thousand francs with which Justine St. Denis had set out to buy horses for the government.

He descended the hill to the office of the French police. He arrived there at three o'clock, presented his identification card, and was admitted at once. The inspector in charge, a thin, unhappy man

of fifty, with blue circles under his eyes, a sad, drooping mustache, and a smattering of English that neglected the h's, listened without enthusiasm to Bright's recital. He yawned repeatedly.

"Yes," he admitted when the sergeant had finished, "I understand. But remember, this is a port of escape. If we captured every absconder who wished to set sail our jails would overflow and we would be required to take Fort Federes prison back from the Americans to accommodate the rogues. No doubt you are right in your supposition. He is departing with a sailor from the fishing fleet. They go quietly from here to the New World, to New France, across the Atlantic. What is easier than to take a passenger and leave him at Miquelon?"

"When do the fish boats sail?" Bright asked anxiously.

"When? When the haute marée is on, the tall tide. And when the wind is correct. When the ice is broken up on the Atlantic banks. And when there is no fog."

"It's been foggy since yesterday."

"For a week. And the rade is full of vessels, American vessels. The fishing boats desire clear water before them. Besides, the season is early. Two, three weeks remain till most of the fishermen depart. In the meantime there are ships to Africa and Spain. Every day they sail down the rade. There are many ships in Brest."

Bright asked: "If a man such as I describe is hiding in Brest, with a friend who smells of fish, where will you look for him?"

"Me? I do not look. Is it not enough to be rid of such scoundrels?"

"But you'll help me?"

"No," the inspector repeated firmly. "What if we should not capture them and they should capture us? I have no wish to be kidnaped on a boat to the wild Americas."

Bright felt a jolt of anger and started to speak, then cleared his throat mildly.

"All right. If you won't, you won't, and I guess there ain't any law that'll make you. Are you too scared to tell me where I'm likely to find him?"

"There lies the château, that is your landmark in Brest," the inspector said. "Over that way . . . there are the ramparts. Below, in the shadow, is the Port du Commerce. There are the ships. And across the quais, on this side, are many hotels, with many kinds of reputation. It is one hundred steps from the hotels to the ships. There, in those hotels, a man may disappear for a night or a year. Or, if you lift the price high enough, for always. The police are not welcome. We are discreet and remain away. Go, if you have no more intelligence . . ."

"I've no more intelligence," Bright decided. He started toward the door.

"Wait," the inspector said.

He spoke in half-sentences to the ancient clerk. Bright, getting what he could from the conversation, deduced that this inspector, like Gibon of Bordeaux, relied at times upon extra eyes.

"It will be an hour," the official explained, and returned to his work.

Bright waited.

He set down the man who finally entered as the dirtiest man in France. He had short legs, short arms, and a short neck. He wore wooden shoes with straw stuffed into them, some poilu's cast-off horizon blue breeches without leggings, a buttonless American issue olive drab blouse, the front of which was obscured by a beard shaped like a shovel. In his hands he carried a broad brimmed flat black hat with flowing black ribbons. The skin of his hands and face was encrusted with soot. He was blinking rapidly; each time his eyes opened there was disclosed a ring of white around the lashes.

"Try the Hôtel du Baleinier," the inspector suggested to Bright after a few minutes' conversation with the newcomer. "This good man," he indicated his informant, "is an official, an important official, of the gas works. Every morning with his cart he delivers coke to customers. One sack, one customer. He is here, he is there, he is everywhere. Naturally he is of great value to the police. He reports that this morning, while he delivered the day's sack to the Hôtel du Baleinier, he observed in the barroom of that iniquitous establishment a young provincial gentleman with one arm. Landsman, oui. How could he tell?" The inspector shrugged. "How can one tell ganders from drakes? He was not a sailor, therefore," he spread out his hands, "he was of the land." He added: "He was ill at ease, this good man says timid."

"I'll take a look," Bright agreed.

The inspector shrugged. "You will not be welcome," he warned again.

Breton children in blue waterproof capes were marching home from school in long, sedate lines when the sergeant crossed the newly dedicated Place Président Wilson on his way to the Port du Commerce. The fog had thickened. Out of it the high walls of the old château bulked like the massive shoulders of the town. He came at length to the long stairways that hung precariously into the air like flying buttresses, away from the steep ramparts. By them he descended from the upper streets to the bayside.

In the roadstead ships spoke; answered one another with throaty grunts. Below on the dim quais barrels rolled noisily; hooves clanked on the cobblestones; winches squealed; voices rose in a dozen tongues. And close under the high precipice the dark roofs of the Port du Commerce shone wet with rain.

Behind one of those roofs, if the inspector's stool pigeon was right, Rude waited for his moment to escape with what information, and money, he had. Bright needed him. If the French police would not help, he must help himself.

He entered the single dilapidated street that faced the quais with a sense of uneasiness. He had felt it before, he remembered. That night on the train with the courier. A sense of impending trouble.

"Intuition don't count in the police business," he told himself firmly again. "It's the bunk."

However, he pressed against the wall and peered backward through the fog. He was not (Continued on page 74)

It's a BULOVA—Sent with a Mesh Band! For \$1.00

TAKE 12 MONTHS TO PAY

Send \$1.00 with order and tell us a little about yourself: (A) How long at present address, (B) Age, (C) Married or Single, (D) Name of Employer, (E) Position, (F) How long employed. All information held **strictly confidential**. We make no direct inquiries of anyone—not even from your employer.

10 Days Free Trial—Satisfaction Guaranteed. This genuine Bulova watch comes to you postage paid—no C.O.D. to pay on arrival. You take no risk—satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Estab. 1895

\$29.75 DGS-15 jewel BULOVA gent's wrist watch. White Gold filled case, "dust-tite" protector, radium dial and hands, latest woven mesh wristband. Guaranteed \$1 now, \$2.39 a mo. **Nationally advertised cash price, no extra charge for credit.**

Catalog New catalog of genuine diamonds, standard nationally advertised watches, fine to Adults jewelry. Write for it now.

FREE

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

ADDRESS DEPT. 14-V, 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

LILLEY

PRIZE-WINNING

Uniforms

for American Legion Bands and Drum Corps

Write or Wire for Designs and Prices

THE LILLEY CO.

Columbus, Ohio

BUY QUALITY UNIFORMS "LILLEY"

Make \$100 a Week!

GET PAID DAILY—EXTRA CASH BONUS

I'll give you your own business. Won't cost you a penny. Make big money showing famous all-wool tailored-to-measure suits \$25.50 up. Daily commissions, liberal bonus. Super-values, guaranteed fit, mean easy orders, steady customers. No experience required. **FREE** Outfit. 200 all-wool fabrics. Union tailoring. Write, give experience and age.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc. Dept. H-405

500 Throon Street, Chicago, Ill.

ALL-WOOL Suits \$23.50

COMFORT!

Genuine black kid. Easy, durable, stylish. Real Arch Support ends aches, reduces foot troubles. Remarkable Value. Sizes 13, 14, 15. Ask your dealer.

\$5 Little More

M. T. Shaw, Inc., Dept. 1, Coldwater, Mich.

Shoe Dealers write at once!

Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

STEADY WORK — NO LAYOFFS — PAID VACATIONS

Common Education Sufficient

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

Railway Postal Clerks Mail Carriers
Postoffice Clerks Prohibition Agents
General Office Clerks Bookkeepers
Stenographers

\$141 to \$283 MONTH

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W189 Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job" with list of positions obtainable, and full particulars telling how to get them. Tell me all about preference given to Ex-Service Men.

Name _____
Address _____

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 73)

being followed. At least he could see no one, unless it was the dirty scoundrel from the gas works, in whom the inspector put such trust, whom he saw one minute, afoot, coming in the same direction as himself, along the quai on the opposite side of the street. Bright slowed his pace uncomfortably. A party of shabby French colonial laborers trod his heels from behind. He stepped aside. He hated stool pigeons. The coke seller did not reappear.

Bright shivered, and turned up the collar of his thin issue raincoat. A cold wind swept up the roadstead with biting teeth. At his left side the narrow curb walk was lined with shabby restaurants, ship chandlers' shops and dilapidated hotels. Narrow bars, one door and one steamy window each, shouldered against one another. The signs over the doors, which he was watching carefully, had a salty flavor. . . . the Anchor and Chain, the Captain's Girl, the Lobster Pot, the Bar of the Ocean, the Mainmast Café. Like Rude's friend who had come for his baggage to the Cheval Rouge, they smelled of fish.

Bright walked the length of the street, examining each doorway, watching the groups of seamen who entered and departed, and other groups who lounged in the road. Early lights flashed on at length behind the deep windows; other lights, dimmed by fog, began to move unsteadily across the decks of the ships at the stone quais. He judged them to be tramp steamers, for the most part. Moored beside them, sailing craft pulled at their hawsers, tall square-riggers, single-masted fishing smacks, fore-and-afters in from deep-sea cruises, one dilapidated brigantine with a deckload of casks, and a five-stick schooner that sported a brass gun on her fo'castle head. Rude might be on any one of these, Bright reflected.

Bright reached the straggling end of the quais and turned back. He had progressed perhaps two-thirds of the way toward the high steps to the upper town when he suddenly discovered the Hôtel du Baleinier at his right. In spite of his watchfulness he had passed it the first time. It was a low structure; over the entry hung a board with a blowing whale painted on it.

Bright opened the door indifferently. This place, too, smelled of fish. The narrow room, which was empty, was poorly lighted by a single oil lamp with a badly-smoked chimney. A short bar with a spotted zinc top stretched along the right side. On shelves above it were ranged a half-dozen bottles of rum, calvados, cheap cognac and fine bretagne. The floor was sanded. There were no chairs.

A wide door, however, gave upon a second room at the rear. This was lighted only by a fireplace in which glowed a small coke fire. Bright realized that men were speaking there when he

entered, but sight of him was a signal for silence.

As he advanced toward the second room he was entertained with the incongruous thought of Rude's misfit presence in such a place. Any one of the men he had seen on the street could pick up the disabled secretary with a thumb. It was certainly no environment for a sickly clerk from the Domfront hills, if it were he the coke peddler had seen. It was five steps from the bar to the rear room. Bright, taking them, tried to be casual, to keep his right hand away from his holster. He had reached the door before a figure stirred in the dark, and a man bulked directly in front of him.

He was grinning foolishly; his eyes were red under overhanging yellowish eyebrows.

"Eh?" he said. "Eh?"

"I'm looking for a friend," Bright told him in French.

The fellow grinned again. He was a large man, square faced, with pockmarks on both cheeks and a dead cigarette of brown paper in his wide lips. A bad customer in a scrap, Bright guessed, a bad customer, with half a dozen like him waiting silently in the shadows.

"Eh? Friend? You are mistaken," the man said, still grinning. "It must have been somewhere else. You better look in some other door." He had edged forward, so that his big shoulders cut off the view of the rear room; he laid his hand on Bright's arm, and the fingers gripped tight. "Some mistake," he repeated, "some other door, not here . . . this is a respectable inn. Men with pistols in their belts do not search friends in my inn . . . eh, policeman?"

It nettled Bright to be identified so easily. He tried to shake off the grip.

"T-sst!" the other admonished. He relaxed his grin for a moment. "T-sst! I tell you, you are mistaken. It is time to depart, no?"

A chair scraped in the inner room. The floor creaked and Bright saw a shadowy figure move rapidly toward the rear. Whether man or woman he could not determine.

"My mistake, mister," he admitted. "Maybe some other place." He saw the futility of argument. A door at the rear squeaked.

The innkeeper allowed himself a slight twist of the head to listen.

"Who is it you wish?" he asked.

"Never mind his name," Bright answered sharply. "Can't remember it myself now. Don't forget to tell him I'm looking for him . . ."

He backed toward the door, and doing so, had another glimpse of the rear room. The dark figures of men were leaning forward in their chairs watching. There was something unwholesome about their cautious silence; their attitude of waiting disturbed him more than the grinning innkeeper's quiet threats.

"Au revoir, policeman," the latter said, "you might search elsewhere for your friend. Not here again. It is unhealthy here. No. Not here . . ."

Bright was in the door now, with his back to the street, and an uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched from behind as well as in front. He left the proprietor still grinning and turned westward along the quais. In the five minutes he had been indoors darkness had thickened, and a thin rain was spattering out of the foggy sky. He walked rapidly the first hundred steps, keeping to the outer edge of the narrow, uneven sidewalk. Opposite him, where the ships lay under dim mooring lights, the bustle of stevedores had ceased. The wide, wet pavement was deserted. The few ships' chandlers who filled the crevasses between seamen's lodgings and bars had bolted their shutters. Bright slowed his pace after an interval, and once dodged into the shadow where an overhanging roof gave him momentary shelter. A sign above his head banged in the rising wind; rain tumbled noisily in a tin spout.

But the street behind was empty; empty, so far as his eyes could pierce the fog. The uncomfortable feeling in the back of his neck increased. Again he remembered his night ride with Bathurst on the Paris express, when they had talked of intuition.

"Bunk!" he told himself aloud. He'd said that before, he reflected, and Bathurst was dead.

He turned again, walking rapidly, toward the high stairway that led to the town overhead. From the parapets he looked down once more on the Port du Commerce. Then, hurrying, he sought the office of the D. C. I. He would get help and return to the same hotel at once.

The desk sergeant on duty yawned, and presented him with two telegrams. The first was from Captain Keefe in Paris.

"Bordeaux civil police," it informed him, "report they apprehended criminal with eyes different colors who is suspected in St. Denis case. Are taking him under guard to Domfront for St. Denis identification. Meet them there tomorrow."

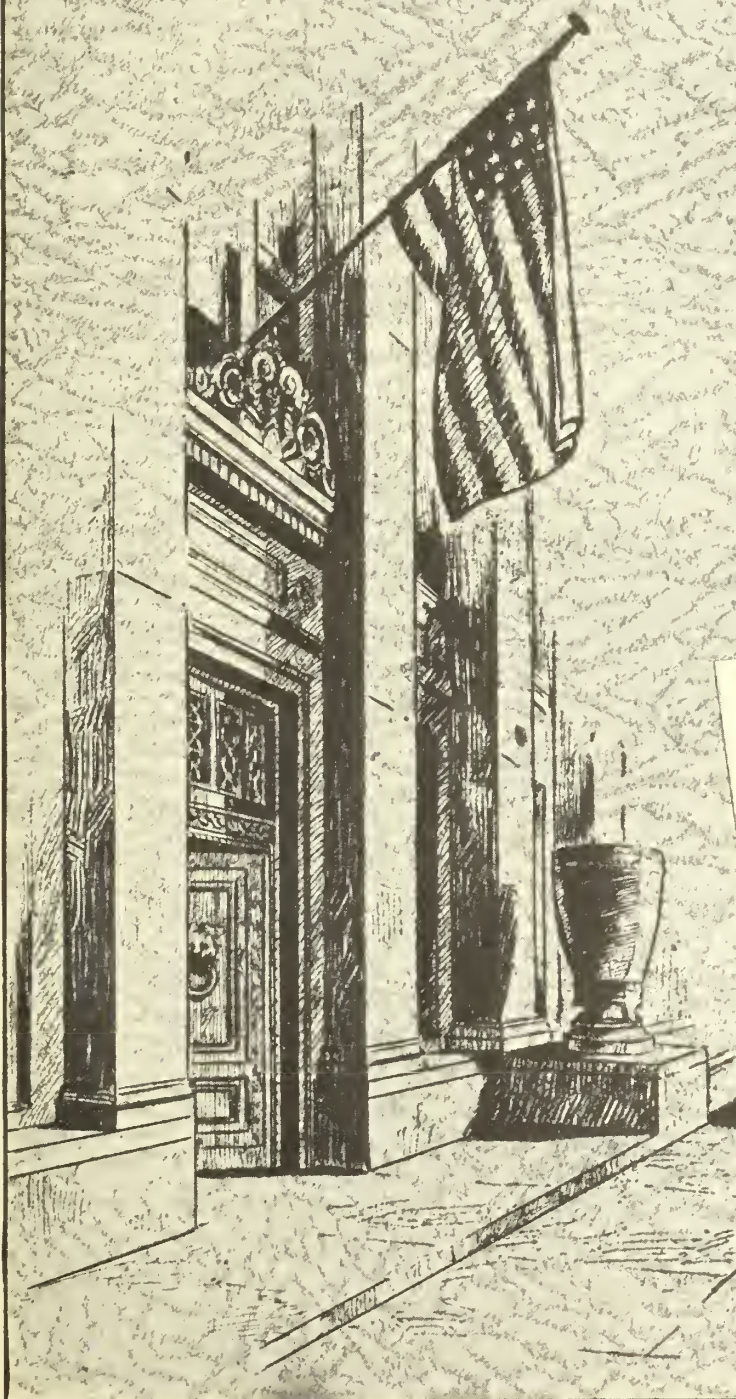
Bright reread it and put it down with a sense of satisfaction. Satisfaction mixed with regret. He had spent nearly two weeks on this investigation, and at one time or another had lost every man he had tried to hold, had allowed two to be murdered, permitted one to escape with a hundred thousand francs . . . and fat old Gibon, eating garlic sandwiches in his Bordeaux office, had made an arrest and by now very likely had got a confession. He tore open the second telegram.

It was dated Le Mans and signed: "Duclose."

Bright read it confusedly. "Circumstances al-

(Continued on page 76)

EMBLEM CATALOG



*Write
for this today
Your free copy of
the only official
American Legion
Emblem Catalog
is ready to mail*

Name _____

Address _____

Town + State _____

Mail to 777 N. Meridian St.
Indianapolis, Ind.



Vivid and Entertaining

THIS COLLECTION of 2,200 official war photographs is the largest ever published in one volume. Hundreds of Government photographers battled with death to secure this pictorial story of our participation in the World War. It is a graphic picture of our Army, Navy and Marine Corps in action. Here is a complete story—the training camps; the French villages; the big offensives, Cantigny, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and the others; a special Navy and Marine Corps section of hundreds of pictures; a score or more of Air Service photographs; Tank Corps, Medical Corps, S. O. S., Sanitary Corps, Welfare Organizations, and every branch that contributed to the winning of the war—all in pictures.

This beautiful collection of Official War Photographs satisfies a desire which you have to reminisce and recall experiences of the days of 1917 and 1918. Then, to be apprehended with a camera in your possession was a most serious offense. How often did you remark, "I wish I had a camera?" The Government, in taking and preserving these photographs of the World War, has made it possible for you to possess a pictorial review better than any one you could have compiled.

The actual size of this portfolio is 9 x 12 inches. The portfolio contains 1,000 pages and is handsomely bound in an ART LEATHER COVER that will preserve the contents for generations. Each page of the portfolio is supplemented by official orders, official maps and official statistics, written by General Fox Connor, Chief of the Operations Division, A. E. F.

ORDER YOUR COPY of this beautiful portfolio—TODAY. If after ten days' examination in your own home, you are dissatisfied with the portfolio, return it to us and we will refund your money.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail This Coupon NOW!

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

You will please send me, all charges prepaid, portfolio containing 2,200 United States Official Pictures of the World War. I will pay the mailman \$12.15 when the portfolio arrives. This is not, however, to be considered a purchase. If at any time within ten days I am dissatisfied with the portfolio, I have the privilege of returning it and you agree to refund my money.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 74)

mighty peculiar this time," he muttered at length. The corporal's brief message informed him:

"Today apprehended American private who possesses strange eyes and makes full confession reference our case."

XVI

BRIGHT held the telegrams, one in each hand, reading and rereading them. His face pricked with consternation as the significance of the two messages came home to him. In towns three hundred miles apart, Inspector Gibon and Corporal Duclose had each arrested the man with the off-color eyes . . . no, someone had blundered. Duclose or Gibon. One or the other had found the wrong man, and somehow had mixed him up in this case. Gibon, probably, for Duclose's prisoner had confessed.

He stuffed the telegrams into his pocket and dragged his thoughts back to the business at hand.

"I need a couple of operators to go with me on a raid," he told the desk sergeant. "Your captain offered me help."

"We ain't got a couple," the sergeant replied. He put down a copy of *The Stars and Stripes*. "A bunch of heroes is raisin' hell out to Duckboard Hill. We had to send everybody on hand and Cap Miller's gone himself. There's just one operator here."

"If I may have him, I'll get the French police."

"What for?"

"To go to the Port du Commerce."

The desk sergeant laughed. He shook issue tobacco from a sack into his pipe. "You won't get no Frog cops to go there tonight," he predicted, "not after dark you won't. They just holler toot sweet and wait for morning."

"I'll have to have two of your men, then."

The desk sergeant yawned. "They's one operator on tap," he repeated, "Corporal Hand, but I can stir up a M. P. or two if it ain't brilliance you're lookin' for."

"Good enough. Right away."

Twenty minutes later Bright cautiously escorted his three men down the long, dizzy stairway toward the Port du Commerce. Corporal Hand, the operator from the D. C. I. office, proved to be a short, happy muscular soldier with a shock of gray hair hanging under his cap and an army record that stretched back to the big snow at Fort Snelling. He was forty odd, Bright guessed. The two military policemen dispatched from the A. P. M. office were boys beside him. At the level of the harbor front, Corporal Hand took the lead.

"I know the Hôtel du Baleinier," he was explaining. "Been there a couple times in daylight. Ruther push my eye in a tiger's mouth."

"Any way of getting around behind that place?" Bright asked.

"If you're good at fences," Hand answered.

"You take one of these M. P.'s and go to the back," Bright directed. "Don't let anybody out the rear door. Least of all a one-armed guy."

"How long shall I stick there?"

"Till I send for you," Bright told him. He thought of Duclose; this job, with orders to stick, would be one he would like. He dropped back to let the corporal and his partner slip in behind the row of buildings. The wind and rain that had risen at dusk were fallen away by now, but the fog raised a wet wall against their faces. The second military policeman fingered his baton nervously.

"I'm going in," Bright told him after a minute. "Stay by the door. Don't leave anybody out."

Close against the side of the building, Bright peered into the single window of the hotel bar. The room at the rear, which was lighted now by one small lamp on a center table, was empty so far as he could determine. Behind the bar, instead of the grinning proprietor, stood a red-faced peasant girl busy at the glass-ware with a gray cloth. Bright stepped in. The girl looked up inquiringly.

"I'm chercher for a friend, a one-armed garçon named Rude."

She smiled at him.

"I regret, m'sieur, you are a moment late. He has just departed not these five minutes past. With his baggage."

"Anybody with him?" Bright asked. "Coming back?"

The girl shrugged slightly and put down the gray cloth.

"I fear he does not return," she said, still pleasantly. "He is in difficulty. He departs." She lowered her voice. "I tell you this because I like your face, American. I am informed. . . ." she glanced toward the empty rear room. "I am informed to say nothing. However, I tell you."

Bright thanked her and turned uncertainly toward the door. Her familiar manner, her willingness to talk, bothered him for some reason. Had Rude really been in the place, or had she been instructed to subscribe to any name he mentioned? He retreated uneasily to the sidewalk. The military policeman stood at its outer edge, a few feet away. From the harbor, on the heavy air, sounds drifted distinctly.

And another sound, directly overhead. A cough.

Bright looked up quickly. The sound was repeated. There was a shuttered window just above him. A third time he heard the cough, short, tight, wholly familiar.

"Stick," Bright directed the policeman.

In the bar the girl had taken up another glass and was polishing it vigorously. She smiled as Bright returned. He passed her without speaking, and set foot on the iron stairway that twisted out of the corner behind the bar.

A candle lantern illuminated the short,

untidy hallway at the top. Three doors opened from the left side, two at the rear, and one in front. Bright advanced cautiously toward this latter. It was from this room that he had recognized the cough. A streak of yellow light shone under the door. He laid his hand on the latch, pressed down, and pushed against the panel. The door was unlocked.

The small room which he entered was bare of furnishings except for a narrow bed, a chair, and a painted table on which stood the glass lamp. The walls were low, and the sloping ceiling followed the line of the roof.

Bright's astonished eyes swept the scene and came to rest on the figure in the chair. It was Marcel Rude. His head slumped forward miserably on his chest, his single arm was bound to his side, and his legs were trussed to the rungs, with rope ridiculously heavy for legs so thin. Over his right eye a wound was bleeding.

He did not look up. Bright took three swift steps, leaving the door open behind him. On his knees he yanked at the rope that bound the secretary's legs. What this turn of affairs meant he did not try to surmise. Enough, he must free Rude, and escape with him before anyone interrupted.

The man was breathing heavily. Bright felt for his first-aid pack, and unable to slip it out of its pocket on his cartridge belt, yanked off the belt, which he dropped to the floor between his knees. He jerked the pack open by its wire rung, and thrust the wad of gauze against the wound on the Frenchman's forehead. Then with his knife he cut the ropes.

He was stooping over, belt and holster on the floor at his knee, when he heard a sound in the hall. A man was in the door before he turned his head. A thick voice, with a blurred accent that he did not recognize, said:

"You came? Good!"

Bright cried out once. The man was in the room, two paces off, bending forward. So it was thus, at last, that Pete

Bright came face to face with the Blackbird.

XVII

RAIN fell steadily as Corporal Hand and his M. P. companion clambered over fences and achieved the back door of the Hôtel du Baleinier, just as Bright cried out.

"What the hell's that mean?" the military policeman exclaimed incautiously.

"Means us," Hand answered, kicking open the door with his hobnailed shoe. Rushing in through the kitchen and the empty center room with its smouldering fire they entered the barroom and ascended the stairs. The barmaid, a frightened look on her face, hurled at them the glass she had been polishing, just as the other policeman rushed in breathlessly. The three men charged forward together into the room, to see Bright lying on the floor with a one-armed Frenchman fallen across his legs. A short, dark, fat stranger leaning threateningly over the sergeant turned, reaching for his pocket.

Bright caught the motion, and yanking his leg from under Rude, kicked upward, catching his assailant in the hollow of the knee and throwing him down. Hand leaped at him and in a few seconds had him handcuffed to Rude. A search of the Blackbird revealed a Spanish Ydeal, calibre .25. Bathurst had been killed with a .25.

Down the narrow, angled stairs, they took the two prisoners. As they neared the bottom the proprietor Bright had seen that morning lurched in, with a companion who wore the red pom-pom of the fleet, and hurled a stone that shattered a stack of glasses on the bar. Hand fired. The bullet clipped a splinter out of the door above the sailor's head.

Hand aimed again. Before he squeezed down on the trigger, the two Frenchmen had backed against the bar, arms over head.

(To be concluded)

A Personal View

(Continued from page 29)

the Dry dissented—that I was implying crime was generally due to Prohibition.

All my reminders that much alcoholic liquor was still being drunk, that the law was being broken, that temperance teaching was still important had the object to arouse realization of the facts universally undisputed but whose seriousness was not universally recognized.

Now that we have become aroused to the whole problem of law enforcement there is no further need for reminders. The time has come for evidence. A tribunal of able lawyers awaits it, the President's Crime Commission.

They may find as lawyers that we suffer from too much law and too many lawyers of low standards. Prohibition and the relation of the law to increase of lawbreaking must be scrutinized no less than the revision of our judicial system.

The Drys can sound their "Dry up or speak up" in court, and show how Prohibition can be better enforced and present attitudes changed. And the Wets have a reason for obeying the law while they offer substitutes for the present law.

Aside from moral effects, to think only in economic terms is to realize that crime fattens on prosperity and may flourish owing to the carelessness of prosperity. It is the most destructive form of all waste. Other men work to pay for the expenses of criminal trials and upkeep of reformatories, asylums and prisons, for increased police forces. Through his background of service and his present associations, and as a father, no one is more interested in reform than the Legionnaire. His Legion pledge is for law and order. If you have any evidence give it to the Crime Commission.

Own Your Own Big Money-Making Business

\$3000 PROFITS IN FOUR MONTHS

A delightful, dignified and fascinating business. Make and sell Crispettes. Delicious confection. Everybody loves them. Can't get enough. Come again and again for more. Easy to make. Easy to sell. I supply everything. Raw material cheap. Profits big. No limit to sales.

QUICK SUCCESS POSSIBLE anywhere—cities, big market—crowded streets; surging throngs at parks, carnivals, fairs, etc.; open a little retail store; or, begin at home; wholesale to stores, grocers, bakers, druggists, parks, baseball games, picnics, fairs, wayside stands. Start now.

PHENOMENAL PROFITS \$11,265 sales in 3 months reported by California man. New Jersey \$4000 profits in less than 2 months. Revel of Michigan wrote: "Made \$25 on my first day". A. Leib of Montreal wrote: "My sales averaged \$400 per week".

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS Supply machines, secret formulas, and raw material. No experience needed. Little capital starts you on road to phenomenal earnings. Liberal terms.

WRITE FOR "BOOK OF FACTS"—It's free, contains success letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how to start.

Eakins Co., 843 High St., Springfield, O.

Mail at once, your Book of Facts

Name _____

Address _____

Filters a Gallon Every 4 Minutes

Low Priced—Guaranteed

Amazing new invention—patented Home Filter for fruit juices and beverages. Nothing like it. Removes all sediment, pulp, fibres. Filters a gallon every 4 minutes. **Perfect results guaranteed. No moving parts. Simple. Practical. Low priced. Lasts a lifetime.** Thousands already in use.

FREE HOME TRIAL—Agents Wanted

Try free at our risk and return if not satisfied. Send name and address TODAY for full particulars of this liberal offer. Act NOW. AGENTS WANTED.

HOME FILTER CO., 308 CENTRAL AVE., BAY CITY, MICH.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address

Stephenson Laboratory, 9 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

TAILORING SALESMEN

2 Suits For

All Wool Made To Measure	Commission
Sensational opportunity for a live wire to clean up \$150 per week. Our line makes successful salesmen. Big sample outfit in handsome carrying case absolutely FREE. Write today for your territory.	\$39.50 \$ 8.00
	\$47.50 \$10.00
	\$57.50 \$12.00

GARFIELD TAILORING CO.,
3111 Armitage Ave., Dept. M-8, Chicago, Ill.

You can be quickly cured, if you

/STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 288-page cloth bound book on "Stammering, Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering and stuttering 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE,
1071 Bogue Bldg., Indianapolis

GOV'T POSITIONS

\$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY

() Railway Mail Clerk	() Meat Inspector
() P. O. Clerk	() Special Agent (Investigator)
() Post-office Laborer	() Steno-Typist
() File Clerk	() Immigrant Insp.
() Matron	() City Mail Carrier
() General Clerk	() Border Patrol
() Chauffeur-Carrier	() Typist
() Skilled Laborer	() Seamstress
() Watchman	() Steno-Secretary
() Postmaster	() Auditor
() RFD Carrier	

Instruction Bureau, 110, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me particulars about qualifying for positions marked "X", salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

Name _____

Address _____

TINY INVENTION

**Ends Foot Pains
INSTANTLY**



**Pays
Salesmen**

\$200 to \$500 a Month

IMAGINE something to sell that is not only wanted but urgently needed by 7 out of every 10 people you meet. Almost every one has some form of foot trouble and every year these sufferers spend millions of dollars for expensive orthopedic shoes that soon wear out, or for clumsy, uncomfortable corrective appliances. Heretofore, these huge profits have been enjoyed exclusively by shoe stores, but now, science makes possible an entirely new and revolutionary method whereby men and women can correct their own foot troubles. Two tiny, feather-light devices have been designed that give lasting relief for over 90% of all cases. Thin, flexible, adjustable to fit any foot—can be worn in the daintiest, most fashionable shoes without showing. These marvelous little devices are not sold in stores but only direct to those who need them through special sales representatives. A field absolutely new to direct selling—no competition—seasoned veterans with years of selling experience proclaim this the money-making opportunity of a lifetime.

Send for FREE Book—"Scientific Foot Relief." Also full information about amazing new way to make money quickly and easily.

THE TRU-FOOT COMPANY

Dept. K-180 308 N. 15th St., Saint Louis, Missouri

BIG MONEY MAKER



\$4, 5 and \$7 AN ORDER!

Sell the finest line of Fall and Winter Suits, Topcoats and Overcoats. All Wool Serge, Cassimeres, Topcoatings, Quality Worsteds, Heavyweight Overcoatings.

**Free Clothes to Producers
Cash Bonuses**

Complete Giant Outfit, 14 yard samples FREE. Write Today. Dept. AL8

OLYMPIC TAILORS

5th Ave. at 19th St., New York

Free Suggestions in
BRONZE TABLETS
MEMORIAL FLAGPOLES, GATEWAYS, ETC.
The Flour City Ornamental Iron Co.
2637-27th AVE. SO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

HELP WANTED

We require an ambitious person to do special advertising work right in your own locality. Pay is exceptionally large. Work is pleasant and dignified. No previous experience necessary. You simply carry out our instructions. Your full time brings you a handsome income—spare time pays you well. If you are making less than \$150 a month write at once for full particulars. Costs you nothing to investigate. I will give you all the facts so you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.
1498 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED

REPRESENTATIVES for Hertel's line of PERSONAL CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS. No experience required. Hertel's beautiful designs—created by artists famed for their skill in producing greeting cards of merit—sell themselves.

Weekly pay checks and monthly bonus. Our co-operation, backed by 25 years' experience, assures your success. We furnish complete selling outfit free.

Write at once, giving references. The John A. Hertel Co., 318 W. Washington St., Dept. 8335, Chicago, Ill.

Putting the Home Town on the Air Map

(Continued from page 35)

States Government for air mail purposes. These bonds were to be redeemed by annual payments for twenty years through taxes levied by the city council.

In accordance with the petition, the city council placed the issue before the people, to be voted on together with two other propositions at an election to be held April 10, 1928. One proposition was to amend the city charter to permit the council to levy for city purposes one-half more than it was doing and the other to vote \$375,000 bonds for additional city buildings.

The Legion, therefore, did not have a clearcut issue, but had to segregate its issue out of the three before the voters. If there turned out to be opposition against the two other issues, the airport issue faced being wiped out in the landslide. The Legion's task of rescuing and passing the airport issue in spite of the other issues was particularly difficult, as the two other issues had been twice decisively defeated. The airport issue, it might be said, was in poor company.

Opposition immediately developed, not against the airport specifically, but against increases in taxes in general. Individuals and organizations used newspaper advertisements to state their arguments, admonishing the citizenship to go to the polls and vote no.

The Legion answered in kind.

"Vote for the Municipal Airport" said a page ad with airplanes flying all over it. The copy argued that transportation was vital to a city.

"Lincoln Needs an Airport" said the next page ad, pointing out that the United States air mail department will not recognize privately-owned air fields because of the uncertainties of private ownership.

"Only 24 Cents" said the next page ad, carrying a picture of Lindbergh and the other member of the famous partnership "We." The page ad argued that the cost to the average taxpayer would be twenty-four cents a year for twenty years.

These page ads, all signed by the Lincoln Post, constituted one battle front. Naturally the *Lincoln Legionnaire*, the post paper, fairly burst open with airport arguments.

What would be more appropriate than to employ airplanes in the battle? It was done. Planes flying over the city dropped fifty thousand dodgers appealing to all to vote for the airport.

There was no escape for Lincoln voters. When they opened their packages of bread, out dropped tabs shouting "Now is the time to put Lincoln on the air maps of the world." There was no escape even for bachelors who did not buy bread, for their laundry packages yielded similar inserts. Thus business houses co-operated to put the issue over.

Lest anyone forget, twenty-five thousand pamphlets in vivid red were distributed to voters' homes by the Y. M. C. A. This pamphlet, published by the Legion, explained the bond issue.

Having put over a barrage of the printed word in every conceivable form, the Legion inaugurated a simultaneous attack by means of the spoken word. Legionnaires turned spellbinders and invaded every place of business, shops, stores, banks and offices, in the city.

Still the issue was in doubt—very much in doubt in spite of all this campaigning, for the two other propositions linked with the airport issue threatened to be a millstone. The last card played was a big parade on the eve before election.

But a fully informed citizenship was not all that was required. That citizenship must go to the polls and cast their votes. School children from the third to the ninth grades were recruited for this battle. A handbill distributed to every school child told of alluring prizes. First prizes were a complete baseball outfit for the winning boy and a party dress for the winning girl. There were other prizes, including a hundred theater tickets. How were these prizes to be won? By getting parents and friends to vote. Red tags were distributed by the Legion Auxiliary. The tags said "I Have Voted—Have You?" Then there was a perforation and the lower half of the tags to be torn off by the children, said: "Take Me to The American Legion." The boy and girl who brought the largest number of stubs won the prizes. The winning boy persuaded three hundred and fifty to vote. An American Legion Civic Service Award, red seal and all—a regular diploma—was given to all children turning in ten tags.

Election day was just as busy as any of the campaign days. While school children rustled stubs by hustling voters to the polls, Legionnaires also were on the job, anxiously watching to see that everyone voted, calling up and sending cars around if necessary.

The job was done, but was it a success or a failure?

As the votes were being counted, hopes were dashed many a time. The other two propositions were drowned under considerable majorities, and threatened to overwhelm the airport issue, but it managed to hold its head barely above water.

There were heart-breaking hours as the record-breaking vote—for a special election—was counted. The airport finally emerged—victorious by the narrow margin of 156 votes!

Legionnaires were too tired to celebrate. They simply went home and slept. They awoke to receive the words of appreciation of civic organizations of voters, even of opponents.

The airport so far was only on paper.

Next steps were to pick a site, have it approved by the Government and air transport companies, build hangars and obtain the air mail route for the city.

Options had been obtained on a dozen sites close to the city. These were shown to government aviation experts, and the choice finally fell upon a piece of ground of one hundred and sixty acres four and a half miles from the post office. With

the bonds voted, the airport became a municipal enterprise.

Three months to the day after the election, the Boeing Airplane and Transport Company, which holds the government air mail contract from Chicago west, established air mail service to Lincoln. The Legion had charge of the celebration which marked the advent of air mail and thousands attended it.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 51)

picture in the February Monthly had been placed by the Germans and that part of the bridge was not destroyed, but the center section was almost all gone when our outfit rebuilt it under fire of the German batteries."

In his account of the lower panel picture, on page 51, Legionnaire Smith, ex-member of Base Hospital No. 38, relates:

"The picture of the bridge across the Aire River at Varennes, in February, held a great deal of interest for me as I was at that spot last spring (1928) with the Pennsylvania Battle Monuments Commission when the memorial to the Pennsylvania troops was dedicated.

"Enclosed is a snapshot taken from the corner of the bridge and the house in Andrews's picture, looking west across the river and showing how Varennes has been restored. This scene is of the west part or 'upper town' on the hill of which is located the Pennsylvania memorial, dominating the valley."

TWO major attractions at the cost of "one" might be the truthful ballyhoo of those outfits which will hold their reunions in conjunction with the Legion national convention at Louisville, Kentucky, on September 30th, October 1st, 2d and 3d.

Three more veterans' organizations will hold their get-togethers at Louisville, making a total of eleven official reunions now scheduled. Here they are:

38TH (CYCLONE) DIV.—All former members are requested to write to F. J. Helm, 6310 Wentworth ave., Englewood Station, Chicago, Ill., for outlines of reunion program.

21st ENGRS., LIGHT RV.—More than two hundred men have already lined up for the Louisville meeting. Particulars may be obtained from "Yardmaster" William Bruckman, The Bruckman Brewing Co., Ludlow ave. and Rapid Transit, Cincinnati, Ohio.

113TH SAN. TRAIN, 38TH DIV.—Fourth annual reunion Sept. 28th, just prior to Legion convention. Former members are requested to send names and addresses to James D. Lewers, 137 No. Peterson ave., Louisville, Ky.

309TH SAN. TRAIN, 84TH DIV.—Former members of Field Hosp. and Amb. Companies composing this train, address John J. O'Brien, 2017 Lowell ave., Springfield, Ill.

483D AERO SQDRN.—All former members of the "Old 71st" stationed at Romorantin, France, and men who worked in Air Service Hq., 45 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, address Al G. Bloom, Circuit Clerk, Moberly, Mo., regarding reunion in Louisville during Legion convention.

CAMP HOSP. No. 91, LA BAULE, FRANCE.—All officers, nurses and enlisted men of personnel or patients who passed through hospital are requested to report to Paul H. Waldow, 1216 Barret ave., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP. No. 57.—Located in Paris during war. Reunion of all officers, nurses and enlisted men during Legion convention. Address Lillian McElwain Callaway, Box 598, Long Beach, L. I., N. Y.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 22.—All former members, including nurses, desiring to attend reunion

during Legion convention, address George D. Liebl, P. O. Box 508, Lexington, Ky.

A. P. O. 762.—Former members interested in reunion at Legion convention, address Cornelius Desmond, 345 Madison ave., New York, N. Y.

NAVAL RAILWAY BATTERIES, A. E. F.—All former members interested in holding reunion during Legion national convention in Louisville, address H. H. Gawthrop, 29 N. Montgomery st., Trenton, N. J.

EIGHTH ARMY CORPS VETS. ASSOC. (Philippines and China)—Reunions of former members of the 60 regiments and annual banquet at Louisville during Legion convention. A roster of members of this association is practically a roster of all general officers during the World War—including General Pershing. Address George S. Geis, nat'l pres., 424 Book bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Following are additional reunion and other notices of interest to veterans:

FIFTH DIV. SOCIETY.—Sixth annual reunion at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1-3. Address Frank F. Barth, editor, *The Red Diamond*, Suite 602, 20 West Jackson bldg., Chicago.

35TH DIV.—Reunion at Hutchinson, Kans., Sept. 27-28. Address Fred Henney, secy., 35th Div. Assoc., Hutchinson.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Tenth annual reunion at Washington, D. C., Aug. 18-21. Address George J. Klier, secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

353D (ALL KANSAS) INF.—Annual reunion of regimental society at Wichita, Kansas, Sept. 1-3. Gen. Reeves will attend. Address C. H. Paulson, secy., Memorial bldg., Topeka, Kan.

363D INF. ASSOC. (91ST DIV.)—Eleventh annual reunion in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 28. Address Joseph M. Cahen, 19 Kearny st., San Francisco.

51ST PIONEER INF.—Sixth annual reunion at Kingston, N. Y., Aug. 18th. Address Eugene Cornwell, secy., 19 Pine st., Kingston.

11TH F. A.—Reunion at York, Pa., Sept. 1st. Address J. T. Carroll, pres., Vets. Assoc., 11th F. A., 211 Federal bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

44TH ART. C. A. C.—To compile roster and organize veterans society, former members are requested to report to J. A. Donnelly, 611 E. Willow st., Wheaton, Ill.

34TH ENGRS.—Reunion at Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 1. Address George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

36TH ENGRS.—National reunion in Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31st-Sept. 1st. Headquarters in Hotel Sherman. Address Glenn H. Swale, Burlington Ticket Office, 50 So. 6th st., Minneapolis, Minn.

113TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Tenth annual reunion in Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31st-Sept. 1st. Address A. D. Dickey, 5155 Central ave., Indianapolis.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 13.—Annual reunion at Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 31st-Sept. 1-2. Headquarters, Hotel Waldorf. Address L. G. Schaefer, 2631 Gunkle bldg., Toledo.

BASE HOSP. No. 114.—Eleventh annual reunion at Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9. Address Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

GEN. HOSP. No. 14, WARD 31.—Former men and women connected with School of Ophthalmology, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., interested in reunion, address Dr. H. H. Rosenthal, 326 Greer bldg., New Castle, Pa.

Co. H, 164TH INF.—Reunion in Jamestown, N. D., Sept. 1-2. For particulars address James D. Gray, pres., Jamestown, N. D., or L. W. Upshaw, secy., Ishpeming, Mich.

Hq. Co., 308TH INF.—Reunion excursion on boat leaving New York City for day's sail on Long Island Sound, Aug. 24. No expense attached. Address Louis Roth, Gen. Post Office, Room 303, New York City.

Co. B, 102D AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed reunion during Legion Department Convention at Utica, N. Y., Sept. 5-7. Address Harold L. Clarke, 304 Paul bldg., Utica.

THE COMPANY CLERK

LOFTIS

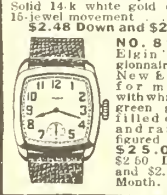
BROS. & CO. ESTD
Dept. C-36, 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

DIAMONDS WATCHES

CASH or CREDIT



No. 849
Brilliant
Blue white
Diamond Solid
18-k White
gold, \$100
\$250 a week



Wrist Watch Special No. 869.
Solid 14-k white gold case,
15-jewel movement
\$24.85
\$2.48 Down and \$2.48 a Month

SEND FOR CATALOG!

Write for big free book of 2000 illustrations and descriptions of Diamond Rings, Dinner Rings, Pins, Brooches, Watches, Pearls, Dresser Sets, Silverware, Clocks, Kodaks, Leather Goods.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.
Credit terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. **ALL GOODS DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT.**



No. 897
Elgin "Legionnaire"
New Elgin for men—
with white or
green gold-
filled case
and raised
figured dial,
\$25.00—
\$2.50 Down
and \$2.50 a Month.

Standard Railroad Watches on Credit at Cash Prices

All Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
Hamilton No. 992, \$55.
Elgin's Latest Raymond, \$55.
Illinois "Bunn Special" \$50

Terms to Suit Your Convenience

AGENTS DUTEX

The New Wonder

CASH IN WITH SHARE

THE PROFITS OF A NEW TABLE CLOTH

\$10,000,000 a year market

DUTEX Tablecloths Sell on Sight. Look like Irish linen. Stain proof. Dept. 28-N Big Nationwide Demand. Write for FREE Samples.

DUTEX CO. 116 FIFTH AVE, NEW YORK

\$100 WEEK

SELLING — Biggest Company - Largest Line

SHIRTS

NECKWEAR & UNDERWEAR

SAMPLE OUTFIT FREE

EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY
Million Dollar Stock Back of Your Samples. **WRITE**
CARLTON MILLS, INC. DEPT. 314 Fifth Ave., New York 308N

"GET ON" Uncle Sam's PAYROLL

Ex-Service Men
Get Preference

\$1260 to \$3400 Year

Become Railway Postal Clerks

Steady Work Paid Vacations

Common education sufficient

Mail coupon today SURE

Franklin Institute
Dept. W193 Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me free of charge, 32 page book with: (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (3) Send full information describing preference to ex-service men.

..... Railway Postal Clerk	(\$1900 to \$2700)
..... Postoffice Clerk	(\$1700 to \$2300)
..... City Mail Carrier	(\$1700 to \$2100)
..... Rural Mail Carrier	(\$2100 to \$3300)
..... General Clerk	(\$1260 to \$2100)
..... Prohibition Agent	(\$2300 to \$3400)

Name.....



THE June Message Center quoted the following letter from Richard Welling of Barbara Frietchie Post of New York City: "At the United States Military Academy the text-book used when Lee was a cadet there was Rawle on the Constitution of the United States—a classic. Speaking of the right of a State to secede, on page 206, he says: 'The right must be considered as an ingredient in the original composition of the general government, which though not expressed was mutually understood . . . The States then may wholly withdraw from the Union.' How many of us realize that this is what Uncle Sam taught Lee?"

AMONG the interesting letters inspired by Mr. Welling's communication is one from Miss Lucy S. Stewart, member of the Educational Committee, Daughters of Union Veterans, who writes from Evanston, Illinois: "To give the correct impression concerning what R. E. Lee was taught at West Point your correspondent, Richard Welling, should have quoted further from the same chapter of Rawle's 'View of the Constitution of the United States.' In that chapter, on the permanence of the Constitution, Rawle draws the following conclusion (page 307): 'In every respect therefore which this great subject presents, we feel the deepest impression of a sacred obligation to preserve the union of our country; we feel our glory, our safety, and our happiness, involved in it; we unite the interests of those who coldly calculate advantages with those who glow with what is little short of filial affection; and we must resist the attempt of its own citizenry to destroy it, with the same feelings that we should avert the dagger of the parricide.'"

OTTO HOLSTEIN writes from Mexico City after reading Mr. Welling's letter: "Mr. Welling, in all good faith undoubtedly, offers an 'apology' for General Lee in the Message Center. General Lee needs no apology. Do any of us feel that we should apologize for General Washington? One of the finest things that was ever written about our great Southern general was, by rare coincidence, written by a Northerner, Charles Francis Adams, at the time United States Minister to England. He said: 'Coming directly to the point, I maintain that every man in the eleven seceding States had, in 1861, whether he would or no, to decide for himself whether to adhere to his State or to the nation, and I finally assert that, whichever way he decided, if only he decided honestly, putting

self-interest behind him, he decided right.' Adams further says: 'But he stands awaiting sentence at the bar of history in very respectable company; associated with him are, for instance, William of Orange, known as The Silent, John Hampden, the original *Pater Patriæ*, Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the English Commonwealth; Sir Henry Vane, once a governor of Massachusetts, and George Washington, a Virginian of note.'"

LACK of space this month prevents listing a regular platoon of new members of the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" entire, but justice demands that special room be made for a letter from Louis Mayer, stationed at the Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital at Hines, Illinois, and a member of Maywood Post of the Legion. In the June Message Center Mr. Mayer was admitted to the Gibbon Society and also referred to as a patient in the hospital. He writes: "It seems that the moment people hear of one being in a hospital they just take it for granted that one must be a patient. Oh, of course there are the doctors, and nurses too, but of the other seventy-five percent who wait on the patients, keep the place clean and the supplies circulating . . . well, who ever heard of them? Had you read the article yourself you would have seen at once that I was one of the seventy-five percent."

A NOTE from Marquis James: "May I add a postscript to my recent series on the Lincoln assassination, which in some respects is a correction of history, and in any event a deserving, if very belated, recognition of an important service in the capture of John Wilkes Booth? My account of the death of Booth in the Garrett barn said that the cavalry detachment surrounding the barn was commanded by Colonel Everton J. Conger, with Lieutenant Luther C. Baker, second-in-command, performing rather important services. In point of fact the legal commanding officer was First Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty, 16th New York Cavalry, an officer with a brilliant record during the war. It was largely due to his energy and resource that Booth was tracked to and trapped in the barn. These features were obscured, however, by La Fayette C. Baker, Chief of Secret Service, who desired his favorites, Conger and L. C. Baker, to get the glory and the lion's share of the \$50,000 reward. In this La

Fayette Baker almost succeeded. His first distribution of the award gave Conger and L. C. Baker \$17,500 each and Doherty \$2,500. But Congress intervened and after an investigation somewhat reluctantly made a more just distribution of the prize money, Lieutenant Doherty topping the list with \$7,500, Conger's and L. C. Baker's shares being cut to \$4,000. But history has never done the lieutenant justice in this matter. There was so much that was sordid in the whole affair of dealing with the conspirators and suspected conspirators, that I deliberately omitted the disgraceful double-dealing over the reward. I am sorry I thus did a negative injustice to a gallant officer and gentleman and am glad to make this amplification of the record. The foregoing facts have been called to my attention by Lieutenant Doherty's son, Charles G. Doherty, of New York City, who kindly placed at my disposal certified copies of the records in the case."

OF THE few American soldiers who have entered the Army as privates and left it as generals one is Legionnaire Robert Alexander, who was retired as a major general two years ago. In the A.E.F. he commanded successively the 41st (First Depot) Division, the 63d Brigade of the 32d Division, and the 77th Division—and won the D.S.C. From his home in Tacoma, Washington, he writes: "In the May number of the highly-prized American Legion Monthly I notice a quotation from high authority repeating for the maneth time that old, old guff about the American Soldier 'never having fought a war of conquest.' How do the aforesaid authorities get that way? Please note that every war we have ever fought, from the early Indian conflicts in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, down to the Spanish-American War and the consequent insurrection in the Philippines, has been followed by an expansion of our territory. That doesn't look much like plain self-defense, does it? Why can't we cut out the hooey and tell the truth about ourselves? We are an aggressive race; when we have seen anything we thought useful for our happiness, general prosperity and welfare we have just gone and 'took it.' Of course, now that we have about all in the way of territory that we think we really need it would be fine if we could convince all the world that brutal combat is very, very wrong."

The Editor

THE AMERICAN LEGION FILM SERVICE

777 N. Meridian St.

Indianapolis

Indiana

JULY
1929

Dear Legionnaire:

Here is a golden money making opportunity for your Post!

The American Legion Film Service has acquired a splendid library of feature motion pictures, all of which are ideally suited for Legion sponsorship. A special Exhibiting Plan has been perfected for each picture, which virtually insures financial success.

An attractive new booklet, "Here's Money For Your Post," is just off the press. It describes in detail, each of the available pictures, and carefully outlines our special Money-Making Plan. Every Legionnaire owes it to his Post to investigate this dignified and highly successful method of raising funds.

Your copy of this interesting booklet is ready to mail. Write for it today. It's free to Legionnaires - and no obligation!

Sincerely yours,

Marquette

E. O. MARQUETTE, Director,
American Legion Film Service.

FEATURING: The "Sky Raider" "Three Faces East" "His Buddy's Wife" "Old Glory"
"The Unknown Soldier" "The Man Without a Country" "Spuds"
"The World War" "Alaskan Adventures" "Flying Luck"
"Flashes of Action" "Shoulder Arms"
Convention Pictures

An Open Letter to Legionnaires

Mail this Coupon



FILM SERVICE

The American Legion
777 N. Meridian Street
Indianapolis

*I am interested in your book
"Here's Money for Your Post."
Please mail my copy today.*

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

I BELONG TO POST No. _____

DEPARTMENT OF _____

*It's all the same to
me—just so I get a*

CAMEL

